

# The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

March 20, 1963

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## WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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## To make our cover handknit

● The sequin-embroidered, long-line evening blouse on our cover introduces a glamor fashion knitting section in this issue (pages 33 to 39).

HERE is the pattern  
for the blouse in  
sizes 32, 34, and 36in.  
but measurements.

Materials: 11 (B 12, C 13)  
balls Patons Azalea Knitting  
and Crochet Yarn, 1 pair No.  
10 knitting needles, a medium  
crochet hook, a spare needle,  
sequins.

Measurements: To fit 32  
(B 34, C 36) in. bust, length  
24in. (all sizes), sleeve seam  
13in. (all sizes).

Tension: 8 sts. to lin.  
Abbreviations: K, knit; P, purl;  
tog., together; rep., re-  
peat; dec., decrease; inc., in-  
crease.

### BACK AND FRONT ALIKE

With No. 10 needles, cast  
on 129 (B 137, C 145) sts.  
Work in patt. as follows:

1st Row: Knit.  
2nd Row: Purl.  
3rd Row: K 1, \* k 2 tog.,  
rep. from \* to end.

4th Row: K 1, \* pick up  
and k the thread between the  
sts., k 1, rep. from \* to end.  
Rep. these 4 rows through-  
out. Work even in patt. until  
work measures 15in. (or de-  
sired length), finishing with  
the 4th row of patt.

To Shape Raglan Arm-  
holes: To keep patt. while  
dec. raglan on 3rd and 4th  
rows, starting after first dec.  
(after 3 sts. are cast off each  
end) knit extra st. at each  
end of needle on every alt.  
dec.

Keeping to patt. through-  
out, cast off 3 sts at beg. of  
next 2 rows.

Work 2 rows in patt., then  
k 2 tog. each end of the next  
row and every foll. 4th row  
to 77 (B 81, C 85) sts. Work  
as follows:

Work 14 (B 16, C 18)  
sts., leave rem. sts. on spare  
needle, turn.

Next Row: Dec., work to  
end of row.

Cont. to dec. at armhole  
edge as before, while at the  
same time dec. once at neck  
edge every row until 1 st.  
rem. Fasten off.

Return to sts. on spare  
needle, join yarn, cast off 49  
(all sizes) sts. and work other  
side to correspond.

### SLEEVES

(Both alike)

Cast on 83 (B 87, C 87)  
sts., work in patt. for 4in.,  
ending with 4th row.

Keeping to patt., inc. once  
each end of the next row  
and every foll. 8th row until  
there are 99 (B 103, C 107)  
sts. Work even until sleeve  
measures 15in. or required  
length.

Shape raglan top as given  
for back of blouse until 35  
(B 39, C 43) sts. rem. Cast  
off loosely.

### TO MAKE UP

Note: Blouse is made up on  
the wrong side. Join sleeves  
to back and front with back-  
stitch seam, then side and  
sleeve seams. Work 3 rows  
of double crochet round neck,  
working into every 2nd st.  
on 1st row, 1 row round  
lower edge of sleeves and  
blouse. Press. Sew on sequins  
as desired.

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for all  
the family



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CONTEST:**

# More Royal hats



IN BRISBANE more than 77,000 schoolchildren gathered at two Children's Welcomes (one at the Exhibition Ground; the other at the Brisbane Cricket Ground) to greet the Royal couple.



AT THE CIVIC WELCOME in Brisbane the Queen, who is waving to the large welcoming crowd, is escorted from the steps of the Town Hall by the Lord Mayor, Alderman Clem Jones.

**D**ON'T forget your entry in our £1000 Royal Hat Contest—keep the color pictures of the Queen's hats in this issue.

The contest, now in its fourth week, is a simple but challenging test of your taste in judging millinery.

All you have to do is collect all the COLOR pictures in the paper that show the Queen wearing a hat. Add to your collection each week till we announce the contest closing date.

Then decide which 10 hats you think are the most becoming. Place your "top 10" in order of preference (from one to 10) on the entry coupon we will publish at the end of the contest.

The coupon will be accompanied by sepia "reminder" pictures of the Royal hats you will be judging. It will also include space for you to tell us, in not more than 50 words, why you chose Hat No. 1.

Then send us your completed coupon enclosing YOUR COLOR PICTURES OF THE HATS.

You may send as many entries as you like. But each must be on a separate coupon, with its own color-picture set of the chosen hats.

The reader whose selection of Royal millinery is closest to the 10 hats listed by our panel of judges will win £1000.

If there is a tie, the prize will be awarded to the entry which, in the judges' opinion, gives the best reason for the selection of Hat No. 1.

IN SYDNEY during their three-day visit the Queen and Prince Philip attended Divine Service at St. Andrew's Cathedral. With them (at right) is the Archbishop of Sydney, Dr. H. R. Gough. Picture by staff photographer Ernie Nutt. The two pictures in Brisbane are by staff photographer Ron Berg.





## NEXT WEEK:

# Story of a speed king's wife



● Tonia and Donald Campbell with a model of the famous racing car Bluebird.

"Before long, my husband, Donald Campbell, may be the fastest man on earth, or I may be a widow."

This is the opening of Tonia Campbell's own story, which we begin in our next issue.

It's a fascinating story by the Belgian-born singer who married the English speed king three weeks after they met about five years ago.

Tonia Campbell is now in Australia with her husband, who is to make an attempt on the world land speed record at Lake Eyre in April or May.

She describes the reasons for Donald Campbell's pursuit of records, her feelings about his danger-spiced life, and her husband's almost fatal accident during his attempt on the record at Utah, U.S.A.

Don't miss the first instalment.

## ● Home-baked buns and loaves

Nothing is more appetising than the smell of home-baked loaves and buns.

Next week, a six-page cookery section gives a wonderful variety of recipes — with and without yeast — for small loaves and buns that every housewife will enjoy baking.

Recipes are sweet and savory. As well there's a selection of specialities from other countries — England's Devonshire splits, America's monkey-bread, the French brioche.

You can add so much variety to your cooking with this section. It's one to keep.

## ● Paul Anka and his bride

In color on the cover of *Teenagers' Weekly* are 21-year-old singer Paul Anka and his bride, Paris fashion model Anne de Zogheb, who were married in Paris.

## ● Empire look in autumn fashions

A revival of the Empire line is monopolising autumn fashion. Next week, color pictures show the autumn Empire line at its most feminine.

MARC LAURENT, of Paris, international beauty director for a leading cosmetics firm, who is visiting Australia. He is giving make-up demonstrations this month in Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide. A bachelor, M. Laurent has a flat in Paris and a holiday house on the French Riviera.

## COSMETICS EXPERT ADMITS...



# He prefers plain girls

● A pretty girl is like a melody to most men—but not to French beauty expert Marc Laurent. The plainer the woman, the better, for he feels he can help her more.

"I AM always a little sorry to see a woman like Leslie Caron with such lovely skin and personality that she doesn't need make-up," he said.

"But I console myself that all women are improved by a touch here and there — as is the case with Leslie."

Marc Laurent, international beauty director for a leading cosmetics firm, is in charge of its salons in Paris and Rome. He is in Australia for a month to give demonstrations in make-up.

He says the new look is a natural, subtle one.

"Rouge is coming back — but not those awful two red spots of color on the cheek bones that used to be in fashion years ago."

"Rather, rouge is now placed close to the eyes, fading back into the hair-line. Applied in this way, the color enhances the whites and the irises of the eyes."

"Lipstick is in light, bright shades, in both matt and lustre finishes. The matt look is ideal for day; the lustre is new for evening."

Monsieur Laurent was non-committal about trends.

"But I have a feeling that something is going to happen about eyebrows," he said with a smile.

"They will be the big news soon."

He says trends are not decided — or invented — by

one man or company, but at conferences of representatives of leading cosmetic companies. However, he claims some part in the recent coffee lipsticks and nail polish.

He pointed out that fashion in make-up should not be followed slavishly.

"It is a common fault. Because one make-up suits a certain film star or model, all want the same, and often it will not suit them," he said.

"It is terrible trying to make some of the couturier mannequins understand this."

"If I tell one that her eyes do not need elongating, as is the fashion, she will say to me, 'But what is wrong with my eyes, Monsieur?'"

"Even mannequins have to take their features into account."

Other make-up traps into which women fall:

● Not following through. "For instance, teenagers love to use a lot of heavy eye make-up with white or colorless lipstick. If they want to use a lot of color and black on the eyes, they should also use a strong lipstick, rouge, and tinted foundation."

● Using a color foundation which does not match the tone of the skin.

"This gives a blotchy unnatural look — especially when the make-up becomes 'tired' and the real skin shows through."

● Not blending foundation into the neck and behind the ears.

"But women should not carry it so far that it gets on their clothes."

● Giving up hope of being attractive.

"A trained cosmetician can build the face on one good feature. With skill, the

By  
CAROL HENTY

face will become attractive.

"It is often because something is wrong with a face, that it becomes beautiful," he explained.

"Take Linda Christian, who comes into our Rome salon for advice. Her jaw is a little too heavy for her other features, yet make-up minimises the jaw and she becomes a beauty."

Marc Laurent has travelled extensively for his firm and has worked with international stars in more than 100 films.

"I would say the Latin-American women are the most spectacular beauties," he said. "They give much importance to eye make-up — and what eyes they have!"

"Also their dark skin enhances their eyes and their beautiful white teeth."

Monsieur Laurent is very conscious of teeth.

"I was three years training to be a dentist," he said with a look of distaste.

His dental training, however, helps him in analysing and creating beauty and also in making masks for fancy-dress balls.

"Many of our Paris or Rome clients say, 'Make me a mask of such-and-such for a party next week,'" he said. "So I consult my dentistry books and the models I made of the face and jaw and create a life-like mask."

In the same line as mask-making is his work in the theatrical field.

"I was trained in this by a Russian — the Russians are the best in the world for theatre cosmetics," he said.

But Russians not connected with the theatre lagged sadly behind.

He was recently in Moscow working with a French theatrical company.

"The Russian women I saw were mostly fat and their faces were badly neglected," he said. "Of course, there were some beautiful Slavic-type women."

But with all his interest in the way women look, Monsieur Laurent remains a bachelor.

This trip to Australia in his first and he is delighted about it.

What does he think of Sydney girls?

"Alas," he said, "I have just arrived."

"Also, it has been raining, and you don't see beautiful girls in the rain."



● Choose your family doctor discerningly, inquire into his reputation, his qualifications, and professional associations, and when satisfied take him into your family.

# HOW TO CHOOSE YOUR DOCTOR

By HENRY SHANNON,  
M.D. (Lond.), D.P.H. (Oxon.), D.T.M. & H. (Syd.)

● How and why did you choose your present medical adviser? If you have made your choice wisely, your family doctor can not only help cure your illnesses, he can help prevent them.

IN this article I hope to show you what knowledge and what standards of judgment will help you choose the right man to look after your family's health.

Some doctors never see patients as such. These are the pathologists, bacteriologists, virologists, and others who only deal with parts of you in a bottle or on a glass slide.

You will never have to choose these doctors. You may never even learn their names, except on the bill.

The two main groups that you will be interested in are specialists and general practitioners, or family doctors as I prefer to call them.

Every doctor, whether he intends to become a specialist or a family doctor, does the same six years' course of study in university and hospital school before qualifying for a State licence to practise.

He is taught to think logically and gains a general knowledge of medicine, surgery, midwifery, and some of the special subjects, such as eye, skin, and other conditions.

By insisting on these six years of undergraduate study, the State can only ensure that the young doctor emerges a "safe" one, knowing his own limitations and capable of learning in the hard school of experience without harming anyone.

The young doctor who then wants to specialise must practise and study in his chosen field for at least another five years. This time will usually be spent attached to a teaching hospital.

His work will be observed by his older colleagues, and he will be constantly made aware of his deficiencies.

It is difficult for a person without medical training to identify a good specialist, and it is unwise for a patient to try to do so.

The occasion most often brought with anxiety for a patient and his relations is when a surgical operation is contemplated.

In my youth there were only two or three kinds of specialist surgeons—general, women's complaints, and those dealing with disorders of bones or joints. Nowadays there are many more

branches of surgery, and some doctors are specially skilled in the surgery of one single organ.

The right person to choose your specialist is your family doctor. He knows within fairly narrow limits which type of specialist to send you to, and he can judge the professional skill of a specialist.

Perhaps he has seen the surgeon at work or he may know that he has an appointment to a teaching hospital.

The State recognises the importance of your family doctor choosing your specialist for you by granting medical benefits for part of the specialist's fees only if you have been referred to him by a doctor.

A specialist usually has a

of studying people as individuals, people he has seen and known over a period of years in sickness and in adversity, and in their family setting.

He is dependent on you to give him these opportunities.

The general practitioner can offer you technical advice and treatment, counsel, support, and prevention.

But he can do this only if you seek him out, let him see and understand the little world in which you live, and which has made you what you are.

Some people claim that medicine has become so complicated that no one man can possibly keep in touch with it all, and even if he tries to do so he will

tionier at random, and called him.

Ten minutes later he was on the scene with a capacious black bag, and a night nurse followed soon after him.

It may not seem very important that the injured woman, in an emergency, had no personal doctor, because in the last resort an ambulance could have taken her to the nearest public hospital.

The really important thing that came out of this chance encounter with a burglar was that no doctor knew this woman in her own home, or knew her family, or knew any of the things which made her the kind of person that she was.

copter ambulance in the backyard, the doctor on the spot must be trained — and kept in training — to deal with these emergencies.

To keep in training, he has to do a certain amount of not-so-urgent surgery.

In our lifetime we have seen the conquest of the infectious diseases and the worst forms of malnutrition, and many other ailments, but doctors are no less busy.



There are great and growing problems of emotional disorders and the mind-body, or psychosomatic, ailments.

We know enough to realise that the seeds of these disorders are planted in early childhood, and ripen slowly into actual physical disorders in an inharmonious family or community atmosphere.

By the time many of these cases reach a specialist, cure is more than difficult—it is impossible.

Real hope lies with prevention, and this can only be effected by someone who knows the individual and his family, his home, even perhaps his place of work and the community in which he dwells.

The specialist of today cannot be this "someone," because a specialist is one who deals with a special condition, and when a "condition" is present the time for prevention is long past.



How much should you expect your general practitioner to do for you, particularly in the way of surgery?

Australia is a vast continent, and in this huge territory every day there are people with perforated gastric ulcers, ruptured spleens, serious complications of pregnancy, accidents, and many other conditions demanding urgent attention.

Until everyone has a heli-

A specialist must draw his patients and his experience from a community of 50,000 to 100,000 people. It is impossible for him to know more than a handful of this number, and then only those

who are in a relatively advanced stage of their disorder.

If you think there is a deep-seated disharmony between the ranks of specialisation and of general practice, you are wrong.

The general practitioner is himself a specialist in the field of people and their families.

The whole medical profession is keenly aware of this, and has welcomed a recent far-reaching change in the system of medical care—the foundation, six years ago, of the Australian College of General Practitioners.

The college was established to teach the medical care of the family, and admits to membership only those who agree to continue learning and so raise the standards of general practice.

It is now preparing a diploma course in Family Practice, with examination standards equivalent to those required by specialist colleges.

The course covers, as well as the usual medical subjects, the so-called "behavioural sciences," which include not only the study of how people are ill but why they are.

The young general practitioner has been severely handicapped in the past because family doctoring cannot be learned in a university or teaching hospital. A student may be there for six years without even meeting a family professionally—much less studying it.

All this is changing.

Soon the college will have "travelling Fellows" in each State, who will find out the training needs of individual family doctors and form them into groups in their own districts for the exchange and acquisition of knowledge.

It is also training members who take medical students into their practice for a short term.

If your family doctor brings one of these students to your home, treat him kindly.

He will learn something from you which cannot be taught elsewhere, and the fact that he is there as a "learner" is a profound compliment to your own doctor's reputation.

## A specialist in people

diploma from a college of surgeons, physicians, obstetricians, or some other specialised field of medicine.

These diplomas, or sometimes higher degrees from a university, do not turn a doctor into a specialist overnight. But they do show that he has taken the trouble to study his subject seriously

be second-rate at everything.

So they prefer to choose a specialist themselves and go straight to him, instead of first consulting a general practitioner.

Let me illustrate the serious weakness of this argument by a recent experience.

A passer-by called me to a neighboring house late at night where a person living alone had been struck on the head by an intruder.

I went at once, but, being no longer in general practice, I had no instruments or dressings at hand.

When I asked the woman who her doctor was, she told me the name of a well-known physician, a specialist, and at her urging I rang him and explained the situation.

"This seems to me to be a surgical case," he said, and gave me the name of the surgeon who did much of his work.

Anxious to please and, I confess, anxious to learn what happens to people who have no family doctor, I rang the surgeon, but his telephone went unanswered. So I chose a general prac-



for some years and passed a formal examination.

Many general practitioners have passed these examinations and are members of one of these colleges, but they do not claim specialist skill on this ground alone.

But the family doctor is indeed a specialist — he specialises in people.

He may be a good emergency surgeon, especially in Australia; he may be a competent physician, or a very capable obstetrician, but with a complicated birth he would not hesitate to call in a specialist obstetrician.

No one but the family doctor has the opportunity





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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 20, 1963

X621



Where the Queen goes, there goes . . .

# A LOYAL ROYAL BROLLY

By ANNE MATHESON

“Where’s the brolly?” the Queen said as she turned around beneath the waterlogged canopy beside the beach at Coolangatta, on the Queensland Gold Coast.

[ and a sunshade  
called The Gamp ]

SHE anticipated the gallons that would fall like a sheet in front of her when an attendant thrust a housewife’s straw broom at the deep depression of rain-water above her head.

“I never move without it,” the Queen told the president of the Queensland Surf Life Saving Association,

Mr. J. R. Winders, with a light laugh.

Nor does she. It is the same old black brolly that she had opened in Sydney and Hobart — and, before her visit to Australia, in every part of her Commonwealth.

It’s carefully guarded; her detective, Superintendent Albert Perkins himself, has special charge of it.

He sees it off the Britannia and into the Royal Rolls. It is always at the ready.

And though it may sometimes be opened by a courtier, the Queen carries it herself, for the simple reason that she’d get the raindrops down the back of her neck if it was held by someone else.

The black brolly might almost be said to be steeped in history, for it is believed to have been used by King George VI, her father. The cover has certainly been renewed many times.

Then there’s the Queen’s Gamp — a fawn sunshade lined with green. This, too, has had its re-coverings.

The Gamp, as its dome-like shape indicates, used to be Queen Mary’s. In Australian sunshine her granddaughter holds it up as she travels in an open car.

**THE GAMP, the green-lined fawn sunshade, came into use in Brisbane sunshine. The Governor, Sir H. Abel Smith, is with the Queen. At left, Queen Mary and Gamp.**

And in many places this sunshade has been the only one not brightly colored; its rather old-fashioned lines stand out against a sea of moving, colorful parasols.

The Gamp, too, is in her detective’s charge.

The Queen is more cheerful about the weather than most travellers.

In Queensland she apologised to the surf carnival promoters, “Oh, dear, I’m afraid we’ve brought the wet weather with us.”

But she and Prince Philip stayed on for an extra quarter of an hour. “It isn’t time to go really,” they said.

Though the Queen had squelched in her light shoes over the rain-sodden carpet to the dais, and sat in a mustard silk macintosh cloak that has known more rain showers than probably any other macintosh in existence, she enjoyed it all thoroughly.

**THE terms U and Non-U may sum up the mannerisms that divide the socially conscious, but on this Royal tour of Australia U has a charming meaning.**

It’s when she looks at the Royal programme and decides that an additional visit can be made.

If there is time the Queen always makes a U-for-unscheduled visit. As well, it is U-for-unhurried, and U-for-uninhibited.

And this is because it is nearly always to see children.

There was the wonderful U-for-unscheduled visit to the children’s playground in Moore Park, Sydney, when the Queen and Prince Philip trooped around with dozens of kids.

In Adelaide the U-for-unscheduled visit was to see newly born babies, whose mothers will one day tell them proudly how the Queen came unexpectedly into the wards where they slept in cots beside them.

One mother said, “I had to put on my nightie quickly and hop back into bed or I would have missed the Queen. I was just going home.”

In Brisbane the U-for-unscheduled visit was to a spastic centre.

Everyone expected that it would have to be a whirlwind visit, since the Queen was on her way to a children’s rally, but they were soon to realise what a U visit means.

The Queen went into every ward and saw the

spastics in their normal way of lessons and therapy. She talked to the children, and Prince Philip joked and asked even more questions.

A smile lit the Queen’s thoughtful face as she watched a classroom of growing boys stand on their braced legs.

“Isn’t it wonderful — they can all stand,” she said.

“You’ll have to practise more,” she then told 15-year-old Margaret Schroeder, of Northgate, who has learned to type with a rubber antenna on her head, using an electric typewriter.

It is typical of the Queen’s thoughtfulness that she paid this unexpected visit to these 300 children who otherwise would just have seen her pass by.

Now they had the Queen and Prince Philip to themselves, the Prince calling, “Go on, hit it, boy,” to a little fellow punching a rubber clown, and the Queen smiling down on them, bending down to talk to them while Union Jacks stuck out of their inkwells and were clutched in excited hands.

The director, Mr. C. H. Clay, did everything “off the cuff,” including receiving and presenting the Queen.

In fact, all the little points he felt he might forget were sealed on his cuff beneath Scotch tape.

“But the Queen was so charming and so genuinely admiring of all we are doing that I forgot my nervousness and didn’t have to glance at one note,” he said.

They are a case for the laundry.

**THE story of the Three Bears will have a new twist when the Queen tells it to Prince Andrew. It will be a story of Three Koala Bears.**

As well, it will be illustrated in color, for when the Queen met and stroked Baby Bear and Mother Bear at Queensland’s Lone Pine sanctuary one of her household made a movie of it.

The story is of Baby Bear, and Mother Bear, named Anne, and Father Bear, called Alex (after Princess Alexandra).

Baby Bear’s cute look won the Queen, but she hesitated before stroking its deep fur. “Won’t it scratch?” the Duke asked, looking at the long claws.

“No,” said Mr. Alan Reid, of the Lone Pine Sanctuary. “They are quite tame.”

So for Baby Bear there was a comforting scratch be-



**THE BROLLY (as the Queen calls this friendly old servitor) was carried “at the ready” at the Sydney garden party. At right, her father, King George VI, and the brolly.**



hind the ear. Then the Queen caressed Mother Bear.

Mother Bear is expecting another Baby Bear, and the Queen looked maternally at her proportions as Mr. Reid explained, “About May, Your Majesty.”

Clinging to a gum tree and throwing off disdainful looks was old Rex, whom the Queen and Prince Philip met officially on their last visit.

But Rex is no part of the Three Bears story, for he gripped his tree-trunk firmly and screwed his eyes at Royalty with a rather superior sniff.

**WHEN Lady May, wife of the Governor of Queensland, Sir Henry Abel Smith, greeted her cousin, the Queen, she dropped a curtsy and gave her an affectionate kiss.**

I was told, “All Royal ladies kiss when meeting in public.” As well, all Royal ladies drop a full curtsy.

Lady May is much admired. Visitors from Britain say she looks “not ten, but 20 years younger” than when they last saw her in England.

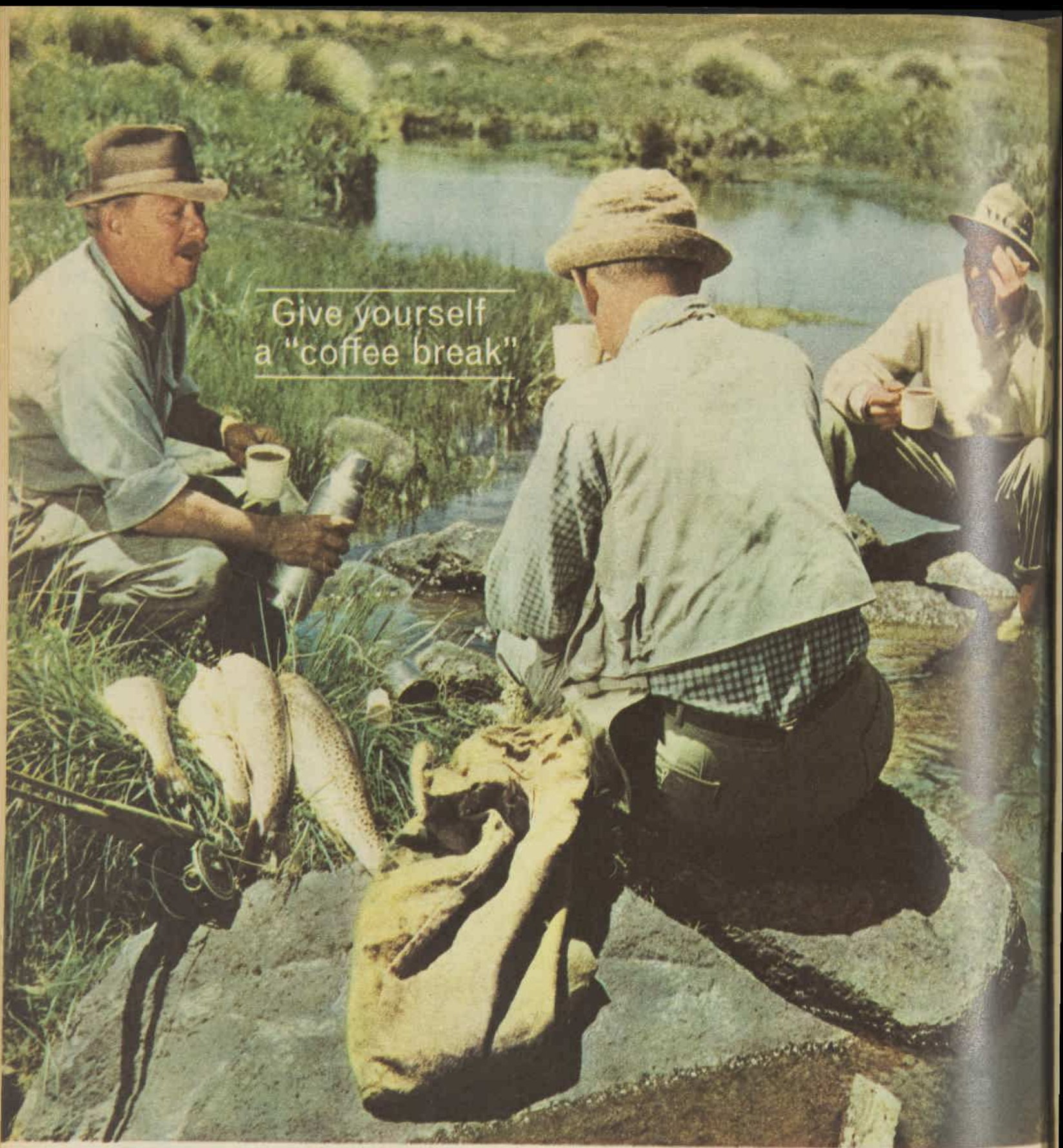
**A SEASONED traveller, the Queen has several little aids to comfort.**

The simplest is a grey cotton “throw” to cover her legs, even on the hottest day in the Rolls. This helps to keep her dress uncrushed as well as protecting her legs from sun, dust, and possible mosquito bites.

A rug for warmth is standard practice. The rug in lightest cotton adds a new idea to travel comfort.







Give yourself  
a "coffee break"

## Nothing in the world like the rousing good taste of coffee

Coffee is mighty good company —  
and it makes you better company.

A "Coffee-break" cheers you up.  
Gives you a little extra get-up-and-  
go. And see how you spark to the

hearty, rich taste of coffee!

Enjoy coffee at mealtimes! Out-of-  
doors! Relax over coffee at your  
favourite restaurant. For lively sat-  
isfaction nothing else comes close.





# Worth Reporting

**A WONDERFUL** gown—I only wish I could take it to Paris and show it off," said our fashion editor Betty Keep.

Betty was referring to the evening dress by Raoul Gaultier, of Melbourne, which won our Gold Cup in the Australian Wool Bureau's 1963 awards.

She presented the Gold Cup to Mr. Leonard Legge, who designed the gown—a white wool skirt combined with an embroidered café-au-lait bodice.

[We published a color picture of it in our March 6 issue. The picture was taken at Melbourne's Southern Cross Hotel, as were all the others in the wool fashion section.]

Other awards at the ceremony in the Royale Ballroom, Melbourne, were presented by the Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies, who raised a quick laugh with his opening remark:

"I won't make a speech. You have only to look at me to know that I am no advertisement for any fabric."

## Secretary to Dame Edith

ELIZABETH SALTER, who left Adelaide for England 11 years ago to settle down to writing, has just published her fourth mystery novel. As well, she has been secretary to Dame Edith Sitwell for the past ten years.



● Mr. L. Legge, Gold Cup, and Betty Keep.

This month she returns to Australia accompanying Dame Edith, who is one of England's most notable literary figures.

Dame Edith has many Australian friends, among them composer Malcolm Williamson and pianist Gordon Watson.

"Dame Edith completely lives up to her remarkable reputation," Elizabeth says.

Elizabeth started with the A.B.C. as a record librarian, and studied Arts at the Adelaide University and music at the Elder Conservatorium. During World War II she was a welfare officer with the W.A.A.F.

Her recent book, "The Voice of the Peacock," has been translated into three languages. She is already working on a fifth novel.

Because of Dame Edith's frequent trips to the Continent, Elizabeth does all her secretarial work in the Lon-

don flat she shares with another Adelaide woman, Lorna Coates.

"Dame Edith's interest in my country has given me great incentive," Elizabeth says. "Her criticism of my work is always constructive and encouraging."

★ ★ ★  
MRS. THOMAS KEEN, of Nunawading, Victoria, has furnished her house with tapestry since she took up the hobby 10 years ago on doctor's advice—to soothe her nerves.

She has made tapestry firecreens, seat covers, a piano stool, and framed tapestry portraits—including one of the Queen in her Coronation robes.

It takes an hour to do an inch of petit-point stitching.

Mrs. Keen says tapestry is an expensive hobby, but her husband, a carpenter, makes all the frames for her.

## Results of 'Baby Talk'

● A short bright caption won first prize of £20 in "Baby Talk" Contest No. 3 for Mrs. Karen Forecast, 25 Gellibrand Street, Williamstown Beach, Vic.

MRS. FORECAST'S prizewinning caption was:

"In Italy, of course, they use just a fork."

Here are the other winning entries:

£10 prize to Miss Hazel Springett, Barton House, Barton, A.C.T.:

"We will have coffee in the library, please."

Prizes of £5 each:

Mrs. I. Kempton, Kookabookra, via Glen Innes, N.S.W.:

"But simply EVERYONE is wearing white lipstick now."

G. M. Stocks, Apple Tree Creek, Chiltern, Qld.:

"A spy! Where?"

Prizes of £2 each:

Mrs. R. M. Luson, 54 Sargood Street, Hampton S.7, Vic.:

"Kindly remember, Brimbleby, that I am officer-in-charge of this mess!"

Mrs. R. Bassett, 46 George Street, Mackay, Qld.:

"I NEVER master these chopsticks."

Miss R. M. Blomfield, Oorawilly, Walcha, N.S.W.:

"I continue, if you hecklers and pie-throwers are quite finished."

Miss Vera Fisher, Parattah, Tas.:

"Of course, I would PREFER an electric razor."

Mrs. H. Mabey, S. W. Highway, Bridgetown, W.A.:

"Mary, you've forgotten the table napkins again."



The caption that turned up most often was "Cool, man, cool." The subject of the majority of entries concerned ice-cream, and No. 3 baby was, in fact, presented in fewer adult roles than usual.

Despite this, many entrants saw him as being old enough to have an appreciative eye for girls.

Other readers thought the baby had been eating cream-puffs. Only one suggested that he might have had sunburnt lips.

A number of entries were on the "seeing the Queen" theme. One reader saw the baby as Prince Philip during the turning-the-hose-on-photographers episode in London.

Next week, the results of "Baby Talk" No. 4.



The moment . . .

In the magic of the moment, she has supreme confidence in the serenity of her appearance.

The folds of her gown rustling with each graceful movement . . . lustrous hair glimmering in the soft moonlight. A girl with poise and confidence . . . a girl who uses 'Savlon' D.

For clean, healthy, dandruff-free hair, wash it regularly

with **'Savlon' D**



Available from your family chemist only 10/- a flask (sufficient for ten applications)



### 'Savlon'

**MEDICATED POWDER**  
Give your family protection against skin irritations, heat rash, chafing, burning feet with 'Savlon' Medicated Powder—ideal for baby, too.  
4/9 and 8/- a flask

### 'Savlon'

**ANTISEPTIC CREAM**  
For treating cuts, abrasions, minor burns, spots and skin blemishes.  
Make your home a safer place with 'Savlon' Antiseptic Cream.  
3/9 and 6/6 a tube



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SAV. 200X. 1961



*The Royal tour*

# SNOWY MOUNTAINS WEEKEND

● The Royal visit to the Australian Alps brought a succession of contrasts which Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip won't soon forget. Their memories will be of gumboots and safety helmets worn deep underground for their inspection of works of the Snowy Mountains Scheme; of a launch trip across a great man-made lake up there on Australia's "roof," past an island where an albino kangaroo stared across at them. Of black billies hanging over a picnic fire, and the impartial bushflies. Of cold nights and sparkling sunshine, and the roadside groups of workers, from all over the world, smiling as their children waved the Australian flag.



AT EDINBURGH COTTAGE, Cabramurra, where they stayed overnight, the Queen and Prince Philip set out for their visit to Tumut 2 underground power station and a picnic lunch at Scammel's Lookout.



SNOWY MOUNTAINS AUTHORITY executives, engineers, workers, and their families greet the Queen at the Snowy-Geehi Tunnel entrance (left).

ABOARD THE LAUNCH J'ATTENDRAI the Royal couple, with S.M.A. chief, Sir William Hudson, start the trip across Lake Eucumbene.





**BRIGHTLY COLORED DIESEL RAILCAR** (above) carried the Queen and Prince Philip two miles into the Snowy-Geehi Tunnel. The railcar had a makeshift canopy to protect them from falling rocks. This was their second trip underground during a crowded day of sightseeing.

**IN PROTECTIVE CLOTHING** — white helmet, white nylon coat, and white gumboots over her green Hartnell suit — the Queen emerges into daylight. The journey each way in the tunnel took 15 minutes, and the Royal couple spent a long time at the rock-face deep under the granite mountain.





MESSY CLEAN-UP SCOURING  
IS GONE FOREVER!



CLEAN AUTOMATIC  
cooking is here!

THE NEW FRIGIDAIRE  
ELECTRIC RANGE  
stays clean—while it cooks for you!

A remarkable new experience in cooking! Here's the very first range that stays clean inside, clean on top—while it cooks for you! Just about thinks for you, too!



**New! Revolutionary Spatter-Free Griller!**  
Exclusive to Frigidaire—lets you grill inside the oven without a smatter of spatter! No messy clean-up! And with the Vari-Grill control the Spatter Free Griller gives you fast, smokeless grilling and does

steaks as you like them—Rare, Medium or Well Done.



**New! Roast-on-the-spit Rotisserie**  
simply fits into your oven. More fun, more flavour, no spatter. Gives you barbecued foods done to a turn—yes, automatically if you want with Frigidaire's exclusive 'Cook-Master' control the timer that turns the oven on and off all by itself. No need to stay home as the meal automatically cooks for you.

**Rapidheat variable control for surface units**

Frigidaire gives you the exact amount of surface heat you want on every 'Radiantube' unit, instantly, at the touch of a dial!

**Large warming drawer** with separate heat control and pilot light. Keeps your plates warm—foods hot.

**Frigidaire Ranges and Built-in Cooking Appliances**

give you clean automatic cooking. See all the new Frigidaire models—at your dealer's now.

Model illustrated RD26-63 with Rotisserie.  
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Far less with your trade-in.

**FRIGIDAIRE**  
PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS HOLDEN

Manufacturers of Refrigerators, Built-in Cooking Appliances, Clothes Washers, Room Air Conditioners.

# Mary COLES' SOCIAL

ONE of autumn's loveliest weddings will be the marriage of Virginia See, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. See, of "Summer-lees," Moss Vale, to John Sutton, of "Swatchfield," Oberon, on April 20.

The ceremony will be at historic All Saints' Church, Sutton Forest, and afterwards the bride's parents will entertain about 150 guests at their home, where the garden, which is one of the "show" places of the district, will be ablaze with autumn flowers and foliage.

With her bridal finery Virginia will wear a fabulous petticoat lavishly trimmed with heirloom Brussels lace from the wedding veil worn by her grandmother, Mrs. John See, of Double Bay.

She will be attended by her sister Belinda, Janet Thomas, and Margaret Lamond.

John, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sutton, of Burradoo, will have Ken Palmer as best man and Tim Yates and Bob Wilkinson will be groomsmen.

FROM Melbourne Town comes news of rave notices for "Who'll Come a Waltzing" at St. Martin's Theatre—a topical comedy written by Mrs. Donald Caine, of Vacluse. The play is set in a Potts Point boarding-house run by an aristocratic but very hard-up English family, and the cast includes Isla Tait, the eighteen-year-old daughter of Sir Frank and Lady Tait, making her first professional stage debut.

SHORTLY after her arrival in England in May, Mrs. Adrian Sutherland, of Bathurst, will set off to see Denmark in its springtime dress, staying with Countess Moltke, who lives at "Lystrup," a beautiful estate about twenty miles from Copenhagen. Mrs. Sutherland, who is leaving in the Oceania on March 20, will break her journey in Singapore to spend three weeks there with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kinnear.

AT a performance of "The Physicists" at the Aldwych Theatre in London, Julie Kelen could barely keep her eyes on the stage. Sitting right beside her was Princess Grace of Monaco, theatre-going informally with a party of friends. "She looked just so beautiful," says Julie, who recently returned home after a whirlwind three months' trip abroad with her mother, Mrs. Gerald Kelen. Julie's Paris shopping included buying a stunning Dior cocktail-time ensemble—a heavily beaded white dress and matching coat.

BESIDES getting her horses ready for the

Royal Easter Show, Margaret Mackay, of Dungog, is busy "breaking-in" new, knee-high, black leather riding boots she bought recently in London, making them glossy and flexible with wear and non-stop polishing. Contexting dressage events, she'll set off the boots with beautifully tailored buff tweed riding breeches she also bought in London. The most eye-catching item Margaret brought home with her is a red-lined, lightweight navy wool canvas cape—designed just like a London "bobby's."

RECENTLY wed John Parker and his bride, formerly Margaret Terry, will fly off on a nine weeks' around-the-world honeymoon on March 22. The trip is a gift from Margaret's mother, Mrs. Charles P. Terry, of Double Bay, and her late father. Mr. Terry promised Margaret and John the tour as a wedding present when they became engaged. Before they leave, Margaret's sister Joan will give a farewell dinner party in their honor. Incidentally, John's gift to Joan, who was bridesmaid at their wedding, was a string of the most lovely pearls, which she wore twined around her wrist as a bracelet. It arrived as a last-minute surprise, and Joan felt that with the neckline and bodice of her white chiffon frock heavily embroidered with pearls, putting on a pearl necklace, too, would be "too much."

AFTER dancing until the small hours at the Narromine Bachelors and Spinsters' Ball on March 22, the committee president, Ted Cahill, will be partying again the following night, when his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Cahill, entertain at their home, "Warrigai," Narromine, to celebrate his 21st birthday.

MAKING her first visit to Sydney for several years, Mrs. Kenneth Krentz, of Pebble Beach, California, is spending three months with her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Wallace-Hogg. Mrs. Krentz was Miss Jean McLaren, a daughter of the late Sir John McLaren, before her marriage.



ABOVE: Leaving St. Swithun's Church, Pymble, after their wedding are Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Bicknell. The bride was formerly Miss Dallas Asheton-Chin, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Asheton-Chin. The bride wore a French lace gown.



AT RIGHT: Just-wed Mr. and Mrs. David Allsopp outside St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, after their wedding. The bride, who was attended by flowergirls Susan (left) and Victoria Davidson, was formerly Miss Margaret Coote, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Coote. Orange blossom held her veil.



# ROUNDAABOUT



AT LEFT: Kiss from Mr. Graham Patrick, of "Struan," Grenfell, for his bride, formerly Miss Cherie Curry, of "Donadabu," Young, as they left Shore Chapel. The bride, who was attended by (from left) Miss Robyn Patrick and Mrs. John Curry, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Curry. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Patrick.

AT RIGHT: Pictured from left, Mr. Leslie Walford, Miss Edda Benco, Mrs. John Robinson, and Mr. Denis O'Neil at the dinner party given by Mr. and Mrs. Tony McGrath in honor of Mr. John Olsen after the opening of his art exhibition at the Terry Clune Galleries. Mr. and Mrs. McGrath entertained at their new home in Rosemont Avenue, Woollahra.



ABOVE: From left, Miss Rosemary Rowe, Miss Tanya Styles and Mr. Jon Hawley were among art enthusiasts at the opening of a new exhibition of paintings (including 20 major works by Elaine Haxton) at the Dominion Galleries.



AT LEFT: Recently wed Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Macdonald, of "Somerset," Carabost, lunching at the Angus Steak Cave, after honeymooning on the North Coast. Mrs. Macdonald was formerly Miss Margaret Robinson, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Robinson, of Hay.

SMILES from Miss Carolyn Hartcher and her twin brother, Anthony, who celebrated their 21st birthday at a dance at Jorroo, given by their parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. G. Hartcher.





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Reduce while you **relax** with Slenderella—the world's leading slenderising system for the world's loveliest women.

Slenderella will **peel inches** off your waist, tummy, hips, thighs. Slenderella will **improve your posture**, give you a wonderful lift, firm you, mould you, restore your line of beauty. You'll **tingle** and **glow** from head to toe. You'll love it!

No starvation diet. Not a gymnasium. No steam baths. No disrobing. You slenderise in privacy.

Chin and neck! . . . Slenderella gives new, youthful firmness. **Bust!** . . . Slenderella firms up sagging tissues. **Waist!** . . . Slenderella slims down midriff. **Tummy!** . . . Slenderella flattens flabby muscles. **Hips!** . . . Slenderella melts off ugly bumps and bulges. **Thighs!** . . . Slenderella tones and lightens lazy skin. **Calves!** . . . Slenderella trims and tapers heavy legs.

*Reduce while you relax with*

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# It seems to me

THOSE instructions by loud-speaker to Royal garden party guests in Sydney may set a new fashion in entertaining.

Some guests were offended and most were surprised when, soon after they arrived, a voice rang through the grounds of Government House telling them how to behave. They were not to crowd the Royal visitors. Should the Queen speak to them, gentlemen should bow, ladies should curtsy.

Next time I give a party I must hire a public-address system, lurk in the ironing cupboard, and issue directions. It is difficult to say these things to people's faces, much easier if the voice is disembodied.

My advice on behaviour would run like this:

"Drinks may be placed anywhere except on top of TV set. Most other surfaces are already scorched or ringed. Try not to spill claret on divan covers, but don't fret if you do. They wash. Ladies need not help serve food. Kitchenette is too small. Gentlemen are free to go to refrigerator, but are requested not to congregate in kitchenette doorway. Please keep traffic moving.

"As the hostess only starts to enjoy herself after she has served dinner, please don't go home too early. Just remind her when she asks you to sing after midnight that she lives in a flat."

It's okay for Government House, why not for Kings Cross?

"A POUND of brown onions," said a friend of mine innocently.

"Horrible things," said the woman next to her.

Now this friend is a peaceable sort. She is not one to pick fights in greengrocery departments. But she was pretty stung by the comment, I can tell you. "What's wrong with them?" she asked with just a touch of intelligence.

"Ugh, I don't know how you can eat them," said the other woman.

"What nonsense," said my friend. "YOU don't have to eat them if you don't like them." She collected her change and her bag of onions and stamped out fuming.

"Well, there it is," said my friend, telling me. "It's pretty trivial really. I just thought you might be able to make some use of it." I began to speculate. How sad to feel so repelled by a fact of life like onions.

Perhaps inadvertently she one day ate onions just before applying for an important job. Perhaps ever since she has incorrectly blamed the onions when the truth was that her shorthand speed was inadequate.

We shall never know. The secret must remain forever between her and her psychiatrist.

The only thing we can be sure of is that such a passionate aversion to onions must mean that her casseroles are pretty dull.

By



IT isn't often that I encounter anyone who has the same talent for creating uproar merely by occupying a room.

Consequently, I was delighted to come across some down-to-earth advice in a book called "Roundabout" by Katharine Whitehorn.

Miss Whitehorn is an English journalist. Her book is a collection of columns from "The Spectator." She ranges over a variety of subjects, but my favorite piece is one called "Nought For Homework."

In which she has the following memorable sentence: "When a room is in a really awful state, the only thing to do is to pick up everything in the order you see it, and not attempt any sort of classified rationalisation until you can at least see the carpet."

In the past couple of months reviewers have justly praised Miss Whitehorn for her wit and sharpness. Mostly they have quoted from her more impersonal essays.

But that sentence of hers has been of practical value to me, especially on Sunday afternoons. In a day and a half at home I achieve spectacular chaos.

She mentions also that putting things in neat piles "makes a room look quite unfairly cleaner than it did before."

She omitted only one point which I have discovered rather proudly for myself—shutting all the drawers and cupboard doors is a great initial cheerup.

IN England a woman trained her dog to count, with barks, the number of bags the coalman delivered. She hid inside the house. One day the dog barked three times when she had ordered four bags. She complained. The Controller of Weights and Measures checked, found four bags were there.

Picture the coalman working year by year, Quite unsuspicious, face without a frown. Not so the lady, haunted by the fear That he and other tradesmen take her down.

She teaches Spot to count. A clever thought. The coalman puts him, likes his friendly bark,

And goes along for weeks, suspecting naught, Till suddenly he twigs it. What a mark!

His wife advises: "Don't be silly, Joe. It's just a barking dog. Now, eat your tea. You need a good long rest." She worries, though,

For Joe becomes a walking misery.

Why keep a dog and bark yourself, they say?

The thought obsesses Joe. He gets quite sick.

And then light dawns! At last, oh, happy day,

Tips two bags in at once and does the trick.

## Yes—even this kind of dirt!



\* Taken from the famous Handy Andy Kindergarten Cleaning Test Commercial — now on TV

## Handy Andy shifts dirt like nothing else can!

In Stafford, Brisbane, sixteen kiddies were invited — yes, *invited!* — to make a mess of their kindergarten wall. And *what* a mess they made, with grease, jam, finger-paint — even mud pies. The kiddies went home, and the dirt was allowed to dry hard. The object? To test Handy Andy with ammonia, the white liquid that shifts dirt like nothing else can! Just a little Handy Andy in water and — *whoosh!* All that dirt was wiped off in next to no time. For all your tough cleaning chores try Handy Andy. It won't scratch, dull or wear — and it's guaranteed to remove almost any kind of dirt from any kind of surface!



## HANDY ANDY

Now in a bright, new, easy-grip bottle



# now! more, more chicken

(in fact, 50% more than ever before)



Real chicken pieces in richer chicken broth mean more chicken taste! Now Maggi chefs cook three prime, plump chickens for every two they did before . . . to simmer into the most generously-flavoured chicken soup ever. The very first to put tender chicken pieces in every bowl!

Only MAGGI Soups have that real home-cooked flavour and goodness.





# LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

## School - start tears

DO other mothers suffer on the first day after their first child goes to school? I'm afraid I was the one with tears in my eyes as I left her at school. I worried myself almost sick all day until it was time for the bus to bring her home. Thank heavens her first words were, "I like school."

£1/1/- to "Beginner's Mum" (name supplied), Morgan, S.A.

## Shapeless stockings

WHERE has the shape gone in cotton stockings? Putting them on is like putting your foot into a sack, and the quality of the fabric is like cheesecloth. Why don't the manufacturers give old folk better-quality stockings with a bit of shape? We used to be able to get wearable stockings.

£1/1/- to "Old Age" (name supplied), Cannon Hill, Qld.

## Hundreds-and-thousands mystery

WHENEVER I ask my children what they want on their sandwiches, the invariable answer is, "Hundreds and thousands, please, Mum." And each time I sprinkle these little colored balls on the bread I idly wonder who invented them, and how, in so many colors and such small sizes, are they made.

£1/1/- to Mrs. I. Pogson, Hurstville, N.S.W.

## Short-lived utensils

SINCE celebrating my silver wedding anniversary I have had to replace the following worn-out household equipment: a baking-dish, electric kettle, mixing-bowl, wooden cooking spoons, kitchen cutlery, and my original tin-opener which just snapped off at the blade. Do you think every wife has to replenish her kitchen equipment after 25 years, or am I just unlucky?

£1/1/- to Mrs. Daisy Wittoff, Collie, W.A.

## Uniform pen-wiper

WHEN my son's uniform color was changed recently from navy-blue to grey, I mentioned my preference for the new choice, but he strongly disapproved. His reason was, "You can wipe your pen on navy-blue clothes."

£1/1/- to "Mum" (name supplied), North Caulfield, Vic.

## Pram-pushers

I WOULD like to paint the other side of the picture for "Ladders" (Tas.), who complains of the damage to her legs and stockings done by prams in city streets. Often I have had to apologise to women who suddenly stand still right in the path of my pram. Others jay-walk in front of me or dash across without warning. What should the pram-pusher do—blow a whistle?

£1/1/- to "Stocking Enemy" (name supplied), North Balwyn, Vic.

I SUPPOSE all pram-pushing Mums are to hang their heads in shame. But if "Ladders" has a complaint about the sharp edges of prams, she should make it to the manufacturers, not the mothers.

£1/1/- to "Prammie" (name supplied), Mt. Lawley, W.A.

RECENTLY a shopper stepped backward from a counter straight into my stroller. I tried to avoid a collision, but hadn't a hope. The shopper abused me in no uncertain terms. When she stopped for breath I told her, "Madam, if I carried this thing on my head, people like you would find a way to crash into it."

£1/1/- to "Pusher" (name supplied), Hurstville, N.S.W.

I OCCASIONALLY bump into people. I find that women over 40 are extremely easy targets, as they stop in front of me to chat with their friends. Also, they are leisurely strolling along, whereas I have to hurry to do the shopping and get a tired baby home.

£1/1/- to "Unsympathetic" (name supplied), Bald Hill, Qld.

I AGREE with "Ladders" regarding prams and pushers. My husband was walking through a crowded store when a woman with a pusher loaded with shopping came around a corner and bumped into him. The owner gave no apology—only abuse. It cost my husband an ulcerated shin, hospital and doctor's bills.

£1/1/- to "Had Them" (name supplied), Grange, S.A.

# Ross Campbell writes...

PUTTING on a baby's bib does not sound like a hard task.

It is not one of the tests for the Guides' Housekeeping Badge. Yet if the baby is a girl and has long hair, the job is far from easy.

This morning I had to tie a bib on my youngest daughter, Baby Pip. It was urgent, as she had just been given a bowl of chocolate junket and she was wearing her clean pussy dress. This is one of the choicest items in her wardrobe, embroidered with small red cats.

"Quick, put the bib on!" her mother said. "She'll spoil her pussy dress, and I want to take her to Auntie Nan's."

I saw a bib beside the radio. It was a blue one with MY DARLING on it. There was also a splash of beetroot across it, so I decided to put it on back to front.

This made the words on the bib read GNILRAD YM, but there was no time to think about fine points like that.

In putting a bib on you have to tie the tapes at the back in a bow. If you tie a knot there is trouble in taking it off.

The bib I was tying on Baby Pip

## BETTER BIBS

had seen a lot of service, and the tapes were short and frayed. This run-down condition is common in the bibs of a senior baby who is due to graduate shortly to serviettes or just "lean over."

As I tried to tie the tapes in a



bow behind Pip's neck, her hair got in the way. It tangled in the tapes and she screamed: "You're hurting!"

"Please be careful," her mother said.

"It's these darn tapes," I said. "I wish you'd get some decent bibs."

"They've got a lot of wear in them yet."

I undid the bow and tied the tapes again, this time outside the hair.

It was a loose job of tying because I did not want any more screams.

The bib hung down in front and did not give the full protection that a bib should.

"Look, quick!" yelled Pip's eldest sister. But it was too late. A spoonful of chocolate junket had dropped behind the gap in the bib.

The pussy dress was no longer fit to be seen by Auntie Nan.

One way to beat the bib-tying problem is to give Baby Pip a ponytail or upswept hairdo. Her sisters do this sometimes, but it needs a technical skill beyond my powers.

Bibs should be redesigned so that you would not have to tie them behind the hair.

I have in mind a bib with long straps attached at the back to a belt, something like a parachute harness. But we are not likely to see such an improvement in our time.

All the scientific brains now are busy with nuclear stuff. There is no creative thinking going into the bib industry.

The only new bibs I've seen lately are those plastic ones they put on you when your face is made up for a TV appearance. And they are nothing special—they haven't even got MY DARLING on them.

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## FOR A VERY SPECIAL GIFT



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Emerald and diamond cluster, £240. Other cluster rings available from £80.



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# Television

● *"Bandstand '63" is a surprise to eyes accustomed to the "Bandstand" that has been a perennial favorite of viewers over the past five years of TV.*

IT has grown out of its teenage format and Saturday afternoon timing into a sophisticated weekly show.

The teenagers, rocking and twisting in the background, have given place to elaborate sets, interpretive dancing, ambitious musical production numbers, making a slick night-time show for all ages.

"Bandstand '63" still has what "Bandstand" viewers like best — Brian Henderson compering in his competent, smooth way as he introduces the talented youngsters who are the heart of the show.

In show business, "Bandstand" has always been regarded as good entertainment and as a nursery of talent.

Among today's popular TV performers "discovered" by Brian are Lionel Long, Patsy Ann Noble, Bryan Davies, Lana Cantrell, Judy Stone, Ron Polson, Robyn Alvarez.

For many of them, "Bandstand '63" represents the full turn of the wheel, with the teenage show that discovered them bringing them back to star in its new format.



LEFT: Pam Liversidge, 20, talented singer who scored a considerable success recently when she appeared with Nat "King" Cole in Sydney, is a regular on the new, streamlined "Bandstand '63."

BRIAN HENDERSON, the smooth and competent comper of "Bandstand," Henderson, a great favorite with teenagers, is out to capture a night-time adult audience with the new "Bandstand '63."



"THE DELLTONES," popular singing quartet who are almost as much of a "Bandstand" institution as Brian Henderson. From left: Colin Laughnan, Brian Perkins, Warren Lucas, Peewee Wilson.



# Now viewers call the tune

By NAN MUSGROVE

● The marked improvement in recent editions of Channel 9's live "Mobil Limb Show," starring Bobby Limb and his wife, Dawn Lake, proves that viewer opinion today is of premier importance on TV.

It wasn't always so. There was a time when anything that moved on the TV screen satisfied viewers. Now they demand good TV.

The "Mobil Limb Show" has been predominantly a collection of comedy sketches since it began in 1961.

The show's first season, from mid-1961 to 1962, was a triumph of high ratings. It closed with the Limbs signed again by their advertising sponsor, at great expense, for their second season.

Their second season, which began in spring, 1962, started well enough with the same format, but after some time it deteriorated.

No overseas talent was used.

Viewers lost no time in giving their views through TV ratings. The show that had been rated as the most popular in Australia slipped in public favor.

It was a sad sight: talented artists battling with inferior material and obviously sharing viewers' feelings at the end of the show—relief that it was over.

There was no better illustration of that old saw flogging a tired horse than the closing episodes of the old-style "Mobil Limb Show."

## Axed

Then the axe fell. It was wielded by American Bill Hamon, now general manager of the company which produces the "Mobil Limb Show" for Channel 9.

Artists that had been popular disappeared overnight, an entirely new format was devised, and, largely unheralded, the new-type show took the air.

I watched it with reluctance. I felt I had had my fill of it. But I was impressed with its improvement and now I watch it again with enjoyment.

The Limbs aren't ordinary show people. They have talent, loads of it, and common sense. In the new-format show they used both their good sense and their talent.

It was a straight show. There was some comedy, but their laboring for laughs had disappeared. Basically, it was a re-enactment of their courtship, with song and dance.

The old format had never made great use of the Limbs' musical ability, and I enjoyed seeing them both looking normal, singing and playing.

The next edition of the "Mobil Limb Show" guest-starred Nat King Cole. It was a beauty, with some flaws.

An entertainer as good as Nat King Cole doesn't need an elaborate presentation, a gag entrance, contrived situations.

I've never seen anything cornier on TV 1963 than Bobby Limb unexpectedly finding Cole seated among the studio audience, nothing more amateurish than the length of the sketch between Dawn, Cole, and the country cousin.

## Joke over

Maybe I should visit one of Dawn's "psychiatrists," but I'd like to see that country cousin sent back to the country, out of sight for good and all. I believe that all the laughs that could be made out of her have been made.

Flaws and all, though, the show was a show, and the use of a performer like Nat King Cole acted like a blood

transfusion on everyone in it.

Dawn sang better than usual, Bobby played better, the dancers danced better.

Showing their good sense again, the Limbs for the remainder of their second season are using more and more guest stars.

The "Mobil Limb Show" is improving at such a rate now that it probably will finish its second season where it finished its first—up among the most popular shows on Australian TV.

I hope so. Viewers everywhere should say a big thank-you to the viewers whose disapproval, registered in TV ratings, was obviously responsible for a return of the enjoyable entertainment the Limbs are capable of.

## Star in a straitjacket

YOU might think you have problems keeping up with the Joneses, but consider the problems of TV stars who have to keep up to what is known as their "public image."



BOBBY LIMB



DAWN LAKE

Ruth Martin, of "Lassie," that lovable, wholesome young married woman with whom Timmy and Lassie live on her husband's farm, is in real life June Lockhart.

June has at present three free months in which she can freelance.

"We have finished making the present series of 'Lassie,'" she says, "and won't start work again for another three months. I shall freelance in that time, but I'll only be able to play certain roles."

"The contract I signed for 'Lassie' stipulates that I can't play any character that might reflect badly on Ruth Martin. This means I can't go anywhere near roles with plunging necklines or whisky bottles."

"And I used to play such a variety of parts," she sighed. "Neurotic women were my speciality, and I also made quite a good job of alcoholics."

# New Films, Movie Gossip

\*\*\*\*\* Wuh KIRSTEN WARD \*\*\*\*\*

## ★ GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS!

There's hardly any plot but lots of Elvis Presley in this. In fact, a bit more story and a little less Elvis may have made it more interesting. The last few Presley films have been good entertainment—but this one misses. Elvis is a singing fisherman who wants to buy his own boat. His second problem is girls (two in particular) who fight over and with him about nothing at all. The whole thing is just an excuse for Elvis to sing, and he isn't even as good at that as usual. —Prince Edward, Sydney.

In a word . . . FLAT.

## ★ ROAD TO HONG KONG

Neither Bob Hope nor Bing Crosby would need either a career-boost or the money, so this is just for old times' sake, which makes

## ★★★ Excellent

## ★★ Above average

## ★ Average

## No Star—Poor

it no less sad that it's such a flop. You expect them to look a bit tired, but not to find their jokes or comedy acts (mostly) so weak. General production of the film is bad, and this doesn't help. Nor do the supporting actors—except for a surprise appearance by Peter Sellers, which is brilliant.

They play a pair of small-time frauds who are caught up with a secret group planning to take over the world by superior scientific knowledge. Bob and Bing are sent to the moon and back as an experiment. Joan Collins is pathetic as the romantic lead. Dorothy Lamour is there—but not for long, and not quite in focus.—Regent, Sydney.

In a word . . . TERRIBLE

## NUDE ODYSSEY

An irritatingly self-satisfied Frenchman lets himself loose in Tahiti, and bores the audience to a slow death. He is supposed to be making a documentary, but decides to write a diary at the same time with the hope of "finding himself." Diaries are supposed to be secret, and his would have been better kept that way, too. The photography (in color) of the islands is a dream—but the dreadful Frenchman keeps getting in the way.—Victory, Sydney.

In a word . . . POINTLESS.

THE unlikely combination of Bette Davis and Fabian was thought of for the parts of the ageing dowager and her young lover in "Never Enough." The stars turned it down, saying the money offered wasn't enough.



# Here's the world's fastest fly killer!

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 20, 1963





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## Television

# DID YOU KNOW?

● **Bob Hope** will be seen for an hour every week on American television next season, N.B.C. announced, after getting an eight million dollar (£A4,000,000) contract from an American car company.

**THE** contract provides for eight "Bob Hope Specials"—on which the network will spend 3,000,000 dollars—and 22 hour-long "anthologies," for which the comedian will be host.

★ ★ ★  
**NOBEL PRIZEWINNER** (1962) John Steinbeck's "Travels With Charley" is slated for television. The test film for a projected weekly series based on the book is in preparation. The lead has been offered to Fess Parker.

★ ★ ★  
**GREER GARSON** has been signed to portray Mrs. Disraeli in "The Invincible Mr. Disraeli," "The Hall of Fame" drama. Trevor Howard plays Mr. Macmillan's favorite Prime Minister.

★ ★ ★  
**LONG-LASTING** TV film personality Ozzie Nelson told an interviewer he gets mad when people say there are too many nice people in his show. "What's wrong with nice people?" asks Ozzie.

★ ★ ★  
**LUCILLE BALL'S** ex-husband, Desi Arnaz, got to co-star on the "I Love Lucy" series. Her present husband, comedian Gary Morton, doesn't do quite so well — he has the chore of "warming up" the studio audience before "The Lucy Show" is taped.

★ ★ ★  
**SAMMY DAVIS, jun.,** has signed with the British Broadcasting Corporation for three special programmes—one drama and two musicals.

★ ★ ★  
**TELEVISION** took "Lawrence Welk and his Champagne Music" out of the nightclubs. A nightclub that wants him back for one night has to guarantee a minimum of 15,000 dollars against 70 per cent. of its gross profits for the night. They have to sell a lot of champagne to afford Welk.

★ ★ ★  
**RICHARD CHAMBERLAIN** — television's Dr. Kildare — wants to star in a Broadway musical.



## TOMMY HANLON'S Thought for the Week

Momma once said: Since time began everyone seems to pick on the younger generation. How many times have you heard this — I don't know what on earth the younger generation is coming to? Those strange hairdos, the songs they listen to, wearing dresses that high. And the boys — don't they ever cut their hair, no manners, the strange styles in men's clothes. NOT like when I was a boy. I tell you this is the lost generation. I wouldn't let my daughter go out with a boy like that. Or, if you have a boy: I wouldn't let my boy go out with a girl like that. Are these the young people that are some day going to take over my job? But every time I hear talk like this it reminds me of something mother once said. (think this over very carefully):

**Momma's moral:** When you hear folks criticising the younger generation, you can't help remembering who raised it.



**BOB HOPE.**

**CHUCK CONNORS** recently walked out of Hollywood Republic studios, leaving the rifle he has carried for five years on television's "The Rifleman" propped forlornly in the corner of his dressing-room. He won't be returning to pick it up.

Connors now is relaxing on a two-month fishing vacation in Mexico's La Paz before starting work on a new TV series called "Arms and Trial," in which he will play a lawyer.

★ ★ ★  
**AFTER** her successful "Susanna" series on television, Gale Storm is working on a new programme called "A-Oh Shee," probably to be seen later in 1963.

★ ★ ★  
**ATTRACTIVE** Asa Maynor, wife of Edl Bynon, "77 Sunset Strip's" Kookie, seems intent on showing that her husband is not the only one who can earn the family bread and butter. At the time of their marriage and for a while afterwards she gave up her career, saying "I want to make sure Eddie and I make a good start to our life together."

Now Asa, besides appearing regularly in "Come Blow Your Horn" at a local Hollywood theatre, is featured in one of the last episodes of "The Rifleman."

"Their marriage," says a friend, "has got off to a pretty good start."

★ ★ ★  
**YOUNG** singing star Tommy Sands, married to Frank Sinatra's daughter, Nancy, is obviously determined to make his mark as an actor as well. He is to star with John Anderson in an hour-long drama series on American television, called "Blow Hard, Blow Clear." It will be a romance-adventure style story of the high seas with Sands pinning his hopes on it as a step to more TV acting.



# CHILDREN'S SHOW FOR ADULTS

## Television

● "Supercar," ABC-TV's new puppet show, is an original and sophisticated half hour of TV entertainment that, presented advantageously, could capture an adult audience.

At present it is shown at 6 p.m. in what is regarded as "family viewing time."

Few adults are free to watch TV at 6 p.m. It is the meal hour for many families, a time when little children are being put to bed, when breadwinners are on the way home from work; not a time to relax in front of TV.

It is a pity. "The Flintstones" have proved that Australian adult audiences are very partial to cartoon-type entertainment. It is a shame that the ingenious entertainment of "Supercar" seems destined to be missed by many viewers.

In Britain it is described as "the most-talked-about children's show for adults," and has also caught the imagination of American adult viewers.

"Supercar" is science-fiction.

Never before has such an invention as Supercar been seen on television—or in fact anywhere.

It can fly with the speed of a jet plane, submerge like a submarine, take off vertically in helicopter style, and race across land as fast as any speedcar.

And its feats don't end there. With additional equipment the car can penetrate outer space and be driven directly or by remote control to and from its base.

The stars of this remarkable series are Mike Mercury, Professor Popkiss, Dr. Beaker, Jimmy, and his pet monkey, Mitch.

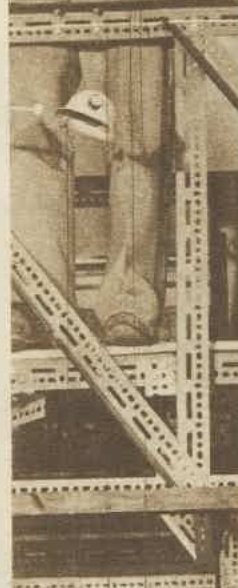
They are all puppets with a difference. Their movements are natural and they even have brains.

Their brains are man-made and consist of solenoid cells in their fibreglass heads which, operating by the impulses from pre-recorded voices, move their lips in synchronisation with the dialogue.

"Supercar's" villain, a great favorite with adults, is Master Spy, a perennial villain who looms into almost every episode with a clumsy arrogance that inevitably leads to his downfall.

"Supercar" is made and produced by a group of four young enthusiasts who have banded themselves into a firm called A.P. Studios, near London.

"We call our method of filming puppets 'super-mationation,' to differentiate it from the stop-motion kind of cartoon made in America and on the Continent," the managing-director, Reg Hill, said recently.



MIKE MERCURY, the hero, is all man, blue-eyed, strong-jawed, brave, and debonair. He talks with Professor Popkiss, who is the inventor of Supercar and the man at the controls at the machine's base.



MIKE talks over the plans to foil Master Spy with Dr. Beaker, a backroom boffin who looks a trifle sour and sinister, but is really all wool and a yard wide, and lovable as well.



JIMMY and his pet monkey, Mitch, are great favorites with the children. Mitch is a bit of a menace and at times stows away aboard Supercar. Sometimes, though, Mitch, up to monkey business, wins the day for Supercar's rugged hero, Mike Mercury.



PUPPETEER, at work on the "Supercar" set, controls Dr. Beaker (seated). Watching is Mike Mercury about to take off in Supercar, Professor Popkiss (with glasses), and Jimmy, seated at the desk at the rear of the set.



# THE PLAY'S JUST

**P**ATTY said, "I hereby call this meeting to order."  
"How come you're calling the meeting to order?" Rock said. "What is this, East Berlin or something? First we have to elect a chairman."

"How can we elect anybody until the meeting is called to order?" Patty asked.

"Turn the radio up, I like that song," Henry said.

The Central Valley Teen Canteen Fund Drive Committee was having its first meeting at my house. The committee was Patty and Rock and Henry and myself. Mr. Johnson, our adult adviser, had made a poster with our slogan on it and it was propped against the wall. Otherwise we hadn't made much progress as yet.

"You don't by any chance have a little something we could nibble on, do you?" Rock asked me.

I went into the kitchen. My father was standing at the sink with a glass of water in one hand and the aspirin bottle in the other.

"Why is everybody in my living-room?" he asked me. "Why isn't everybody downtown hanging around the milk bar the way teenagers do in the movies? I have a headache."

I explained that we were having a committee meeting and then I took some potato crisps and soft drinks back to the living-room. Rock and Henry were arguing about how to raise money for the Canteen.

"I keep telling you the easiest way is simply to ask people," Rock said.

"What is that on the radio?" my father said, coming into the room and sinking down on the couch. "No, on second thoughts, don't tell me. Just turn it off."

"Gosh, that's a good song, Mr. Hayward," Henry said. "It's 'Mau-Mau Masquerade.' Mamma and I were mending our muu-muus for the Mau-Mau masquerade. Mamma and I..."

My father leaned his head back and closed his eyes. "It's number three and climbing," Rock said. "Number one is 'I'm Walking Alone on the Forty-yard Line,' and number two is 'I Cried All the Way to the Moon.'"

"I've been meaning and meaning to ask you, Rock," my father said. "Have you decided as yet on the college of your choice?"

"Queen's," Rock said. "Anyway, to get back to the subject, I bet I could raise the three hundred dollars by walking up and down Main Street carrying our poster."

My father opened his eyes and looked at the poster, which had PLEASE HELP KEEP ME OFF THE STREETS lettered across it.

"You've formed a committee to raise three hundred dollars to keep Rock off the streets?" he asked. "Not that it isn't a worthy cause!" he added hastily. "It just seems a little costly."

**An entertaining short story  
By IRENE KAMPEN**





# THE THING

"We need the money to rent an empty store for the Teen Canteen," I explained.

"We teenagers in Central Valley must have a gathering place where we can channel our high spirits into constructive projects before delinquency becomes rampant in our town," Rock said. "Mr. Johnson told us that."

"Not rampant, stupid," Henry said. "Rampant."

"I believe my headache is worse," my father said. "I tell you what — why don't you all go down and buy yourselves ice-cream sundaes? Isn't that a splendid thought? Charge them to my account. Now, when I count three and clap my hands, let's see who can tiptoe out of the room fastest. Ready? One . . ."

"I have the most marvellous idea of how we can raise the money," Patty said. "I thought of it the other night when we were all riding in that boy that Eileen McGarrity goes out with's car."

"It's not his car," Rock said. "It's the boy Eileen McGarrity goes out with's aunt's car."

"Two!" my father said.

"Eileen doesn't go out with him any more," Henry said. "They broke up. Eileen gave him back his class ring and his identification bracelet and his class pin and his sweat shirt."

To page 28

Mr. Johnson settled in to the task of directing the teenagers for the play.





# *Suds are wasted power!*



Soap powders and foaming detergents put on a lot of show—but froth and bubble suds won't clean your dishes! Lazy suds float on top—don't get down to work in the water, where the dishes are.

# *Trix is all washing power!*

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Trix works here  
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the water!**



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**TRIX IS CONCENTRATED FOR ECONOMY!**

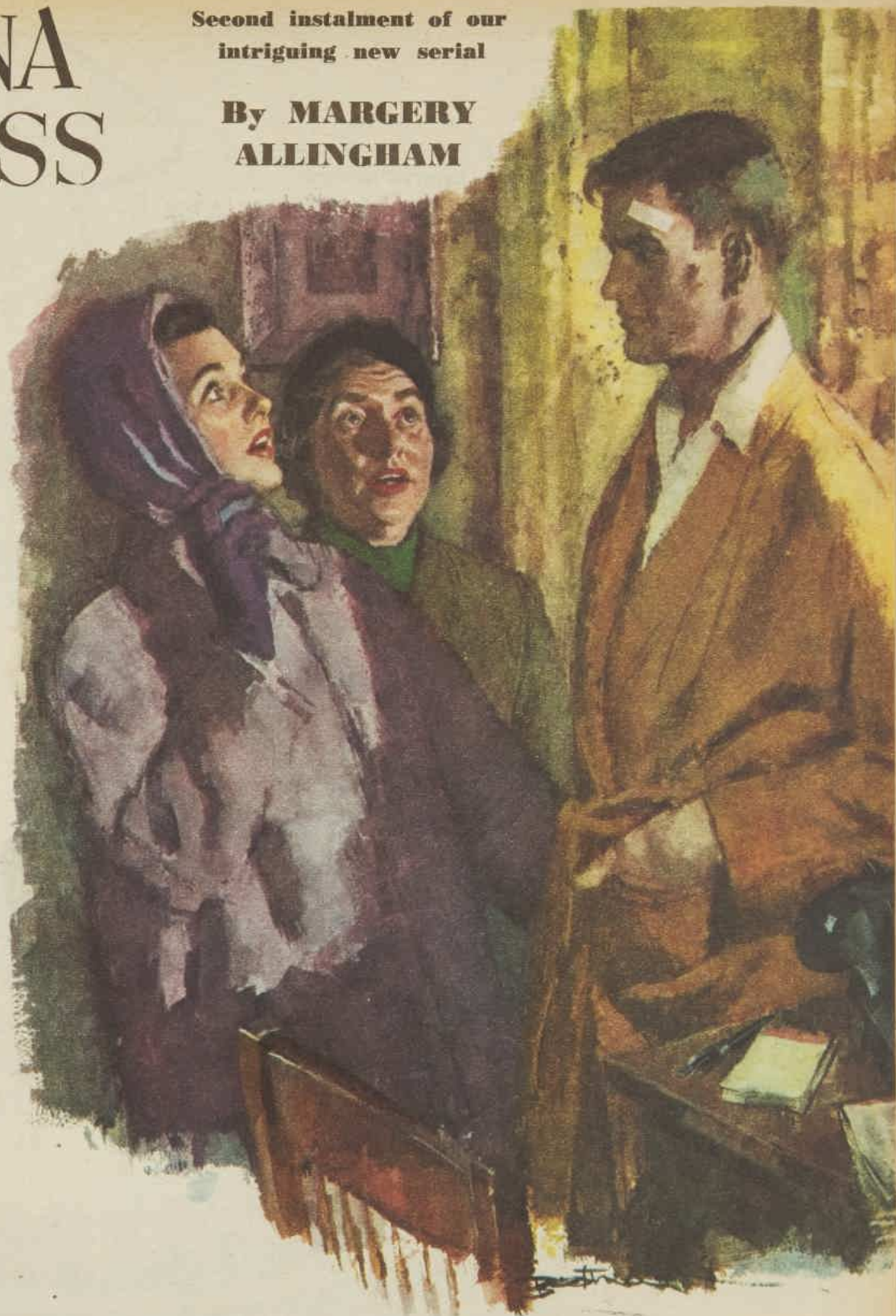




# THE CHINA GOVERNESS

Second instalment of our  
intriguing new serial

By MARGERY  
ALLINGHAM



IN a district once known as the wickedest part of London, The Turk Street Mile, new flats have been completed and COUNCILLOR CORNISH has taken pride in selecting the occupants. Old LEN LUCEY, his wife, and a boarder, REG SLOAN, who is working temporarily at Len's factory, return one night from an outing to find their flat broken into and their possessions violently destroyed. The shock is so great that Mrs. Lucey dies, just as SUPERINTENDENT CHARLES LUKE arrives.

Meanwhile in the village of Angevin, Suffolk, TIMOTHY KINNIT leaves JULIA LAURELL to make her own way to his uncle EUSTACE KINNIT'S country home, where she is to wait while he goes back to London to ask her father, SIR ANTHONY, why he has withdrawn his consent to their engagement. Tim has asked his old nanny, MRS. BROOME, to look after Julia. She welcomes Julia and talks volubly of Tim's youth and how he had been brought to the Kinnit household at the beginning of the war. Later she shows Julia to the Bride's Room, but Julia, horrified at the heavy Victorian furnishings, begs to be put in another room. Thinking Julia believes it to be haunted, Nanny mentions the "family ghost."

Downstairs again, after a rest, Julia is hurried into the Treasure Room by Nanny when BASIL TOBERMAN, a protegee of the Kinnit family, arrives with ALBERT CAMPION. Later as they enter this room to look at the Kinnit collection of Staffordshire figurines, Julia quickly hides behind curtains. She hears Toberman tell Campion the story behind the china figure of MISS THYRZA, a governess employed by the Kinnit family, who in 1849 was tried for murder but acquitted. Toberman goes on to say the Kinnits have always patronised anyone out of the family, including himself. But he resents their different attitude to Tim, because he has recently realised Tim is not Eustace's nephew as everybody has always thought.

Nanny enters the room, furiously denying this, but by her nervousness betrays the fact that someone is hiding, and Julia is forced to show herself. NOW READ ON:

OVER the telephone Timothy's voice sounded older, more male and somehow more rough than when there was the rest of him present to soften the effect.

"Julia? You got the message and you're quite alone?"

"Quite. As soon as you told Mrs. Broome what you wanted she plugged the phone in up here and I think she's sitting on the stairs in the hall keeping guard. What is it, Tim? Won't you be able to get down here tonight?"

"Where exactly are you? Where has she put you? What room?"

"Oh, I'm not in that white bedchamber." Laughter flickered briefly through the anxiety in her voice. "I'm in the one your Uncle Eustace has when he comes down on business."

His voice was unnaturally controlled: "I'm not coming down. Listen to me before you say anything. First of all, and this isn't the important thing, Fleet Street seems to be on to us. Three papers have telephoned since teatime. Eustace has had calls, too, and I've just heard from him that somebody turned up at Well House asking questions. They want to know if it's true that you are at Angevin and if I'm joining you, and if the wedding is on or if we're postponing."

"Where are you?"

"At your father's house, locked in his study. The key's on my side, of course!"

"I see."

"You don't, you know. It isn't anywhere near as simple as that. The newspapers don't matter much. As long as we're apart there's nothing they can say. I don't know who gave us away and I don't see why it should be of the faintest interest to anyone, except that everything to do with your father is news. However, that isn't the real point. I've got something more important to say."

She was fighting with tears. "That beastly little man Basil Toberman gave us away. He arrived here this afternoon and found me. He practically told me he was going to tell on us, and the man who was with him, who is a

"Oh, what's happened to you, Tim?" Julia exclaimed as she and Mrs. Broome hurried into the room.

vague, pleasant sort of person called Campion, took him away hastily, but I expect he escaped. That's how the newspapers know. I could kill him."

"Basil? He didn't mean it. He's just a silly old drunk." Timothy was disinterested rather than unconvinced. "He may have let something out. It's a pity he saw you, but he wouldn't have the essential drive to become an informer."

"But, Tim . . ." Her voice broke. "I've been so afraid of something like this happening. I'll get into the car at once and come to London. I think I'll suffocate unless I see you soon."

"Be quiet, darling, and listen to me. I've learnt something today which has shattered me. If I know you, you won't care about it one way or the other, but I do. This thing makes a difference. You've got to try to understand me, Julia."

"Are you talking about you being brought here as a baby by some evacuees?" The statement was out before she realised its danger and she went on, clumsily cruel in her

helplessness. "Because if so you're being idiotic. Suppose it was true. What would it matter or what difference could it make to anybody? And if it isn't—"

"Where did you hear this?"

The entirely new note in his voice threw her into panic. She was crying as she answered obediently.

"Basil Toberman was telling Mr. Campion and they didn't know I was listening. He seems to have been telling everybody, because the penny only just appears to have dropped with him. He's jealous of you marrying someone who might inherit some money. But you mustn't let it matter, you mustn't let anything matter."

"Old Basil! So that's where it's coming from! Your father says he got it from his club a week ago. He wrote to Alison and she replied. That's how it happened. If he knew, why didn't he tell me years and years ago? We've known each other always." There was a pause, and then he said briefly: "I'm sorry you should have heard it from him."

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#### BASIC MORNAY SAUCE

All spoon and cup measures are level. An 8 fluid oz. measuring cup is used.

**Ingredients:** 1 small onion, cut in half;  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt; 4 peppercorns or pinch pepper; small piece bay leaf; 1oz. butter; 2 tablespoons flour; 2 cups milk; 8oz. Kraft Cheddar Cheese, shredded.

**Method:** Heat milk, onion, salt, peppercorns, or pepper and bay leaf in a saucepan. Cover and allow to stand for 7-10 minutes.

Melt butter, add flour, and cook for a few minutes. Strain milk, and add gradually, stirring until sauce boils and thickens. Add shredded Kraft Cheddar Cheese, and continue cooking, stirring until cheese melts. Makes approximately 1 pint.

#### LOBSTER MORNAY

**Ingredients:** Basic Mornay Sauce; 1 medium size lobster ( $2\frac{1}{2}$  to 3lb.); salt, pepper;  $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter (1 dessertspoon); lemon wedges to garnish.

**Method:** Cut lobster in half lengthwise, remove all the meat, and cut into cubes. Scrub lobster shell thoroughly. Pile meat back into prepared shells; sprinkle with salt and pepper, and dot with butter. Cover with greaseproof paper and heat in a moderate oven (350°F Gas, 375°F Electric), for 15 minutes. Spoon over the Mornay Sauce. If not to be served at once, keep warm in a moderate oven. Garnish with lemon. 6 servings. As an alternative to lobster. Serve this delicious Mornay Sauce over cooked fresh or frozen fish.



*Cheese makes wonderful Lenten meals*

## *This Lent* **make it MORNAY** *the Kraft*

Bring perfect Mornay Sauce to your meals with the cheese that melts

You've enjoyed it often, dining out. Magnificent Mornay! Now you can "make it Mornay" at home — the Kraft Cheddar way. You add rich cheese flavour to your favourite Lenten foods . . . imagine your own Lobster Mornay. And fish fillets, macaroni, chunky tuna, vegetables . . . all served with this classic, smooth cheese sauce . . . mmm! No other cheese gives the same perfect melting and blending . . . your Kraft Cheddar makes Mornay a chef would be proud of. Treat the family tonight . . . make it Mornay!



#### VEGETABLE MORNAY

The perfect finish for hot cooked vegetables, such as cauliflower, asparagus, broccoli, leeks, marrow, or onions. Pour Mornay Sauce over vegetables and serve.



#### MACARONI MORNAY

Ingredients: Basic Mornay Sauce; 1 cup macaroni; 1 medium onion, chopped; 1/2 cup day-old breadcrumbs; 1 oz. butter.

Method: Cook macaroni and onion in 2 pints boiling salted water for 20 minutes or until tender. Drain. Mix Mornay Sauce through macaroni, and turn into a greased casserole. Sprinkle top with breadcrumbs, and dot with butter. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375°F Gas, 400°F Electric) for 25 minutes or until heated through. 4-5 servings.



#### TUNA MORNAY

Ingredients: Half Basic Mornay Sauce; 1 can Green seas Tuna, 6 1/2 oz. chunk style or 7 oz. solid pack; 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley; 1 dessertspoon lemon juice; pinch cayenne pepper; 1 tablespoon day-old breadcrumbs.

Method: Divide Green seas Tuna evenly into four ovenproof ramekins. Sprinkle with parsley, lemon juice and cayenne pepper. Pour the Mornay Sauce over the Tuna and sprinkle with breadcrumbs. Place in a moderate oven - (350°F Gas, 375°F Electric), for 15 minutes or until heated. 4 servings.

#### SCALLOP MORNAY

Replace Tuna with 1 lb. of fresh or frozen scallops. Increase the cooking time 15 minutes to cook the scallops.



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and blends best of all.



#### THE GALLON OF GOODNESS . . .

Kraft Cheddar is rich in protein, vitamins and minerals because it takes a whole gallon of creamy milk to make every pound of this fine cheese. Kraft Cheddar is truly a bargain in nutrition — there's a size just right for your family.

There's more goodness to give them with **KRAFT CHEDDAR**



## Continuing . . . THE PLAY'S JUST THE THING

"Three!" my father said, clapping his hands. "Now all scurry away and . . ."

"The idea I have is to put on a play," Patty said.

"I'll help with the scenery but I won't be in it," Rock said. "I'm afraid to get up on stage."

"South Pacific!" Henry said. He began to sing, in a deep baritone, "Some enchanted evening"

"It was nice of you to drop by, Henry," my father said. "Be sure and do it again in a month or two, you hear?"

"I don't have to go yet, Mr. Hayward," Henry said. "Vivian Keller could take the Mary Martin part."

"We can't put on a musical," Patty and I said.

"Actually, now that I come to think about it, a play isn't such a good idea after all," Patty said.

"How about a car wash instead?" "No, no, a play is perfect," Rock said, "as long as I don't have to be in it. But what play? That's the problem."

"It's around Christmas-time," Henry said. "We might do something religious."

"A Passion Play!" Rock said. "The kind of thing they put on every year some place in Austria."

"I think we should do something romantic," Patty said, "like 'The Barretts of Wimpole Street,' maybe."

from page 23

"The Central Valley High School Mask, Sock, and Buskin Players put that on last year," Rock said. "Don't you remember? My mother's Siamese cat was in it."

"In what capacity?" my father asked with curiosity.

"Chang played Elizabeth Barrett's dog," Rock said. "He was quite good, too."

"Maybe Mr. Johnson can dig up a play for us," Patty said.

We talked to Mr. Johnson about it after Physics class the next day, and it turned out that he had been interested in dramatics at Teachers' College.

"And I have a splendid idea," he said. "If LeRoy Minifree accepts a role in the production perhaps he could persuade his uncle to attend. Think what that would mean in the way of publicity and prestige!"

"You want Moose Minifree in this play?" Henry said. "Why, you might as well put a sick chicken in the cast as Minifree. He can't hardly say, 'Good Morning,' without half strangling. When he gets up in Latin class nobody can tell whether he's reading Cicero or choking on something."

"He can be coached," Mr. Johnson said confidently. "Mr. Gordon's presence would be invaluable to us, ticketwise."

Moose's uncle is Robert Gordon, who won the Pulitzer award once and the Critics' Award twice.

"I don't know what you want him to come around for," Moose said, when Mr. Johnson told him about the idea. "I realise he's my relative and everything, Mr. Johnson, but he's honestly a terrible pest. He's nervous all the time and a person can't turn on the television or the radio without him starting to scream and yell."

"Nevertheless, he is an important figure in the theatre," Mr. Johnson said. "Perhaps if you explained the worthy aims of the Canteen he would consent . . ."

"Oh, he'll come all right," Moose said gloomily. "But I warn you, you'll be sorry."

The Central Valley "Clarion" printed the story in the next issue. "WELL-KNOWN PLAYWRIGHT TO AID CANTEEN FUND DRIVE."

"Robert Gordon, the well-known playwright and frequent sojourner in our fair town will be guest of honor at a performance planned by the Central Valley Teen Canteen to raise funds for a Canteen headquarters."

"Mr. Gordon was reported as 'eagerly looking forward to attending the play.'"

"Teenagers are urged to attend the casting session Friday afternoon in the high school auditorium."

Moose and Henry and Rock were there, and Coleman Andrews, and of course Vivian Keller in her usual black tights and pony tail.

Mr. Johnson hurried down the aisle with an armful of scripts and sat on the edge of the stage.

"I have the ideal vehicle for our little group," he said eagerly. "It is called 'For All Our Tomorrow.' It recounts the story of the exciting early days of the col-fishing industry. Half drama and half pageant, set in . . ."

THE auditorium doors opened and Mrs. Fuller sailed down the aisle, followed by her afternoon kindergarten class, twenty-two strong.

"So sorry," she said to Mr. Johnson. "The elementary-school stage is being painted and Principal Sealey kindly gave us permission to rehearse the 'Snowflake Pageant' here."

She began to shepherd the kindergarteners on stage.

"Places, everyone," she said. "Fairy Queen in the centre. No, Morton dear, you are not the Fairy Queen. That will do, Morton — you have a lovely, lovely part, dear. If you don't mind, Mr. Johnson — you are sitting on the Frog Prince's lily pads. Thank you very much."

"It's madly inconvenient," Mr. Johnson said as he got up. "We were about to cast for the Teen Canteen play."

"We can use the gym, Mr. Johnson," Vivian said.

We began to gather up our books and coats.

"Isn't Mr. Johnson a good kindly man to let us have the stage?" Mrs. Fuller said to her class. "Shall we all say, 'Thank you, dear Mr. Johnson?'"

"No need!" Mr. Johnson said hastily, backing down the aisle.

The basketball team was practising at one end of the gym and the cheer-leaders were having a meeting at the other, but in spite of everything Mr. Johnson managed to get all the speaking roles cast. Moose ended up with the part of A Sea Captain. (It was the kind of play where nobody has names.) Patty was A Sea Captain's Wife, and Vivian was Their Daughter. Henry was A Passing Stranger.

Mr. Johnson asked me to take care of tickets, and Coleman Andrews was put in charge of lighting and sound effects.

"A beautiful, beautiful play," Vivian said. "Don't you feel so, Patty?"

"I suppose," Patty said.

"Funny little Patty!" Vivian said, with a tinkling laugh. "Actually, we were discussing Rock's psychological block. Stagewise, that is."

"His what?" Patty asked. "Can't you understand simple English?" Rock said. "I guess I have as much right as the next person to have a psychological block."

To page 52



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FOR EVERY FASHIONABLE SHADE THERE'S A MELTONIAN PERFECT COLOUR MATCH





With a sinking heart  
Mary watched Michael  
take Beryl's hand.

## The LOVE MATCH

A short short story

By G. McCOSKER

THE amplifier cracked to life, calling the players to the number-one court. This was the long-awaited final of the men's singles championship, when the club pitted their best against all comers.

Michael was their best. Mary could not hide the pride she felt as he stood up. He looked so young and handsome, standing there, the sunlight shining on his fair hair. She longed to kiss him, just for luck, but knew Michael would be embarrassed by such a public demonstration.

"Good luck, darling," was all she said. He smiled down at her. That crooked smile of his, that lifted the corners of his mouth, lending his expression strong sweetness, that always surprised and delighted her.

"Thanks," he said gruffly. The spectators began crowding into the small grandstand and lining the tennis court fence. Mary watched Beryl Adams as she walked to a vacant seat below her. She could not help critically appraising the neat figure, from the tip of her well-groomed head to her neat shoes. A pretty girl, with her up-tilted little nose and guileless blue eyes.

Mary was not really concerned over Beryl's infatuation for Michael. She hoped it was no real threat to their happy relationship. She was tolerant toward Michael's short excursions into romantic adventure; they did not last and that was all that mattered. Mary was a little cool, even condescending, toward the young woman. Beryl looked up and saw Mary. They exchanged polite smiles.

The umpire mounted his stand and linesmen stood ready. Roger Bannister, Michael's opponent, stood tall and rangy, a wide grin on his face as he greeted Michael. They turned for first service. Michael won and the ball-boy handed him new snowy-white balls, then play began.

From the first it was obvious that Roger was better equipped to withstand hard tennis. His co-ordination was perfect, his shots executed with clockwork precision and deadly accuracy. Impregnable against attack, he had not counted on Michael's dogged persistence, the sheer determination that repeatedly sent impossible returns back over the net. Michael tired, but continued on fight and worry his opponent, like an

aggressive puppy, into the third hard-fought set.

For Mary, it was torture watching him fight so desperately. Tears came unbidden behind her sunglasses. She was thankful for their protection; at least they spared her the indignity of publicly exposing her emotions, so close to the surface.

Suddenly Michael fell! In the same instant, Mary came to her feet with an involuntary little cry, realising even as she did how Michael hated fuss. She slumped down, mindful of the curious glances cast her way. She watched him stagger to his feet, shaken but unhurt. Relief sped across her face in a smile that caught and held Beryl's curiously compassionate glance. The young men resumed play, Michael fighting on against the other boy's relentless game. Mary prayed he might win, not for the honor, though that too would be very nice.

It was all over! The crowd came to its feet, to acclaim Roger as the victor, but also to acknowledge the pluck of the vanquished. Mary almost ran down the grandstand steps, and stood waiting by the gate, as eager as a schoolgirl, her heart filled with pride and love for this handsome young man of hers. He could not fail to see her standing here.

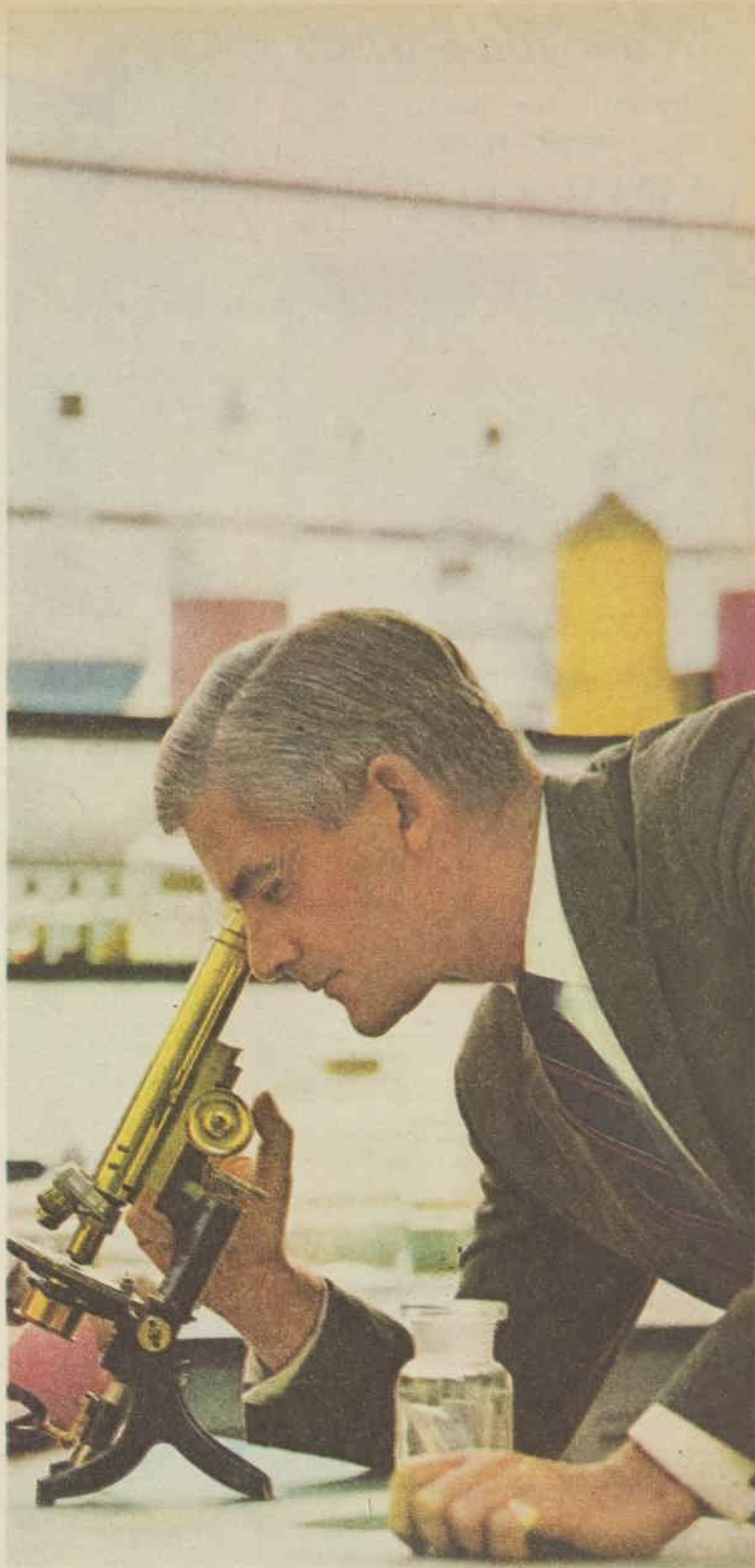
She waited, but he did not come. It was Beryl who went confidently to him, looking up at his flushed hot face, worship in her eyes. Mary watched them walk away together absorbed in each other. It was the first time Michael had forgotten her. Desolation brought a lump to her throat. It was a moment of revelation, one that she had secretly been dreading long before its coming.

The two figures paused. Looking about searchingly, Michael discovered her standing there alone. He smiled, that crooked smile of his, all sweetness and strength and much love that shrank the distance between them to nothing. Mary's heart gave a queer little lurch. Her loneliness slid away. A feeling of warm gratitude crept over her as she heard him call to her, clearly and affectionately. Words sweeter than any endearment could ever be.

"Hi, Mum."

And her world stood firm again.

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## Our Man looks in at the lab

Our Man, pausing in one of the Sanderson laboratories, casts a careful eye on a Sanderson fabric in the making. He is convinced all over again that the ideas he collects from the corners and capitals of the world are treated with the skilful respect that is their due. In Sanderson laboratories and factories, the liveliest colours, the subtlest shades, the most intricate patterns are faithfully reproduced as fabrics and

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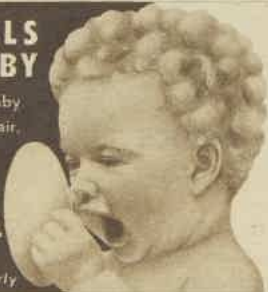
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### FOOT BLISS



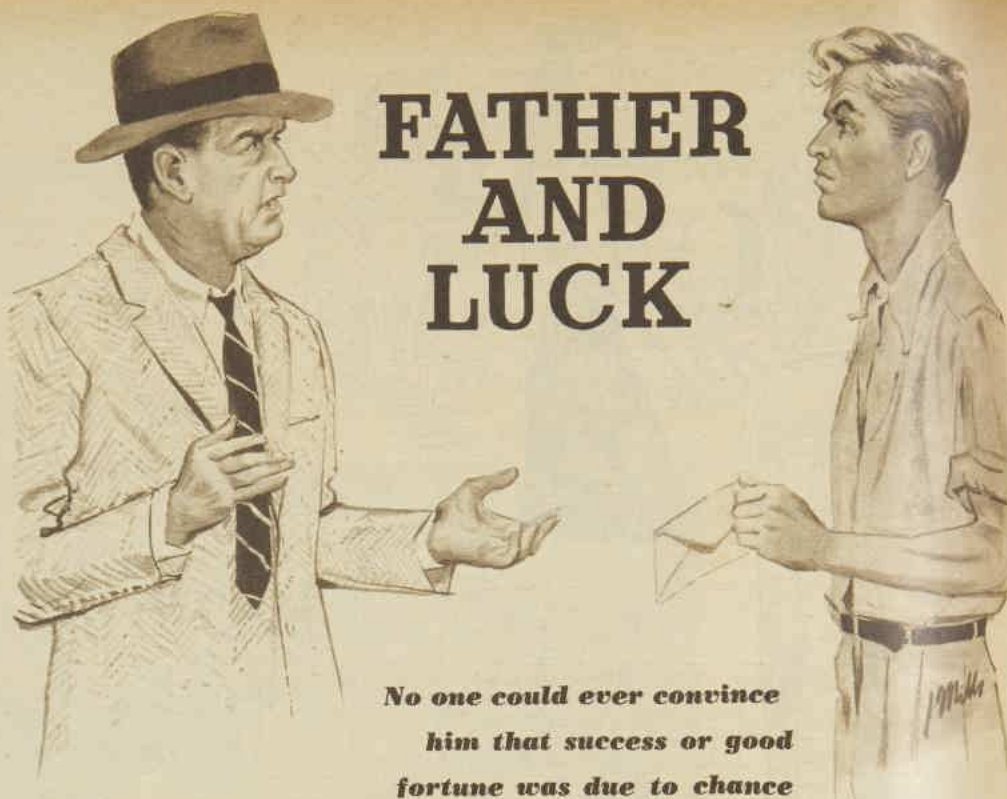
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No one could ever convince  
him that success or good  
fortune was due to chance

His voice assuming a clerical tone, my father said, "Work! There is no substitute for work, my boy. Luck is no substitute for work."

He had just come up behind me at the newsagent's counter and caught me buying a lottery ticket.

"Buy your ticket, by all means, my boy," he said. "I should not think of trying to stop you at your age. But remember my words and don't rely on luck for anything in this world. I don't often talk this way, but . . ."

It was an understatement. This was one of father's favorite themes. I could almost estimate how long it would be before I could get away and now I looked secretly at my wristwatch and noted the time. I guessed four minutes and was a minute too much—father had noticed his friend Jack Button making the motions of raising and emptying an invisible glass of beer, and he cut it short.

Father didn't believe in luck. He said so often, and there was no reason to disbelieve him. When Joe Middleton found a gold nugget worth fifty pounds on his farm, father rebuffed everyone who said Joe was lucky.

"Where's the luck?" he asked, his large brown eyes losing their heron-like mildness and beginning to spark as they always did when he was worked up. "Joe was a miner here in the early days. He always keeps his eyes on the ground after rain. He has been doing it for twenty years. Now, if some of you who say Joe is lucky had done the same . . ."

For a week after that a lot of people kept their eyes on the ground. It was showery weather. Some even took to scratching round the old workings in Ballamatta. But no one found any nuggets except Bob Brack, the town drunk, and he tripped over his. It was a profitable find — the nugget brought a tenner.

"How about luck now?" they asked father. Father wasn't a bit put out. He just drew up his long crane-like figure and looked scornfully down on his questioners. "Hasn't Bob been tripping over stones for twenty years? It just stands to reason that some time or other he was bound to turn over a bit of yellow stuff."

A few toes were stubbed, kicking at stones, in the next few weeks, but no one found any nuggets. It wasn't a long enough test, as father was at pains to point out.

Nothing could happen in Ballamatta, but father had an explanation for it — even when he lost his job.

"Bad luck, Peter," they told him.

"Not a bit of it," he said, consistent as ever. "If you mean it's hard on the missus, I agree, but that isn't luck. The mill has been running at a loss for years and they were bound to close down in time." Father for a moment looked a bit lost. His shoulders slumped and his eyes clouded.

"I am to blame and not luck. I knew it would happen, but I did nothing to look for another job." He swallowed before going on. "I fooled myself it wouldn't happen." He went on philosophising about luck and its non-existence, unaware that his listeners, who were fond of him, had slipped away.

Father had been a clerk in the flour mill and he found things tough when he started to look for another

job. Our town had been slipping backwards for some years and no one could find a place for him. They were all very sorry about it, but too wise now to tell him it was bad luck.

After he had tried every place where a clerk might have been employed, he looked for something new. It was then that selling insurance was suggested to him and he gave it a fly.

He didn't do at all well. No one had much money to spare in our town, anyway, but father was the last man to make them part with it. He was too decent and gentle. He lacked the sense of mission that animates all good salesmen — that they really have something good and that it is their duty to persuade other people that they should have it.

A good salesman must have the fire and singlemindedness of a religious reformer. He must have some of the temperament of the people who burnt others at the stake in the Middle Ages — for the good of their souls.

Now father believed in insurance and he always had, but he didn't think he had any right to tell other people what was good for them. He walked miles, from house to house and from farm to farm. He put the facts and inquired gently if they appealed. If the answer was "no," he accepted it and went to another prospect.

It was very civilised — and bad salesmanship. He sold some insurance, but not enough. Father was obstinate, but after two months he knew he was beaten and turned it in. He came in one night, very tired, and told my mother, "It's no use, Peggy. I'm not cut out for this game. I just can't bully people and talk them down. I try to but I can't."

After father gave it up, a brash young man took it on and did well from the start and was soon making big money. He had no regard for anyone's feelings and he even tried to talk father into carrying more insurance.

He sneaked his brightly polished shoe between the door and the frame on his fifth visit, paid mother excessive and fulsome compliments, and talked hard at father in these terms, "Now, Mr. Franklin, you'll have to admit that in the present circumstances your family would be even more up against it if you died . . ."

Father might have parted with the rest of our savings if my mother hadn't intervened and told the young man to get about his business.

"A most persuasive young man," said father after the rescue had been effected. "It's bad luck I haven't got as much cheek . . ."

He stopped, and though there was a quick spark in his eyes it died away quickly.

When father was perplexed he had a way of curing himself, usually by going for a walk. But no doubt tramping miles trying to sell insurance had rather destroyed that as a remedy, because he now went outside to the woodshed. He went about it with quite extraordinary deliberation — at least it would have been in anyone else but father.

To page 59

An amusing short story by **DAL STIVENS**

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 20, 1963



*simple dish...fine taste*



*the beefy  
goodness  
of  
cubes...*

Maggi Cubes give this simple meat loaf delicious prime-beef flavour. Maggi Cubes dissolve instantly: give you beef (or chicken) stock rich as you like... for just 2d. a cube. Fine stock, without tiresome preparation, for casseroles, gravies, soups - so many kinds of dishes.

Whenever you need stock - or broth - use versatile Maggi Cubes!



#### **BEEF IN A LOAF**

**Ingredients:** 1 Vienna loaf; 1½ lbs. mince; 2 onions; 2 tomatoes; ½ teaspoon dried mixed herbs; breadcrumbs from loaf; 4 Maggi Beef Broth Cubes; 1 tablespoon chopped parsley; 1 egg.

**Method:** Cut off slice along top of loaf. Scoop out soft bread to make a shell of crust. Fry mince and onions until brown and drain off excess fat. Add sliced tomatoes, and crumbled Beef Cubes and ½ cup water. Simmer 20 minutes or until tender. Remove from heat, stir in bread, parsley and egg. Spoon into hollowed loaf. Wrap in foil and bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Replace top (optional).



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(20-30 years, weight without clothing medium build)

WOMEN	20 yrs. ft. ins.	25 yrs. sts. lbs.	30 yrs. sts. lbs.	20 yrs. ft. ins.	25 yrs. sts. lbs.	30 yrs. sts. lbs.
5 0	7 11	7 12	8 2	5 6	9 2	9 5
5 1	8 0	8 2	8 4	5 7	9 6	9 8
5 2	8 2	8 5	8 7	5 8	9 8	10 1
5 3	8 5	8 8	8 11	5 9	9 12	10 4
5 4	8 8	8 11	9 0	5 10	10 2	10 8
5 5	8 12	9 1	9 4	5 11	10 7	10 12

N.B. The ideal weight at 30 years should be maintained for the rest of your life.  
Based on figures prepared by the Institute of Life Extension Examiners, New York, U.S.A.

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3 complete meals.  
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# THE VERY LATEST GLAMOR HANDKNITS

● This seven-page feature includes Italian, American, and local designs for 1963 fashion knitting.

## V-Neck sweater for star-gazers

**Materials:** 14 balls Villawool Speediknit — main color (navy-blue), 5 balls Villawool Celeste — contrast color (white); 1 pair each Nos. 7, 8, and 9 needles.

**Measurements:** To fit 34in. bust, length, 23in.; sleeve, 15in.

**Tension:** 5 sts. to 1in.

**Note:** Always carry the navy, but begin the stars with 7 small balls of white Celeste and work each star from an individual ball.

### BACK

\*Using navy-blue and No. 8 needles, cast on 98 sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1½in. Change to No. 7 needles and st-st. Work from graph, using navy-blue and the 7 small balls of white for star motifs. Cont. until work measures 15in. (or length required) and tie a marker in at each end of the last row \*. Cont. until 7in. from markers for armholes, ending on a purl row.

**To Shape Shoulders:** Cast off at beg. of next and every row 4 sts. 8 times, 6 sts. 4 times, 42 sts. once.

### FRONT

Work as back from \* to \*.

**To Shape V-neck — Next Row:** Patt. 47 sts., k 2 tog. (leave rem. 49 sts. on holder), turn. Cont. on these 48 sts. Keeping patt. in order, dec. 1 at. on neck edge every 2nd row 21 times altog. Cont. on rem. 28 sts. until 7in. from marker, ending at armhole edge.

**To Shape Shoulder:** Cast off at beg. of next and alt. rows 4 sts. 4 times, 6 sts. twice.

**Return to rem. 49 sts.,** join in yarn at neck edge, k 2 tog., patt. to end. Cont. as for other side in reverse.

### SLEEVES

Using navy-blue and No. 9 needles, cast on 56 sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2½in. Change to No. 7 needles and st-st. Work from graph as for back. Keeping patt. in order, inc. 1 st. each end of the 3rd and every 10th row thereafter until 72 sts. Cont. until sleeve measures 15in. Cast off loosely in patt.

### TO MAKE UP

Press work on the wrong side. Using a small b-st., sew up the right shoulder seam. Press seam.

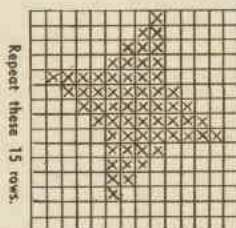
### NECKBAND

With right side of work facing, using navy-blue and

### COLOR GUIDE

□ MAIN COLOR

⊗ CONTRAST COLOR



No. 8 needles, pick up and knit 53 sts. on each side of V-neck (mark the centre V-neck), 42 sts. across back neck. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1½in., dec. 1 st. each side of centre V-front on every row. Cast off ribwise.

**To Finish Off:** Sew up rem. shoulder seam and neckband ends. Press seam. Sew sleeves in between markers on back and front, using a small b-st. Press seams. Using a small b-st. sew up side and sleeve seams, but flat-seam all ribbing. Press all seams.



**STAR sweater in V-neck style contrasts smooth wool and fluffy mohair. Directions at left.**

## Long-line suit in three-yarn mixture

**Materials:** 16 (B 17, C 19) balls Patons Bluebell Crepe Yarn, 23 (B 25, C 27) balls Patons Mohair Brushed Knitting Yarn, 18 (B 19, C 21) balls Patons Fuzzy Wuzzy Angora; 1 pair each Nos. 3 and 6 knitting needles; coarse crochet hook; 7 buttons; 1in. wide elastic for waist of skirt.

**Measurements:** Jacket, to fit 32 (B 34, C 36) in. bust; length from top of shoulder, 22 (B 22½, C 23) in.; sleeve seam, 16in. (all sizes). Skirt, 34 (B 36, C 38) in. hips; length, 26½ (B 27, C 27½) in. **Tension:** 7 sts. to 2in. in width on No. 3 needles.

**Abbreviations:** K, knit; P, purl; sts., stitches; st-st., stocking-stitch; dec., decrease; inc., increase; tog., together; rem., remain; t.b.l., through back loops; alt., alternate; beg., beginning; d.c., double crochet.

**Note:**—Use all wools to-

**NEW season's suit knitted in combined yarn is trimmed with a crochet edging in two colors. Directions begin on this page.**

gether throughout, i.e., 1 strand each of Bluebell, Mohair, and Angora.

### JACKET

#### BACK

With No. 3 needles, cast on 58 (B 62, C 66) sts. and work in st-st. until back measures 14in.

**To Shape Armholes:** Cast off 2 (B 3, C 3) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. once at each end of needle in next and every alt. row until 46 (B 50, C 54) sts. rem.

Work straight until armhole measures 7½ (B 8, C 8½) in.

**To Shape Shoulders — 1st and 2nd Rows:** Work to last 7 (B 8, C 9) sts., turn.

**3rd and 4th Rows:** Work to last 15 (B 17, C 18) sts., turn.

**5th Row:** Work to end of row. Cast off.

**POCKET LINING (Make 2)** With No. 3 needles, cast on 14 sts. and work 5in. in st-st., ending with a k row. Leave these sts. for time being.

#### LEFT FRONT

With No. 3 needles, cast on 34 (B 36, C 38) sts. and work in st-st. until front measures 6in., ending with a p row.

**Next Row:** K 6, cast off 14, k to end of row.

**Next Row:** P 14 (B 16, C 18), p across 14 sts. of pocket lining, p to end of row. Work straight until front measures 14in., ending with a p row.

**To Shape Armholes:** Cast off 2 (B 3, C 3) sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. once at this edge in every alt. row until 28 (B 30, C 32) sts. rem.

Work straight until front measures 19½ (B 20, C 20½) in., ending at front edge.

**To Shape Neck:** Cast off 6 (B 7, C 8) sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. once at this edge in every row until 15 (B 17, C 18) sts. rem.

Work straight until armhole measures 7½ (B 8, C 8½) in., ending at neck edge.

**To Shape Shoulder — 1st Row:** Work to last 7 (B 8, C 9) sts., turn.

**2nd Row:** Work to end of row. Cast off.

#### RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, reversing all shapings and making 7 buttonholes, the first 1in. from beg., the 7th ½in. from neck edge, and 5 more in between at equal intervals.

**To Make a Buttonhole —**

**1st Row:** K 4, cast off 3, k to end of row.

**2nd Row:** P to last 4 sts., cast on 3, p 4.

### SLEEVES

With No. 3 needles, cast on 32 (B 34, C 36) sts.

Work in st-st., inc. once at each end of needle in 3rd and every foll. 8th row until there are 48 (B 52, C 56) sts. on needle.

Work straight until sleeve measures 16in. (or length required).

**To Shape Top:** Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

**K 1 row, p 1 row, dec. once each end of next row and every foll. 3rd row 4 times altog. then dec. every alt. row until 22 sts. rem. Cast off.**

**Neckband:** Sew up shoulder seams. With right side of work facing and using No. 3 needles, knit up 42 (B 44, C 48) sts. round neck edge, beg. and ending from where 6 (B 7, C 8) sts. were cast off at front edges. Work 1½in. in st-st. Cast off.

**Continued on page 38**

**More designs overleaf**





## Strawberry two-piece



ENCHANTING AUTUMN-TO-WINTER two-piece combines a strawberry-patterned sleeveless top and a versatile matching skirt. Directions at right, chart for top on opposite page.

1963 FASHION KNITTING . . . continued

## TAPESTRY IS TOPS

● These fashion-conscious styles from the U.S. capture the charm of treasured tapestry. Fruit and flower motifs can be knitted in or embroidered on after the knitting is completed.

**Materials:** 26 (B 30) balls main color; 3 balls red; 1 ball green Patons Totem Knitting Wool; 1 pair No. 8 knitting needles; a No. 8 circular needle; crochet hook; 5in. zipper; elastic to fit waist; green and clear crystal seed beads; white seed beads; stitch-holder.

**Tension:** 11½ sts. to 2in.  
**Measurements:** Overblouse—bust 34 (B 36) in., full length 20½ (B 20½) in.; Skirt—waist 24 (B 26) in., hip 36 (B 38) in., length 26 (B 26) in.

**Abbreviations:** K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; dec., decrease; inc., increase; cont., continue; beg., beginning; rep., repeat; m.c., main color.

### SKIRT

With circular needle and m.c., cast on 260 (B 270) sts., join, being careful not to twist sts. Mark beg. of rounds. K 9 rounds. P 1 round for hemline.

Cont. to knit round until piece measures 4½in. from hemline.

**1st Dec. Round:** \* K 24 (B 25), k 2 tog. Rep. from \* around (10 sts. decreased). Work even for 4in.

**2nd Dec. Round:** \* K 23 (B 24), k 2 tog., rep. from \* around (10 sts. decreased). Work even for 4in. Cont. in this manner to dec. 10 sts. every 4in. twice more, always working 1 st. less between dec. on each dec. round. Work 2in. and then dec. again, then work 4 more dec. rounds in same manner, having 1in. between each dec. round. Work even for 1in.

**Last Dec. Round:** Knit round, dec. 18 sts. evenly spaced. Work even on 152 (B 162) sts. until skirt measures 26in. or desired

length from hemline. Cast off.

### TO MAKE UP

Crochet 2 rounds double crochet around top edge.

Make casing at waist for elastic. Run elastic through casing. Hem lower edge.

### OVERBLOUSE BACK

With pair of No. 8 needles and m.c., cast on 100 (B 106) sts. Work in st-st. for 14 rows. P 1 row on right side for hemline. Cont. to work in st-st. Work even for 7 rows. Start design as follows:

**Next Row:** K 14 (B 17) sts., place a marker on needle, then follow chart from Y to Z for design over centre 72 sts., place a marker on needle, k 14 (B 17) sts.

**Following Row:** P 14 (B 17) sts., slip marker, follow chart from Z to Y over centre 72 sts., slip marker, p 14 (B 17) sts. Cont. in this manner, following chart for design on centre 72 sts. between markers. Work even until piece measures 12½in. from hemline.

**To Shape Armholes:** Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at beg. and end of every row 4 times.

**Back Opening—Next Row:** Work over 39 (B 42) sts., attach another ball of yarn and work over rem. 39 (B 42) sts. Work on both sides at once and still follow chart for design. Work even until armholes measure 6in.

**To Shape Neck:** At each neck edge place 15 (B 18) sts. on a holder. Then at each neck edge cast off 3 sts. every other row 3 times. Work even on 15 (B 18) sts. until armholes measure 7½in.

**To Shape Shoulders:** At each arm edge cast off 5 (B 6) sts. every other row 3 times.

### FRONT

Work same as back, omitting back opening until armholes measure 6in.

**To Shape Neck:** Work over 24 (B 27) sts., place rem. sts. on a holder. Working on one side only, cast off 3 sts. at neck edge every other row 3 times. Work even until armhole measures same as back.

**To Shape Shoulder:** At arm edge cast off 5 (B 6) sts. every other row 3 times. Leave centre 30 sts. on a holder, attach yarn at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

### TO MAKE UP

With right sides facing, sew hems at each side edge, turn hems and sew to wrong side. Sew rem. side seams (this forms a slit at each side). Sew shoulder.

**Neck Facing:** With right side of work facing, using circular needle, pick up and knit 112 sts. around neck edge including sts. from holders. Knit 1 row (side line), k 1 row, p 1 row. K 1 row, inc. 10 sts. evenly across; thus K 10, inc. in next st., then inc. in every 10th st. at end of row. P 1 row, k 1 row, p 1 row. Cast off. Sew facing to wrong side. Crochet 1 row single crochet around back opening. Crochet 2 rounds double crochet around armhole edge, turn double crochet to wrong side and sew in place. Sew in neck zipper. Sew green beads to leaves, sew a white and clear bead together on strawberries.

## Marigold jacket



**MARIGOLD MOTIF** enriches a basic jacket in bulky wool (left). Each flower centre is embroidered with glittery brown beads for extra brilliance. Directions and chart are given opposite.

**FEMININE CARDIGAN** (right) with pink cabbage rose design has flattering cutaway neckline and almost-to-the-elbow sleeves. Directions and chart are given on the opposite page.

## Rose-motif cardigan





# MARIGOLD JACKET

(shown opposite)

**Materials:** 15 (B 17) balls main color; 2 balls 1st contrast color; 4 balls 2nd contrast color; 2 balls 3rd contrast color Patons Totem Knitting Yarn; 1 pair each No. 8 and 10 needles; crochet hook; 6 buttons; st-holder; copper-colored crystal beads.

**Measurements:** To fit 34 (B 36) in. bust; length 21in.; sleeve seam 17in.

**Tension:** 11½ sts. to 2in.

**Abbreviations:** K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; dec., decrease; inc., increase; m.c., main color.

## BACK

With No. 10 needles and m.c., cast on 86 (B 94) sts. Work in ribbing of k 1, p 1 for 3 (B 3) in., inc. 14 sts. evenly spaced across last row—100 (B 108) sts.

Change to No. 8 needles. Work in st-st. and start design as follows:

**Next Row:** K 6 (B 10) sts., place a marker on needle,

then follow chart from W to Z for design over next 88 sts., place a marker on needle, k 6 (B 10).

**Following Row:** P 6 (B 10), slip marker, follow chart from Z to W over next 88 sts., slip marker, p 6 (B 10). Cont. in this manner, following chart for design on 88 sts. between markers and rep. from W to V in length. Work even until piece measures about 12½ (B 12½) in. from beg., ending at T on chart.

**To Shape Armholes:** Note: When there are not enough sts. to work a whole flower, eliminate one at arm edges.

**Cast off 7 (B 7) sts.** at beg. of next 2 rows. Then dec. 1 st. at beg. and end of every other row 6 times (both sizes). Work even on 74 (B 82) sts. until armholes measure 7½ (B 8) in.

**To Shape Shoulders:** A—cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows, then 5 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows; B—cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows. Cast off rem. 30 (B 34) sts. for back of neck.

## LEFT FRONT

With No. 10 needles and m.c., cast on 48 (B 52) sts. Work in ribbing of k 1, p 1 for 3 (B 3) in.

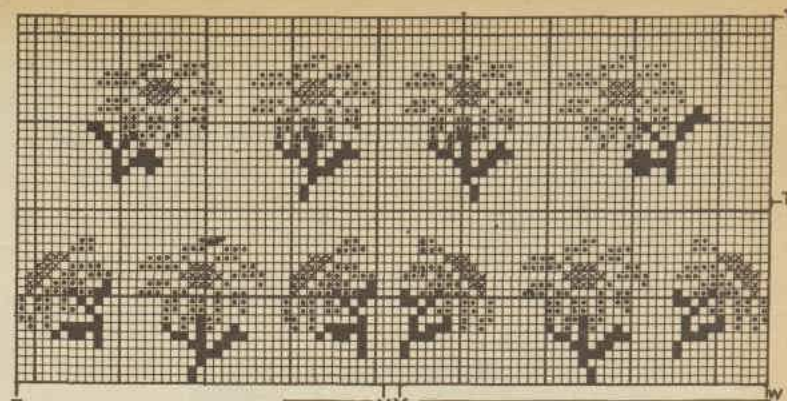
**Next Row:** Rib 8 sts. and place these sts. on a holder to be worked later for front border, p across, inc. 10 sts. evenly spaced across row—50 (B 54) sts.

Change to No. 8 needles. Work in st-st. and start design as follows:

**Next Row:** K 6 (B 10), place a marker on needle, then follow chart from W to X for design over next 43 sts., k 1.

**Following Row:** P 1, follow chart from X to W for design over next 43 sts., slip marker, p 6 (B 10). Cont. in this manner, following chart for design on 43 sts. and rep. from W to V for length. Work even until piece measures same as back to underarm, ending at T on chart.

**To Shape Armhole:** At arm edge cast off 7 (B 7) sts.



## COLOR GUIDE

Main Color 1st Contrast Color 2nd Contrast Color 3rd Contrast Color

## RIGHT FRONT

Work same as left front, reversing all shaping and follow chart for design from Y to Z on k rows and from Z to Y on p rows. Make buttonholes on border opposite pins as follows:

From front edge work 2 sts., cast off next 3 sts., work 3 sts. On next row cast on 3 sts. over those cast off.

## LEFT SLEEVE

With No. 10 needles and m.c., cast on 49 (B 55) sts. Work in ribbing of k 1, p 1 for 2in.

Change to No. 8 needles. Work in st-st. and start design as follows:

**Next Row:** K 3 (B 6), place a marker on needle,

follow chart from W to X for design over next 43 sts., place a marker on needle, k 3 (B 6).

**Following Row:** P 3 (B 6), slip marker, follow chart from X to W over next 43 sts., slip marker, p 3 (B 6). Work even for lin. Then keeping continuity of design, inc. 1 st. at beg. and end of row every 6th row until there are 77 (B 83) sts., working added sts. in m.c. Work even until about 17in., ending at T on chart.

**To Shape Top:** Cast off 7 (B 7) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at beg. and end of every other row for 4½in. Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows. Cast off rem. sts.

## RIGHT SLEEVE

Work same as left sleeve, but follow chart from Y to Z on k rows and from Z to Y on p rows.

## COLLAR

With No. 8 needles and m.c., cast on 126 (B 130) sts. Work in ribbing of k 1, p 1 for 5½in. Cast off in ribbing.

## TO MAKE UP

Sew underarm, shoulder, and sleeve seams. Sew sleeves in place. Crochet 1 row single crochet along front edges. Sew on buttons. Sew collar to neck, leaving ½in. free at front edges. Sew beads to flower centres. Sew press-stud at neck.

## COLOR GUIDE

Main Color 1st Contrast Color 2nd Contrast Color



THIS DIAGRAM shows how to do the design on the strawberry two-piece on opposite page.

# Rose-motif cardigan

(Shown opposite)

**Materials:** 12 (B 14) balls main color; 1 ball 1st contrast color; 1 ball 2nd contrast color; 1 ball 3rd contrast color Patons Totem Knitting Yarn; 1 pair No. 8 knitting needles; a stitch-holder; crystal seed beads, red, pink, and green; pearls.

**Measurements:** To fit 34 (B 36) in. bust; length 20in.; sleeve, 5½ (B 6) in. from hemline. Tension: 11½ sts. 14 rows to 2in.

**Abbreviations:** K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; dec., decrease; inc., increase; cont., continue; beg., beginning; m.c., main color.

## BACK

With m.c., cast on 87 (B 95) sts. Work 8 rows in st-st. P 1 row on right side for hemline. Work lin. in st-st., ending with a p row. Cont. in st-st. and start design as follows:

**Next Row:** K 12 (B 16) sts., place a marker on needle, then follow chart from W to Z over centre 63 sts., place a marker on needle, k 12 (B 16) sts.

**Following Row:** P 12 (B 16) sts., slip marker, follow chart from Z to W over centre 63 sts., slip marker, p 12 (B 16) sts. Cont. in this manner, following chart for design on sts. between markers and inc. 1 st. at beg. and end of row every lin.

5 times. Work even on 97 (B 105) sts. until piece measures 12in. from hemline.

**To Shape Armholes:** Cast off 5 (B 6) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at beg. and end of every row 5 (B 6) times. Work even on 77 (B 81) sts. until armhole measures 6 (B 6½) in.

**To Shape Neck:** Work over 23 (B 25) sts. and place these sts. on holder, cast off centre 31 sts., work over rem. 23 (B 25) sts. Working on this side only, dec. once at neck edge every row 7 times. At the same time, when armholes measure 7½ (B 8) in., shape shoulder.

**To Shape Shoulder:** At arm edge cast off 8 (B 9) sts. every other row twice. Attach yarn at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

## LEFT FRONT

With m.c., cast on 41 (B 45) sts. Work 8 rows in st-st. P 1 row on right side for hemline.

**Next Row:** Cast on 15 sts. (front edge), p across 56 (B 60) sts.

**Following Row:** K 48 (B 52) sts., sl. 1, k 7, for front facing.

**Next Row:** P across. Rep. these 2 rows for lin., ending with a p row.

Cont. in st-st. in this manner, working 1 sl-st. on k

rows and start design as follows:

**Next Row:** K 12 (B 16) sts., place a marker on needle, then follow chart from W to X over next 29 sts., place a marker on needle, work last 15 sts.

**Following Row:** P 15, slip marker, follow chart from X to W over next 29 sts., slip marker, p last 12 (B 16) sts. Cont. in this manner, following chart for design on the 29 sts. between markers and inc. 1 st. at arm edge every lin. 5 times. Work even on 61 (B 65) sts. until piece measures same as back to underarm.

**To Shape Armhole:** At arm edge, cast off 5 (B 6) sts. Then dec. 1 st. at same edge every row 5 (B 6) times. Work even on 51 (B 53) sts. until armhole measures 6in., ending at neck edge.

**To Shape Neck — Next Row:** Cast off 15 sts., work next 10 sts. and place these sts. on a holder, cast off 3 sts. once, work to end of row. Then dec. once at neck edge every row 7 times. At the same time, when armhole measures same as back, shape shoulder.

**To Shape Shoulder:** At arm edge cast off 8 (B 9) sts. every other row twice. With pins, mark position for 5 buttons on left front edge, the

first lin. above hemline, the last ½in. below neck edge.

## RIGHT FRONT

Note: Make double buttonholes opposite pins as follows: From front edge work 2 sts., cast off next 3 sts., work 5 sts., cast off next 3 sts., work to end of row.

**On Next Row:** Cast on 3 sts. over the cast-off sts. With m.c., cast on 41 (B 45) sts. Work 8 rows in st-st. P 1 row on right side for hemline. P 1 row.

**Next Row:** Cast on 15 sts. (front edge), k across 56 (B 60) sts.

**Following Row:** P across.

**Next Row:** K 7, sl. 1, k 48 (B 52) sts.

Rep. these 2 rows for lin., ending with a p row.

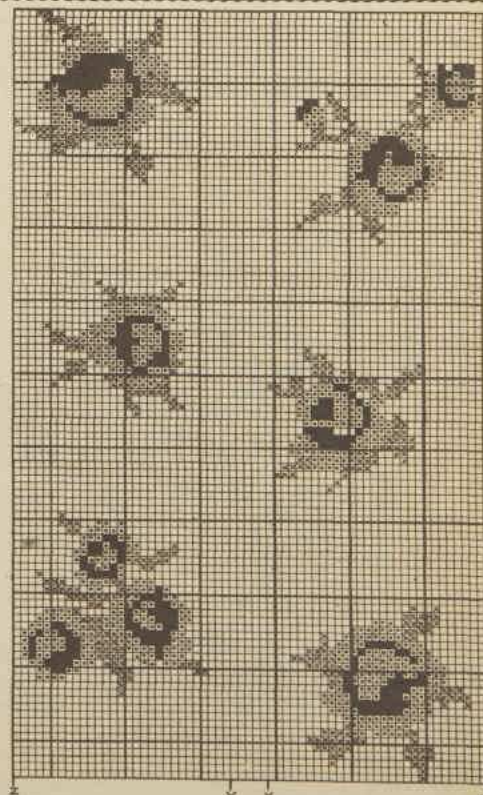
Cont. in st-st. in this manner, working 1 sl-st. on k rows and start design as follows:

**Next Row:** Work 15 sts., place a marker on needle, then follow chart from Y to Z over next 29 sts., place a marker on needle, k last 12 (B 16) sts.

**Following Row:** P 12 (B 16) sts., slip marker, follow chart from Z to Y over next 29 sts., slip marker, work last 15 sts. This establishes position of chart. Complete to correspond to left front, reversing all shaping.

Continued on page 38

Another design, page 37.



## COLOR GUIDE

Main Color 1st Contrast Color 2nd Contrast Color 3rd Contrast Color



TAXI  
STAND  
←



# VILLAWOOL

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- From Hand Knits, 5th Edition — a Llama and Mohair Coat.
- From Book 99 — Mohair coat and Cap.
- Sweater from Ski & Sail, in Slalom.
- From Hand Knits, 5th Edition — an ensemble in Calypso.
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**THE YARNS:—**

- Starlite Crepe — 80% wool, 20% nylon.
- Mohair (brushed) — 80% mohair, and 20% wool.
- Llama (looped mohair) — 80% mohair, and 20% wool.
- Calypso — 30% Meraklon, 10% mohair, and 60% wool.
- Cortina — 80% wool, and 20% nylon.
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Page 36

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 20, 1963



# COAT IN PAISLEY DESIGN

● Another of our new-season's tapestry

knits is this Paisley wrapover coat

worked in stocking-stitch in beautiful

Persian blues on a neutral background.

Materials: 24, 26 balls  
main color; 8, 9 balls 1st  
contrast color; 9, 10 balls  
2nd contrast color Patons Jet  
Knit; a pair No. 4 knit-  
ting needles; 1yd. Prussian  
blue, silk lining, 2 stitch-  
markers.

Measurements: To fit 32-  
34in. bust; full length,  
36in.; sleeve seam, 14in.

Tension: 8½ sts. to 2in.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st, stitch; cont., con-  
tinue; st-st, stocking-stitch;  
m.c., main color; c.c.1, 1st  
contrast color; c.c.2, 2nd con-  
trast color.

## BACK

With m.c., cast on 107, 111  
sts. Work in st-st. for 9 rows.  
1st row on wrong side for  
hemline. Attach c.c.1 and  
c.c.2. Cont. in st-st. and  
follow chart for design for  
rest of length. Rep. chart from X to  
W in length. Work even until  
piece measures 26, 29in. from  
hemline or desired length to  
underarm. Place markers in  
work at each edge to indi-  
cate start of armholes. Cont.  
even until piece measures  
48in. from armhole markers.

To Shape Shoulders and  
Neck: Cast off 13 sts., work  
26, 30 sts., leave rem. 66, 68  
sts. on a holder. Working one  
side only, cast off 2 sts. at  
each edge every other row  
once, at same time at arm  
edge cast off 12 sts. once,  
then remaining 12, 14 sts.  
Leave centre 25 sts. on a  
holder, attach yarns at neck  
edge and work other side to  
correspond.

## LEFT FRONT

With m.c., cast on 54, 56  
sts. Work in st-st. for 9 rows.

Next Row: Cast on 15 sts.  
for front border and facing,  
k across for hemline. Attach  
c.c.1 and c.c.2.

Following Row: K to last  
15 sts., following chart for  
design, then with m.c. k 7,  
sl. 1, k 7.

Next Row: P 15 with m.c.,  
p rem. sts., following chart  
from Y to X. Rep. from X  
to W in length. Cont. in  
this manner until piece  
measures same as back to  
underarm. Place marker in  
work at arm edge to indicate  
start of armhole. Cont. to  
work even until piece  
measures 6½in. from armhole  
marker.

To Shape Neck: At front  
edge place 18 sts. on a  
holder. At same edge cast  
off 2 sts. every other row 7  
times (37, 39 sts.). When  
armhole measures same as  
back, shape shoulder.

To Shape Shoulder: At  
arm edge cast off 13 sts. once,  
12 sts. once, then rem. 12, 14  
sts.

## RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond to left  
front, reversing shaping and  
design. To reverse design,  
work from Y to X on k  
rows and from size No. to Y  
on p rows.

## SLEEVES

With m.c., cast on 90 sts.  
Work in st-st. for 9 rows. K  
1 row on wrong side for hem-  
line. Cont. in st-st. for 8

more rows. Attach c.c.1 and  
c.c.2. Cont. in st-st. and fol-  
low chart for design on k  
rows and from Z to X on p  
rows.

Work even until sleeve  
measures 14in. from hemline.  
Cast off. Make both sleeves  
the same.

Note: For coat lining, use  
knitting sections as patterns  
to cut lining pieces before  
sewing coat together.

## TO MAKE UP

Press work well on wrong  
side with a warm iron over  
a damp cloth, stretching fac-  
ings to required length. Sew  
coat shoulder seams. Sew  
sleeves in place. Sew side  
and sleeve seams.

## NECKBAND

With m.c., pick up and k  
112, 116 sts. round neck  
edge, including sts. from  
holders, p 1 row, k 1 row  
for 9 rows.

Next Row: Cast off 15 sts.,  
p for fold line, cast off last  
15 sts.

Rejoin yarn, p 1 row, k 1  
row for 9 rows. Cast off.

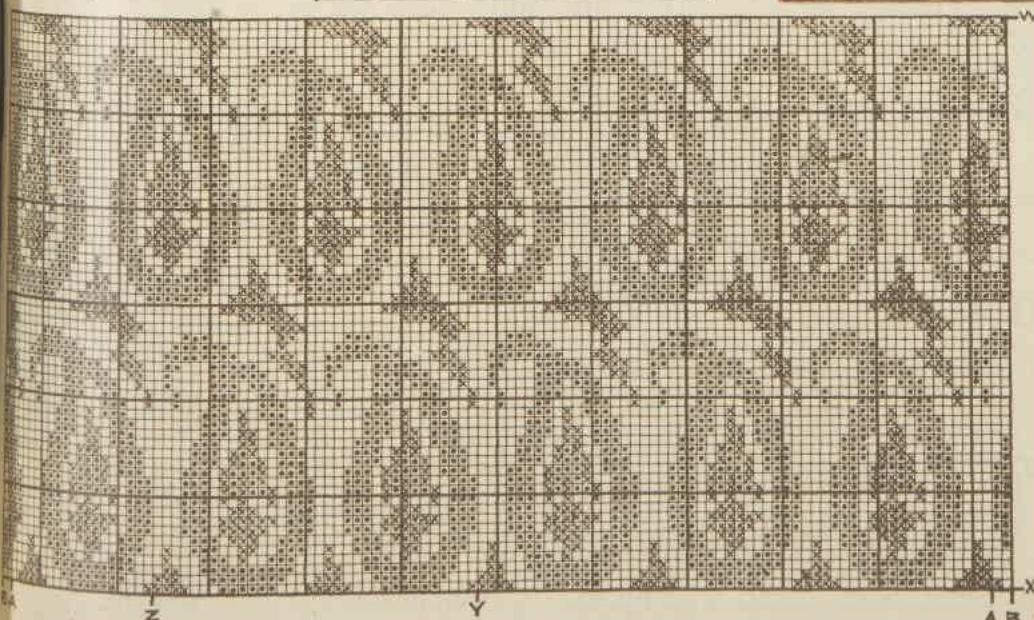
Turn all hems and facings  
to wrong side and slip-stitch  
in place.

If lining coat, stitch all  
pieces. Pin lining to coat at  
shoulder seams, round neck,  
front and sleeve edges. Sew  
in place all round coat, in-  
cluding hem. Catch-stitch  
lining to coat at base of each  
Paisley design. Bind neck  
seam with Prussian binding.

More designs overleaf

## Paisley chart

COLOR GUIDE		
<input type="checkbox"/> MAIN COLOR	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> 1st CONTRAST COLOR	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> 2nd CONTRAST COLOR



ON CHART ABOVE, letter A refers to 32-34in. bust size and B to 36-38in. size. For  
W, X, Y, and Z, see directions for knitting this Paisley coat.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 20, 1963



EASY-FIT Pais-  
ley coat has a  
dropped shoul-  
der-line and wide  
three-quarter  
sleeves. Direc-  
tions are for 32-  
34in. and 36-  
38in. bust sizes.





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Emu PATTERNS COME TRUE WITH EMU WOOLS

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Materials: 26 (27, 28) balls  
Villawool Speediknit; 1 pair  
each Nos. 7 and 8 needles;  
7 buttons.

Measurements: To fit 34,  
(36, 38) in. bust; length,  
23in. (all sizes); sleeve, 17in.  
(all sizes).

Tension: 13 sts. to 2in. over  
pattern.

#### PATTERN

1st Row (right side of  
work): P 1, knit into front of  
2nd st., then into front of  
1st st., slip both sts. off left  
needle, p. 1, rep. to end.

2nd Row: (K 2, p 1), rep.  
to last st., k 1.

3rd Row: P 1, \* knit into  
back of 2nd st., then into  
front of 1st st., slip both sts.  
off left needle, p. 1, rep. from  
\* to end.

4th Row: K 1, (p 1, k 2),  
rep. to end. Rep. these 4  
rows for patt. inclusive.

#### BACK

Using No. 8 needles, cast  
on 102 (106, 110) sts.

\*\*1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: Purl. Rep. 1st  
and 2nd rows 3 times.

Next Row: Purl for fold  
of hem row. Beg. with a p  
row, work 7 rows in st-st. \*\*

Inc. Row: K 9 (7, 7), \*  
inc. into next st., k 6 (6, 5),  
rep. from \* to end—115  
(121, 127) sts.

Change to No. 7 needles  
and patt. inclusive. Cont.  
until work measures 14in.  
from fold of hem row, ending  
on wrong side of work.

To Shape Armholes: Cast  
off at beg. of next and every  
row 3 (4, 5) sts. twice, 2  
sts. (all sizes) 4 times, 1 st.  
8 (10, 12) times. Cont. on  
rem. 93 (95, 97) sts. until  
work measures 20½in. (all  
sizes) from fold of hem row,  
ending on wrong side.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast  
off at beg. of next and every  
row 7 (8, 8) sts. 6 times, 10  
(8, 9) sts. twice. Leave rem.  
31 sts. on holder.

#### POCKET (1)

Using No. 8 needles, cast  
on 24 sts. Work in stocking-  
stitch for 3in., ending on a  
p row. Leave aside.

#### LEFT FRONT

Using No. 8 needles, cast  
on 48 (51, 54) sts. Work as  
for back from \*\* to \*\*.

Inc. Row: K 6 (9, 5), \*  
inc. into next st., k 5 (5, 6),  
rep. from \* to end—55 (58,  
61) sts.

Change to No. 7 needles  
and patt. inclusive. Cont.  
until work measures 4½in.  
from fold of hem row, ending  
on wrong side of work.

### Long-line suit

(from page 33)

#### TO MAKE UP

Press. Sew up seams. Sew  
in sleeves. Sew pocket linings  
in position. With crochet  
hook and Fuzzy Wuzzy An-  
gora double, work 1 row d.c.  
round outer edges of jacket,  
collar, sleeves, and tops of  
pockets. Fasten off. With  
Mohair double, proceed in  
same manner. Sew on but-  
tons. Press all seams.

#### SKIRT

FRONT AND BACK (both  
alike)

With No. 3 needles, cast on  
66 (B 70, C 74) sts. and work  
in st-st. until skirt measures  
15½in. (adjust length here if  
necessary). Dec. once at  
each end of needle in next  
and foll. 12th row, 62 (B 66,  
C 70) sts. P 1 row.

Proceed as follows—1st  
Row: K 18, (B 20, C 22),  
k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 22, k 2 tog.,  
k 18 (B 20, C 22).

Work 5 rows straight, also  
after 7th, 13th, and 19th  
rows.

7th Row: K 17 (B 19,  
C 21), k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 22,  
k 2 tog., k 17 (B 19, C 21).

13th Row: K 16 (B 18, C  
20), k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 22, k 2

#### POCKET OPENING

Next Row: Patt. 13 (15,  
17) sts., slip next 24 sts. on  
to holder, patt. 24 sts. of  
pocket lining, patt. to end.

Cont. in patt. until work  
measures 14in., ending on  
wrong side of work.

To Shape Armhole: Cast  
off at beg. of next and every  
2nd row 4 (5, 6) sts. once,  
2 sts. 3 times, then dec. 1  
st. on same edge every row  
4 (5, 6) times until 41 (42,  
43) sts. rem., ending at  
armhole edge.

#### POCKET OPENING

Next Row: Patt. 8 sts.,  
slip next 20 sts. on to holder,  
and in their place cast on  
20 sts., patt. to end. Cont.  
until front measures 20½in.,  
ending at armhole edge.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast  
off at beg. of next and every  
2nd row 7 (8, 8) sts. 3  
times, 10 (8, 9) sts. once.  
Work 1 row. Break yarn,  
leave rem. sts. on holder.

#### RIGHT FRONT

Work as left front, revers-  
ing all shapings, omitting poc-  
ket openings.

#### SLEEVES

Using No. 8 needles, cast  
on 44 sts. (all sizes) and work  
as for back from \*\* to \*\*.

Inc. Row: K 3, \* inc. into  
next st., k 3, rep. from \* to  
end (55 sts.).

Change to No. 7 needles  
and patt. inclusive. Inc. 1 st.  
at each end of the 5th row  
and every 6th row thereafter  
until 89 (89, 93) sts., taking  
all inc. sts. into patt. Cont.  
until sleeve measures 17in.  
(or length required) from  
fold of hem row, ending on  
wrong side of work. Cast  
off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2  
rows. Dec. 1 st. at each end  
of next and every 2nd row  
until 49 (49, 53) sts. rem.,  
then dec. 1 st. each end of  
every row until 21 sts. rem.

Work straight for 2 (2½, 2½)  
in. for shoulder yoke, ending  
on wrong side of work.

Next Row: Patt. 10 sts.,  
turn, leave rem. sts. on  
holder. Cont. on 10 sts.  
and work 2 rows. Dec. 1 st.  
at inner edge on next and  
every 2nd row until 2 sts.  
rem. K 2 tog. and fasten  
off. With wrong side of  
work facing, slip centre st.  
from holder, join in yarn  
and patt. to end. Work as  
other side in reverse.

#### NECK BORDER

With right side of work  
facing and using No. 8  
needles, k 10 sts. from right  
front holder, pick up and k  
11 sts. along front edge of  
yoke, place a marker on the

st. on holder, then knit  
pick up and k 11 sts. along  
edge of back yoke, k 31 sts.  
from holder on back neck,  
pick up and k 11 sts. on left  
side back yoke, mark and  
knit the st. from holder  
pick up and k 11 sts. along  
front yoke and 10 sts. from  
holder (97 sts.).

#### 1st Row: Purl.

2nd Row: (Knit to within  
2 sts. of marked st. k 2 tog.  
t.b.l., knit the marked st.,  
k 2 tog.) twice, knit to end.

3rd Row: Purl. Rep. 2nd  
and 3rd rows twice.

#### 8th Row: Purl for hem row.

9th Row: Purl.

10th Row: Knit and inc.  
1 st. each side of marked  
sts., knit to end.

Rep. 9th and 10th rows  
twice. Cast off.

#### LEFT FRONT BORDER

Using No. 8 needles, cast  
on 17 sts.

#### 1st Row: K 8, sl. 1, k 1.

2nd Row: Purl.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows  
until long enough to fit to  
left front edge on to main  
border. Cast off.

#### Mark 7 Button Positions

on left border, first button  
lin. from lower edge and  
7th ½in. from cast-off edge.  
Evenly space 5 more buttons.

#### RIGHT FRONT BORDER

Work as left front border  
with the addition of 7 but-  
tonholes where marked off.

#### To Make a Buttonhole

1st Row (right side facing):  
K 3, cast off 3 sts., k 2, sl.  
1, k 2, cast off 3 sts., k 1.

#### 2nd Row: Cast on 3 sts.

over the cast-off 3 sts.

#### TO MAKE UP

Press work on the wrong  
side. Join saddle yoke to  
shoulder edges of back and  
front. Set in sleeves. Back-  
stitch side and sleeve seams.

To Finish Off: Fold all  
facings on garment to inside  
and slip-stitch down. With  
right side facing, sew border  
to left front, buttonhole  
border to right front edge.  
Fold in half to wrong side  
on the slip-stitch line and  
stitch down. Sew on but-  
tons opposite buttonholes.

Pocket Borders: Slip the  
sts. from holder on to a  
No. 8 needle. With right  
side of work facing, join in  
yarn and work 7 rows in  
stocking-stitch. Knit 1 row  
for fold of facing row. Beg.  
with a knit row, work 6 rows  
in stocking-stitch. Cast off  
on next row. Fold facings  
in half to inside and slip-  
stitch down. Sew ends of  
border, sew in pocket lining.

end of row every lin. 4 rows.  
Work even on 68 (B 76) sts.  
until sleeve measures 34 (B  
6) in. from hemline.

To Shape Top: Cast off 5  
(B 7) sts. at beg. of next 2  
rows. Dec. 1 st. at beg. and  
end of every alt. row until 30  
sts. rem. Cast off 2 sts. at  
beg. of next 6 (B 8) rows.  
Cast off rem. sts.

#### TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side  
with warm iron over a damp  
cloth. Sew underarm  
shoulder, and sleeve seams.  
Sew sleeves in place.

Neck Facing: With right  
side of work facing, using  
m.c., pick up and k 88 (B  
92) sts. around neck edge,  
beg. and ending with sts. from  
holders, p 1 row, k 1 row,  
p 1 row. K 1 row, inc. 22  
sts. evenly spaced to 110 (B  
114) sts. (by inc. 5 sts. round  
each side of fronts and 12 on  
across back of neck). P 1  
row, k 1 row, p 1 row, k 1  
row. Cast off. Turn hem and  
facings to wrong side and  
sew in place. Finish button-  
holes. Sew on buttons. Sew  
green beads to leaves of rose  
all other seed beads on rows  
sew about five pearls to center  
of each rose. Only front has  
beads.

### ROSE CARDIGAN

(from page 35)

#### SLEEVES

With m.c., cast on 60 (B  
68) sts. Work 8 rows in st-  
st., p 1 row on right side for  
hemline. Cont. to work in st-  
st. and inc. 1 st. at beg. and



# DRAMATIC ITALIAN COLORS

● Directions for the red jacket are on the opposite page, and for the white and navy top, below.

**Materials:** Villawool Starlite Crepe — main color (m.c.), 12 (13, 14) balls, contrast color (c.c.), 1 (2, 2) balls; 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 12 needles.

**Measurements:** To fit 32 (34, 36) in. bust; length, 23½ (23½, 23½) in.; sleeve, 4½ in. (all sizes).

**Tension:** 7 sts. to lin.

## BACK

Using m.c. and No. 10 needles, cast on 110 (118, 126) sts.

**1st Row:** Knit into back of every st. to last st., knit twice in last st.

**2nd Row:** Purl into back of every st. to last st., purl twice in last st.

Rep. these 2 rows 6 times — 122 (130, 138) sts.

Cont. in reverse st-st. for 16 rows. Inc. 1 st. each end of next 2 rows — 126 (134, 142) sts. Cont. in reverse st-st. until work measures 15½ in., ending on a knit row.

**To Shape Armholes:** Cast off at beg. of next and every row 5 (6, 7) sts. twice, 2 (3, 4) sts. twice, 2 sts. (all sizes) 4 times, 1 st. 8 times and 96 (100, 104) sts. rem. Cont. until armholes measure 7½ (8, 8) in. on the straight, ending on a knit row.

**To Shape Shoulders:** Cast off at beg. of next and every row 4 (5, 6) sts. twice, 6 sts. (all sizes) twice.

**To Shape Neck — Next Row:** Cast off 6 sts., work 18 sts., cast off centre 28 (30, 32) sts., work 24 sts.

Cont. on last 24 sts., cast off on shoulder edge on next and alt. rows 6 sts. 3 times, at the same time cast off on neck edge 2 sts. at beg. of next and every 2nd row twice. Return to rem. sts., join in yarn, and finish to correspond with other side in reverse.

## FRONT

Work as for back until armholes measure 5½ (5½, 5½) in., ending on a knit row.

**To Shape Neck — Next Row:** Work 40 (41, 42) sts., cast off centre 16 (18, 20) sts., work 40 (41, 42) sts.

Cont. on last set of sts., dec. 1 st. on neck edge on next 8 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times. Cont. on rem. 28 (29, 30) sts. until armhole measures same as back armhole, ending at armhole edge.

**To Shape Shoulder:** Cast off on next and alt. rows 4 (5, 6) sts. once, 6 sts. (all sizes) 4 times.

Return to rem. sts., join in yarn, and finish to correspond with other side in reverse.

## SLEEVES

Using m.c. and No. 12 needles, cast on 82 (84, 86) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1 in. Change to No. 10 needles and reverse st-st. Inc. 1 st. each end of 5th

and every 4th row thereafter until 94 (96, 98) sts. Cont. until sleeve measures 4½ in. (or length required), ending on a knit row. Cast off at beg. of next and every row 4 sts. twice, 3 sts. twice, 2 sts. 10 times, 1 st. 24 times, 3 sts. 4 times, 24 (26, 28) sts. once.

## BIAS TRIMMING

Make 1 each for back and front lower edge and side vents.

Using No. 10 needles and c.c., cast on 11 sts.

**1st Row:** K 2 tog. t.b.l., knit into back of every st. to last st., knit twice in last st.

**2nd Row:** Purl into back of every st. to end.

Rep. these 2 rows until long enough to fit from top of each side vent and across lower edge.

Work 1 length as above to fit round neck edge.

## TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. Using small bk-st., sew up shoulder seams. Join ends of bias trimming for neck, using st-st. for right side. Pin bias trimming to right side of work. Using flat seam, sew evenly round. Fold trimming in half to inside and st-st. in position. Using small bk-st., sew up sleeve seams and side seams from top of vent. Set in sleeves, using a small bk-st. sew evenly round armholes. Press seams.



LOOSE-LINE TOP in white with navy edging is knitted in reverse stocking stitch. Directions this page.

ITALIAN-STYLE jacket in dashing red has classically sleek lines. Directions are on opposite page.

# IMPORTANCE OF TEXTURE

● Two blissful bulkies have surface interest. Directions for the loop-trimmed cap and sweater are below.

**Materials:** 16 skeins (50 grms. each) Pedolin's Swiss Wool and Beaver Yarn; 1 pr. each Nos. 2, 4, and 5 needles; 1 stitch-holder.

**Measurements:** To fit 34 (36) in. bust; length, 23 (23) in.; sleeves, 17 (17½) in.

**Tension:** 7 sts. to 2 in.

**Abbreviations:** T.b.s., through back of stitch.

## THE SWEATER

### BACK

Using No. 5 needles, cast on 72 (76) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 1½ in. Change to No. 4 needles and st-st. Work straight until work measures 15 (15½) in. from commencement.

**To Shape Raglan:** Cast off at beg. of next 2 rows. Next Row: K 3, k 2 tog., k 1 to last 5 sts., k 2 tog., k 3.

Next Row: Purl. Rep. last 2 rows until 22 (24) sts. rem. Leave on holder.

### FRONT

Work as back until armhole measures 5 (5½) in. on the straight.

**To Shape Neck:** Slip centre 8 sts. on to holder. K 2 tog. at neck edge every 2nd row 5 (6) times, at the same time cont. raglan shaping as before. When armhole measures same as back armhole, turn off. Join wool to other side and work to correspond.

### SLEEVES

Using No. 5 needles, cast on 38 (42) sts. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 3 in. Change to No. 4 needles and st-st. Inc. 1 st. each end every 4th row until 68 (72) sts. When sleeve measures 17 (17½) in.

or length required, shape raglan as back raglan until 18 sts. rem. Leave these sts. on holder.

## TO MAKE UP

Join all seams with back-stitch. Press lightly on wrong side, using a damp cloth.

## COLLAR

Using No. 4 needles, cast on 64 sts. Work in loop pattern for 4 in.

## LOOP PATTERN

**1st Row:** K 1, \* insert needle into next st., wind wool 3 times round 2 fingers and right-hand needle, draw loops through, then knit into back of same stitch and slip it off needle. Rep. from \* to last st., k 1.

**2nd Row:** Knit, counting each group of sts. as 1 st. These 2 rows form pattern.

Join collar to jumper by picking up same number of sts. round neck and graft together. If preferred, cast off all sts. and sew collar to neck with very fine back-stitch, then stitch collar edges together. To finish off, press lightly on wrong side with damp cloth.

## THE CAP

With No. 6 needles, cast on 56 sts. Work in loop pattern as for collar for 3 in. Change to st-st. and double wool and when work measures 10 in. shape crown.

**1st Row:** (K 2, k 2 tog.) 14 times.

**2nd Row:** Purl.

**3rd Row:** K 2 tog. to end.

**4th Row:** Purl.

**5th Row:** K 2 tog. to end.

Draw thread through rem. sts. Sew up back-seam, turn up to edge of loop pattern.



EASY-TO-KNIT sweaters (above) are in nubby wool and beaver yarn. The matching jumper and cap at left are trimmed with loop-stitch. Directions given on this page.

# Turtle-neck sweater

● High, wide, and handsome collar makes this raglan sweater a wonderful windbreaker. It's right for every casual winter occasion.

**M**ANY of the new season's yarns, like the one used in the orange sweater at left, have a nobbly, straight-from-the-sheep look. And many of them combine wool with other materials. In this sweater it's a wool and beaver mix — the beaver hairs shading the color with a twinge of black.

**Materials:** 16 skeins (50 grms. each) Pedolin's Swiss Wool and Beaver Yarn; 1 pr. each Nos. 2, 4, and 5 needles; 4 stitch-holders; 1 set No. 5 needles.

**Measurements:** To fit 34 (36) in. bust; length, 22½ (23) in.; sleeves, 16½ (17½) in.

**Tension:** 7 sts. to 2 in.

**Abbreviations:** T.b.s., through back of stitch.

## BACK

Using No. 5 needles, cast on 72 (76) sts. Work in k 2, p 2 rib for 1½ in. Change to No. 4 needles and st-st. Cont. straight until work measures 15 (15½) in. from commencement, ending on a p row.

**To Shape Raglan:** Cast off 3 (4) sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows.

Next Row: K 3, k 2 tog. t.b.s., k to last 5 sts., k 2 tog., k 3.

Next Row: Purl. Rep. these 2 rows until armhole measures 7 (7½) in.

measured on the straight. Leave rem. stitches on holder.

## FRONT

Work as for back until armhole measures 3½ (4) in. (on the straight).

**To Shape Neck:** Slip 12 centre sts. on to holder. K 2 tog. at neck edge every 2nd row 5 (6) times, at the same time cont. raglan shaping until front armhole measures same as back, fasten off. Join wool to other side of neck and work to correspond.

## SLEEVES

Using No. 5 needles, cast on 38 (40) sts. Work in k 2, p 2 rib for 2½ in. Change to No. 4 needles and st-st. Inc. 1 st. each end of every 6th row until 60 (64) sts. When sleeve measures 16½ (17½) in. on the straight, shape raglan as for back raglan. When work measures same as back raglan, leave rem. stitches on holder.

## TO MAKE UP

Join all seams with small back-stitch, matching raglans carefully. Press lightly on wrong side, using a damp cloth.

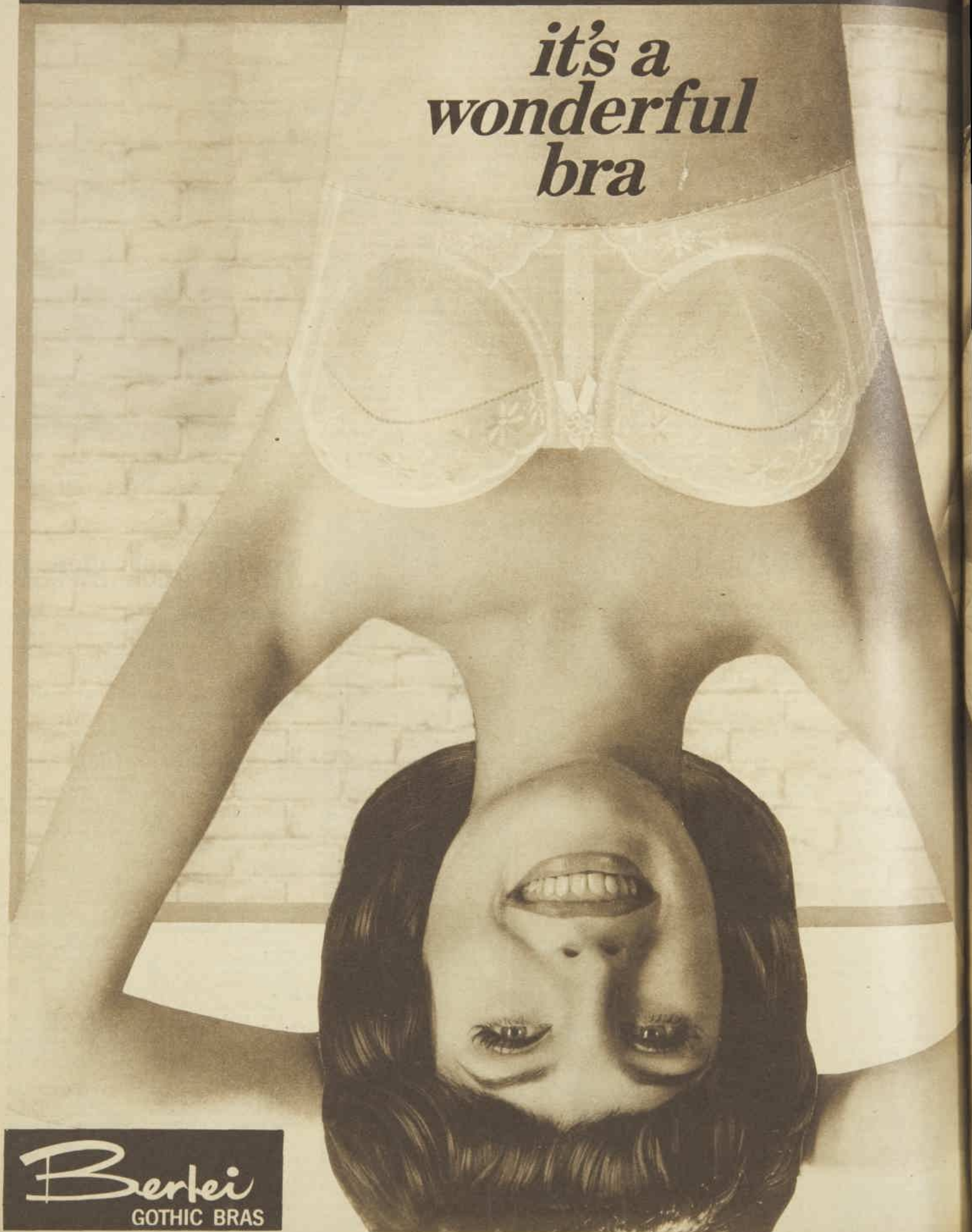
## ROLL COLLAR

Using set of No. 5 needles, commencing at left side and with wrong side facing, pick up and knit all stitches round neck, taking in stitches left on all holders. Work in st-st. for 2 in., then reverse the st-st. and work a further 1½ in. (13 in. altogether). Cast off. Press collar lightly on wrong side and roll down 3 times.



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Look at these 3 quick, simple ways to enjoy

## CARAMEL SAUCE



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### NESTLÉ'S REDUCED CREAM

Here's how to make CARAMEL SAUCE:

Melt 1 level tablespoon of butter and 1 cup of brown sugar in a saucepan on low heat. Add 4 oz. tin of Nestlé's REDUCED CREAM, and stir well until the cream is dissolved. That's all you do!

#### 3 EASY WAYS...

Look at the 3 attractive desserts on this page. Your family will not only enjoy Ice Cream and Caramel Sauce by itself—they'll love it with waffles too and Caramel Ice Cream Cake is a real treat—and so easy to prepare.

Recipe leaflets everywhere — Country-style Nestlé's Reduced Cream — Ready Whenever You Want It.



## Beauty for your baby

By Sister Mary Jacob,  
Our Mothercraft Nurse

MOST very young things (kittens, pups, chickens) are endowed with a special beauty all their own, and every young mother hopes her baby will have a big share of these natural good looks.

But mothers who learn their mothercraft properly know that beauty does not mean only perfection of feature.

The handsome baby is the one who is well cared for and healthy.

A soft, clear, glowing skin, clear bright eyes, glossy hair, a well-shaped

jaw and chin, and a general air of vitality are beauty adjuncts that can belong to every baby.

Beauty culture for baby begins in the pre-natal period, and every mother-to-be should be told that beauty cannot exist without good nutrition to build good health.

How she herself deals with all the essentials for good health—diet, exercise, rest, fresh air, sunshine—during her pregnancy is a big deciding factor in her coming baby's health and beauty.

A free leaflet giving points on how to help your baby to be beautiful, with special hints for the care of skin, hair, and eyes, can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

NOTE: A stamped and addressed envelope must be enclosed with each request for the leaflet.

● An excellent set of practical patterns for a baby's first layette can be obtained from the same address. Price 3/6 for the whole set. Postage is free.

## Help your child deal with the disagreeable

● As every parent knows, there are some unpleasant experiences that a child simply has to put up with. Medicine must be taken, splinters removed, cuts disinfected or stitched, and so on.

INEVITABLY there are times, even in the most skilfully managed households, when food must be waited for, tedious travelling endured, promised treats cancelled or postponed, and other disagreeable situations lived through.

Since this is the way life is, the sooner a youngster learns to cope reasonably with such incidents the less wear and tear on himself and everybody else.

There is much that parents can do to help their children "grow up" in this respect.

To begin with, sympathy will do more to strengthen a child's defences against stress than trying to turn him into a little stoic before he's ready.

Never fear that sympathy may spoil or make a "sissy" of him—quite the contrary.

Even small children can derive satisfaction from mustering the strength of mind to take unpleasantness in their stride.

The thing to do is to get them into the frame of mind to take the hurdle—suppose it is having a splinter pulled out; this means mustering their courage to face up to the ordeal.

Quite the best way is for them to know you understand their reluctance or fear and are sympathetic, and will admire them for taking the situation in hand and getting the unpleasant part over.

By MARY HOOVER

The minute the splinter is out the child feels proud of himself.

He has learned, too, that it wasn't half as bad as he thought.

It all helps for next time. Children, like adults, generally are better able to deal with an unpleasant experience if they feel free to object.

Try not to let your very young youngster think that his protest, even screaming if there is pain involved, is shameful.

However, in discussing scenes afterward, you may help your child to think of ways to protest and be grown up at the same time.

Doctors have discovered that simply telling a youngster to say "Ouch!" when it hurts often makes him less prone to tears or panic.

Be as honest as you can about approaching unpleasantness, even if this does not always seem practical.

In the long run the child who knows his parents will never spring any unpleasantness on him without warning tends to be much less fearful of new experiences and to learn more quickly to accept temporary discomfort in a mature fashion.



● He had some doubt about visiting the doctor, but plucked up his courage—and found it didn't hurt a bit.

Three-year-old Susan should be told before the baby-sitter arrives that you're going out tonight.

Johnny needs to know before you set off for the doctor's office that he will get a booster shot with his check-up.

In giving fair warning, it's best to avoid going into details that may be disturbing, and don't expose your child to a more prolonged period of suspenseful waiting than is absolutely necessary.

### Avoid trouble

Another thing parents should take into account is that children, like the rest of us, are better able to tolerate unpleasant experiences when life on the whole is going well for them.

You may be able to accomplish wonders by telling a child at the right moment that you are counting on him "to be grown up."

Try to pick a time when he's feeling good and doesn't seem to have too many other problems to cope with.

Sometimes you can avoid unpleasant occasions altogether by realising that they are not fundamentally necessary.

The two-and-a-half-year-old boy who is terrified of a professional haircut can be spared the experience.

His mother can trim his

hair herself until he is a little older and less fearful.

If your child is already upset by some minor injury or happening, try not to heap other trials immediately upon him.

Unless urgent, medical and dental treatments can be postponed.

Many doctors and dentists today are sympathetic to the idea that it's wise to protect a child from avoidable stress situations at times in his life when unavoidable ones are especially high.

If you feel that your child, because of a new baby in the family, a recent hospital experience, or whatever, is feeling momentarily upset, explain this frankly to your doctor or dentist and discuss the possibility of delaying treatments.

The strengths that we all want our children to develop against stress are best nurtured by a sensitively balanced combination of persuading him to meet the challenge and warm reassurance.

Parents must decide in terms of their knowledge of their own youngsters when to insist and when to protect.

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Page 43

## Terrified by RHEUMATISM

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## NORWAY SARDINES



Why do the icy waters of the Norwegian fjords produce the world's best tasting sardines? Because the coldest waters are the richest in plankton on which all fish feed. Straight from those icy waters the sardines go to be smoked over real oakwood logs. Then the flavour is improved still more by canning in handy key-opening tins in pure, natural, or olive oils . . . right beside the fjord banks and all within two hours. And remember while you're eating Norway Sardines they're the most nutritious in the world . . . with 3 times the calcium of milk . . . twice the iron of meat, plus Vitamins A and D.



THE BEST TASTING SARDINES COME FROM NORWAY

Look for this emblem of the Norwegian Canning Industry. It is on many tins of Norway Sardines

### Here are nourishing substitutes for meat during Lent

#### ① Sardine Curry

Three 3½ oz. cans Norway Sardines, 1 apple, 1 onion, 1 tomato, 1 banana, dark jam and chutney, lemon juice, 1 tablespoon butter or margarine, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, ½ pint stock or water, 1 handful sultanas, 1 dessertspoon shredded coconut.

**METHOD** Dice onion and fry in butter until light brown, add diced fruits and fry. Add curry powder and flour and fry a little longer. Lift off heat, add stock, put back and stir until boiling. Boil for 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Add coconut, sultanas, jam, chutney, lemon juice, salt and pepper and simmer gently for 30 minutes. Drain sardines and reserve three for garnish, mash remaining sardines and add to mixture. Re-heat thoroughly, but do not allow to boil. Garnish

with whole sardines, red pepper and parsley. Serves 4. Rice, Cashew Nuts, Orange Slices and Sultanas may be served as an accompaniment to the Curry.

#### ② Norse Creamed Sardines

One 3½ oz. can Norway Sardines, 2 oz. butter, 2 oz. breadcrumbs, 1 pint cream or top milk, 2 hard-boiled eggs, finely chopped, buttered toast, salt, pepper.

**METHOD** Melt butter in saucepan, add crumbs and milk and stir well. Season, then stir in the finely chopped eggs and keep the sauce hot. Trim the buttered toast, arrange hot creamed sauce on toast and warm under grill. Top with sardines and garnish with parsley and pimiento strips.



# MEATLESS MEALS

Recipes in this feature will solve the housewife's problem of serving interesting meals without meat during Lent.

CHEESE, eggs, and fish will help supply the proteins necessary for a balanced diet. Rich, nourishing sauces add plenty of variety and appetite appeal to the dishes.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-ounce-cup measure are used in all the recipes.

## CHEESE-WAY BAKE

Two young zucchini, 2 large onions, 2 tomatoes, 3 hard-boiled eggs, 2 to 3 cups melted macaroni or spaghetti, 2oz. melted butter, salt, pepper, oregano, 1 cup milk, 1 cup evaporated milk, 3lb. shredded processed cheese, 1 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon paprika, 1/2 cup curry powder or mustard (if desired), 1/2 pinch cayenne pepper, extra paprika.

Wash and cut zucchini into 1/2 in. slices, slice onion thinly, cut tomatoes into wedges, cut eggs in quarters. Arrange all these ingredients in base of buttered ovenproof dish with cooked macaroni. Season with salt and pepper, sprinkle with butter and oregano. Bake in moderate oven about 25 minutes. Meanwhile prepare sauce.

Combine in top half of double boiler the milk, cheese, salt, paprika, curry, or mustard and cayenne. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly until smooth and creamy. Remove from oven, pour over sauce, sprinkle with paprika. Bake further 5 minutes. Serve 4 to 6.

## BRAZILIAN LUNCHEON TREAT

One large onion (diced), 1 carrot (diced), 1 cup sliced celery, 1 green pepper (chopped), 1 cup water, 2 cups tomato puree, 1/2 cup pepper, 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce, 1 small can mushrooms, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 2 cups rice.

Place uncooked onion, carrot, celery, green pepper, and water in electric blender, blend 30 seconds. Pour mixture into saucepan, add tomato puree, sauce, mushrooms, seasoning, salt, pepper, bring to boil, reduce heat, and simmer slowly until rice is tender and most of liquid is absorbed (about 20 minutes). Serve 4 to 6.

Note: If a blender is not available, dice vegetables finely and use as directed.

## FRANCAISE SOUP

Two cups split peas, 5 cups water, 6 tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 carrot (sliced), 1 onion (sliced), 1 cup stock, 1 cup cream, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1/2 teaspoon sugar.

Wash peas carefully, soak in water overnight (at least 12 hours); drain. Place peas in saucepan, add 5 cups water, bring to boil, then skim top carefully. In separate saucepan melt half the butter, add carrot and onion, saute 5 minutes over low heat, then add to the peas. Cover and cook 1 1/2 hours. (Some varieties of peas may require a little additional cooking time.) Force mixture through sieve or place in electric blender. Mixture should be very smooth. Return to saucepan, add stock, cream, salt, pepper, sugar, and remaining butter. Heat thoroughly. If soup is too thick, thin by adding small quantity of stock or milk. Serve with croutons. Serves 4 to 6.



## TUNA PUFF PIE

Pastry: One cup flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1-3rd cup butter or substitute, 3 or 4 tablespoons cold water.

Sift flour and salt into bowl. Cut in butter or substitute until size of small peas; sprinkle water, over mixture. Stir with fork until dough is moist enough to hold together. Roll out on floured surface to 9 in. circle. Fit into 7 in. or 8 in. pie-plate. Fold edge to form standing rim; flute. Chill while preparing filling.

Tuna Filling: One cup canned tuna, 1/2 cup chopped celery, 2 tablespoons chopped green pepper, 1/2 teaspoon worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper, 3 tablespoons flour, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1 large can evaporated milk, 2 cups shredded cheddar cheese.

Combine in bowl the tuna, celery, green pepper, worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper. In saucepan blend flour into butter. Gradually add evaporated milk. Cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Add 1 1/2 cups cheddar cheese, stir until melted. Reserve 1 cup sauce for topping. Combine remainder with tuna mixture; mix well. Spoon into pie-shell, bake 15 minutes in hot oven. Remove from oven, decrease oven temperature to moderately slow. Cover pie with cheese topping (see below). Bake further 20 to 25 minutes, sprinkle with remaining cheese. Serve at once. Serves 4 to 6.

Cheese Topping: Two eggs (separated), reserved cheese sauce.

Beat egg-whites until stiff, but not dry. Slightly beat egg-yolks, blend into cheese sauce. Fold gently into beaten egg-whites.

## UNCLE TOM'S FISH BAKE

One cup finely chopped onion, 1/2 cup chopped celery and tops, 1/2 cup chopped cucumber, 1/2 cup finely chopped parsley, 2lb. fish fillets, salt, pepper, juice 1 lemon, 1/2 cup vegetable oil, 1-8th teaspoon paprika, 1 medium-sized can of tomato juice, 1/2 teaspoon worcestershire sauce.

Combine onion, celery, cucumber, and parsley, arrange in base of greased ovenproof dish. Place fish fillets in overlapping layers on top, season with salt and pepper. Drizzle over lemon juice and oil, sprinkle with paprika. Bake in moderately hot oven 10 minutes. Combine worcestershire sauce with tomato juice, pour over fish. Bake further 20 minutes or until fish is flaky and sauce bubbles. Baste fish frequently with juice. Serves 6.

## NUTTY SEAFOOD SCALLOPS

Half clove garlic (peeled), 4 tablespoons butter or substitute, 1/2 cup minced onion, 4 tablespoons flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon monosodium glutamate, 1 1/2 teaspoons dry mustard, few grains cayenne pepper, 2 cups milk, 1 cup grated cheddar cheese, 1 cup fine dry breadcrumbs (buttered), 1/2 cup chopped walnuts, 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce, 3 or 4 drops chilli sauce, 3 hard-boiled eggs, 1 cup flaked or diced seafood such as crab, lobster, tuna fish or prawns (reserve 6 whole prawns for garnishing), 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, melted butter or substitute.

Saute minced onion in melted butter over low heat. Blend in flour, mustard, salt, monosodium glutamate, and pepper, stirring constantly. Heat until mixture bubbles. Remove from heat, gradually add, stirring, the milk. Cook rapidly, stirring constantly, until sauce thickens; continue cooking 1 or 2 minutes longer. Cool sauce slightly, add 1/2 cup grated cheese, worcestershire and chilli sauces. Stir rapidly until cheese is melted. Force hard-boiled eggs through sieve, gently mix into sauce with seafood and parsley. Rub 6 ramekins with cut side of garlic clove, grease each ramekin. Mix remaining 1/2 cup cheese with breadcrumbs and chopped walnuts. Fill half the sauce mixture into each ramekin, sprinkle with remaining cheese and breadcrumbs mixed, cover each with remaining sauce mixture and top with remaining crumb mixture. If whole prawns are reserved, dip each in melted butter and place one on each ramekin. Bake in moderately hot oven 20 to 25 minutes or until crumbs are lightly browned. Serves 6.

## TOMATO THEME

To serve hot: Six tomatoes (as even in size as possible), 4oz. chopped mushrooms, 2oz. butter or substitute, 4 eggs, salt, pepper, 1/2 cup milk, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, few chopped chives, mashed potato.

Cut tops off tomatoes, scoop out pulp, reserve 1/2 cup pulp and put remainder away for later use. Heat 1 1/2oz. butter in pan, saute chopped mushrooms; stand aside. Heat remaining 4oz. butter in saucepan, stir in eggs which have been beaten with the milk and seasoned with salt, pepper, parsley, chives. Stir over low heat until mixture thickens, fold in tomato and mushrooms, fill into tomato cases. Place in lightly greased ovenproof dish, surround with mashed piped potato. Bake in moderate oven until tomatoes

**CHEESE - WAY BAKE, Golden Seafood Roll, and Tuna Puff Pie are three of the varied selection of Lenten dishes without meat.**

are tender but not broken and potato is lightly browned (about 20 minutes).

To serve cold: Six tomatoes, 3 red-skinned apples, 1/2 cup walnut pieces, 1/2 cup thinly sliced celery, 1/2 cup chopped cucumber, 1/2 cup French dressing, lettuce.

Cut tops from tomatoes and scoop out pulp, being careful not to break sides. Reserve pulp for later use in soups, stews, etc. Leave apples unpeeled, cut them into pieces, mix with walnuts, celery, and cucumber, toss in dressing. Pile into tomatoes, place on bed of lettuce. Serves 4 to 6.

## GOLDEN SEAFOOD ROLL

Pastry: Two cups flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 cup butter or substitute, 1/2 cup shredded cheddar cheese, 3 or 4 tablespoons cold water, squeeze lemon juice.

Sift flour and salt into basin, rub in butter or substitute, add cheese. Mix to moist dough with lemon juice and water. Chill while preparing filling.

Filling: Two ounces butter or substitute, 1 small onion (finely chopped), 1 tablespoon flour, 1/2 cup evaporated milk, 1/2 teaspoon salt, pinch marjoram, pinch thyme, pinch pepper, 1 medium can salmon (drained and all bones and skin removed), 1/2 cup finely chopped parsley, 1 slightly beaten egg.

Saute onion in heated butter, blend in flour, evaporated milk, seasonings. Bring to boil, stirring constantly. Fold in salmon, parsley, beaten egg (reserve little for glazing). Allow to cool.

Roll out pastry thinly on floured surface to 12 in. x 7 in. rectangle. Spread filling lengthwise down centre. Moisten edges, fold sides to meet round filling, seal sides and ends. Place seam side down on ungreased oven-slide. Brush with reserved egg; prick top. Bake in moderately hot oven 30 to 40 minutes. Serve hot cut into diagonal slices and topped with following sauce.

Cheese-Vegetable Sauce: Two tablespoons butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 cups milk, few drops worcestershire sauce, 1 beaten egg, 1 packet frozen mixed vegetables (or 1 1/2 to 2 cups cooked vegetables), 1 cup shredded cheddar cheese, salt, pepper.

Continued overleaf

RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN





**PRAWNS ROMANO** is a substantial dish in which prawns and spaghetti are combined. See recipe at right.

## MEATLESS MEALS . . . continued

### KINGARROY BAKE

Eight ounces macaroni or spaghetti (broken into small pieces), 3 tablespoons butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons flour, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 teaspoon salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon tarragon vinegar (optional),  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups milk,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup grated cheddar cheese, 1 cup chopped peanuts,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup breadcrumbs, little melted butter.

Cook macaroni or spaghetti in boiling salted water until tender; drain. Melt butter, blend in flour and seasonings, add milk; cook slowly until thickened, stirring constantly. Arrange alternate layers of cooked macaroni, grated cheese, and chopped peanuts in greased baking-

dish, reserving some peanuts and cheese for top. Pour over sauce, flavored with tarragon. Sprinkle with crumbs, butter, reserved peanuts, and cheese. Bake in moderate oven 20 minutes or until lightly browned and thoroughly heated through. Serves 4 to 6.

### PRAWNS ROMANO

One finely chopped onion,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sliced celery,  $\frac{1}{2}$  clove garlic, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 lb. prawns, salt, pepper, juice 1 lemon,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped parsley,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups vegetable stock, 1 dessertspoon arrowroot or cornflour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. spaghetti, salted water, 1 cup shredded cheese.

Saute chopped onion, celery, and

garlic in heated pan with butter until softened but not browned. Move garlic and any excess butter to one side. Add shelled prawns, salt, pepper, lemon juice, parsley, and arrowroot. Stir mixture over gentle heat until thickened; simmer few minutes, taste, and if necessary add more seasoning. Boil spaghetti in salted water about 15 minutes, drain, place on heated large platter. Spoon over prawn mixture, sprinkle with shredded cheese. Serve piping hot. Serves 4 to 6.

### ONION SHORTCAKE SQUARES

Ten medium-sized white onions, salt, 3 tablespoons butter or substitute, 8oz. self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, extra 2oz. butter or substitute,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon paprika,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cream, nutmeg, 1 cup grated cheese.

Peel and slice onions thinly; sprinkle lightly with salt. Melt butter in small pan, add onions. Cover, simmer until tender; cook. Sift flour and salt into basin, rub in extra butter, mix to soft sandy dough with the milk. Spread dough in deep, greased 8in. cake-tin or ovenproof dish, cover with cooked onions. Mix together cream, paprika, little salt, and nutmeg, add beaten egg. Pour sauce over onions, top with grated cheese. Bake in oven about 25 minutes or until dough is cooked through. Serve cut into squares. Serves 4 to 6.

### COTTAGE CASSEROLE

One small can sliced mushrooms,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. cheddar cheese, 6 slices white bread, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, milk or cream, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon paprika,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon pepper, 3 hard-boiled eggs (sliced).

Trim crusts from bread slices, cut into thirds to make fingers. Arrange some fingers in base of large greased casserole. Cover with layer of half the cheese, which has been cut into  $\frac{1}{2}$ in. slices, then layer of sliced mushrooms which have been drained of excess liquid (liquid reserved), and finally layer of hard-boiled egg slices. Continue with alternate layers until ingredients are all used, top with remaining bread fingers. Dot with butter or substitute. To reserved excess liquid from mushrooms add enough milk or cream to make 1 cup liquid. Add to the 2 eggs which have been beaten until thick. Beat in salt, paprika, pepper; pour over layer in casserole. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes or until puffed and lightly browned. Serves 4 to 6.

### LENTIL CUTLETS

Half pound lentils, 1 cooked chopped beetroot, 1 onion, 1 lb. butter, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, pinch thyme, 2 tablespoons tomato sauce, pepper, salt, 1 cup breadcrumbs, oil.

Soak lentils 12 hours at least. Cover with water, simmer until cooked; drain. Chop onion and fry in butter, add parsley, thyme, tomato sauce, pepper, and salt. Mix with drained lentils, beetroot; cool. Shape into cutlets, dip in egg, then in breadcrumbs. Fry in hot oil until crisp and browned. Serves 4 to 6.

### PLANTATION PUDDING

One and three-quarter cups milk, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 4 eggs, 2 cups canned creamed corn, 2 tablespoons sliced red pepper, 2 tablespoons finely chopped green pepper, 2 tablespoons ground onion, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper.

Scald milk, adding butter or substitute and stirring until melted while scalding. Beat eggs slightly and blend with corn, red pepper, green pepper, onion, sugar, salt, pepper; mix well. Stirring vigorously, add milk gradually to corn mixture. Pour into greased large casserole. Put casserole in dish of boiling water, bake in a moderate oven 45 to 60 minutes, or until knife inserted in casserole is removed clean. Serves 4 to 6.

### GOLDEN SEAFOOD ROLL

from previous page  
Melt butter in saucepan, blend in flour, gradually add milk. Stir over low heat until mixture boils and thickens. Add Worcestershire sauce, beaten egg (which has been mixed with little of the hot mixture). Cook further 1 minute, without boiling. Fold in vegetables; simmer 5 minutes. Add cheese, salt, and pepper to taste. Reheat and serve. Serves 4 to 6.



Mrs. Johnstone uses a copper

Mrs. Blair uses a washing machine

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## Collectors' Corner

My pottery plate, from Holland, is marked Thooft Labouchere Y.G. M.W. 382. — Mrs. I. C. Brown, Flinders, Vic.

The firm of Thooft and Labouchere of Delft specialised in the reproduction of old Delft faience, chiefly of blue decoration on a white ground, and your plate (right) is an excellent example. It bears the factory mark used about 1895 to 1910.



● Dutch pottery plate.

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

I have a brass candlestick about which I would like some information. It stands 9in. high and at one time had a rod which was pushed up through the hollow stem to ease out the candle ends.—Miss M. E. Orford, Nhull, Vic.

Your candlestick (right) is English, made in the early 19th century.



● Brass candlestick.

● English jug is parian ware.

I would like to know the age and name of a white jug I own. The marking visible is very faint, but I think it reads Copeland. — Mrs. S. Saunders, Fulham, S.A.

This lovely English porcelain (above) was made by the famous firm of Copeland's (Stoke-on-Trent) about 1850. It is known as parian ware. William Copeland invented parian ware in 1846. It was so called because it was supposed to resemble marble in appearance. You are most fortunate to possess an original example of such fine quality and design.

Could you please tell me something about my figurine? It is white inside and has no markings. — Mrs. Thew, Ashbury, N.S.W.

Your figure group (below) is Continental porcelain, probably of German origin, and was made about 80 years ago.



● Continental group.

My ornamental jug is 11in. tall and is on a red-and-gold stem. The markings are 488 G 3095 Royal Crown Works Worcester England & Co., established 1801. Could you tell me its age, please?—Mrs. E. Smith, Willoughby, N.S.W.

Your English ewer-shaped porcelain vase was made at Worcester about 1900. In 1801 a porcelain factory was established in St. Martin's Street, Worcester, by Mr. Thomas Grainger. The firm was successively Grainger & Wood and Grainger Lee & Co.

The works were acquired by the Royal Worcester Porcelain Works Company in 1889, who continued the manufacture of porcelain on the original site. Hence the mark on your specimen.

Could you please tell me something about my coffee set? It is heavily patterned in vibrant colors of red, blue, and gold, and the pattern covers the whole area of the water to the cup base. The markings are a crown, W with a fish-like mark behind it, Rd. No. 3931, 1844 E. — Miss A. Doncon, Beverly, W.A.

Your coffee set is English Staffordshire in the Crown Derby style. It was made about 1875-1885.

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# Readers' prize recipes

- An unusual cream-cheese pastry forms the casing of the £5 prizewinning biscuits which are filled with a spicy-nut mixture.

A CONSOLATION prize of £1 is awarded for a recipe for honey toffee flavored with eucalyptus that will be a favorite cough lolly with the children.

All spoon measurements are level.

## MELTAWAYS

Eight ounces cream cheese, 1lb. butter or substitute, 2 cups sifted flour, extra  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup butter or substitute (melted),  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup brown sugar, pinch cinnamon,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup finely chopped walnuts, 1 egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon water.

Blend cream cheese and butter or substitute together. Work in flour until dough forms ball. Divide dough into 3; chill. Roll out 1-3rd of dough on floured board to  $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thickness, cut into 3in. rounds with floured cutter. Mix together melted butter, brown sugar, cinnamon, and walnuts. Spread lightly on pastry rounds. Roll up each piece, place on lightly greased oven-slides, chill. Beat egg-yolk with water, brush

top of each cookie with this. Bake in hot oven about 15 minutes or until golden brown. Repeat with remaining dough.

First prize of £5 to Miss J. M. Schwager, "Fernleigh," Narrabri, N.S.W.

## EUCALYPTUS AND HONEY TOFFEE

One cup sugar, 3 tablespoons

honey, 3oz. butter, 3 or 4 drops eucalyptus oil.

Place sugar, honey, and butter in saucepan, stir over low heat until sugar dissolves. Bring to boil, cook 10 minutes or until a little toffee tested in cold water forms hard ball. When ready, take from stove, add eucalyptus oil. Pour into buttered tin or patty-tins; chill. When set, break into pieces.

This is a favorite with children as cough lollies, and it is very soothing to a sore throat.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. D. Ferguson, 13 Adelaide Terrace, St. Mary's, S.A.

**MELTAWAYS** are delicious served warm with a mug of hot coffee or chocolate. See prizewinning recipe at left.



## Home hints

- These hints from readers win a prize of £1/1/- each.

Need a new bath mat? Buy one of the cheaper towels (or use an old one), fold in three and sew along edges. You will have a nice thick mat for half the price of a new one. — Miss C. Penings, 89 Cameron St., Rockdale, N.S.W.

Cheese which has hardened can be softened easily by covering with fresh milk for a few hours. — C. D. Brown, Moorak, via Mt. Gambier, S.A.

Don't discard the bread crusts when making asparagus rolls, etc.; dip crusts in melted butter or substitute, roll in fine grated cheese and dash of cayenne. Bake in hot oven until lightly browned and crisp. They make a tasty savory. — Mrs. J. McCallum, 7 Spensley St., Clifton Hills, Vic.

White wool garments that have yellowed can be improved in whiteness by soaking in a mixture of one part hydrogen peroxide to 10 parts water. Do not use a metal vessel. Rinse thoroughly. — Mrs. G. Flanagan, 29 Stanley St., Tweed Heads, N.S.W.

Cut drinking straws in halves for very young children to use. The straws won't bend so easily and the quantity will be doubled. — Mrs. J. Edwards, South Boorook, Mortlake, Vic.

When making curtains allow 1in. per yard for shrinkage. Tack the extra length in a tuck at the back of the hem and let it out before laundering or dry-cleaning. — Miss J. Prideaux, 63 Consort St., Corinda, Brisbane.

An easy way to get children to eat leftover custard, fruit salad or stewed fruit is to place it in the ice-cube trays in refrigerator and freeze. Cut fruit into small pieces first. — Mrs. M. Godfrey, James St., Mt. Morgan, Qld.

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a woman's mind  
when her  
heart's set on  
the best



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# Plants for paved gardens

● On stone-paved terraces and paths, any gardener can become a "pavement artist" by growing suitable plants in crevices between the flagstones.

PUT small pockets of good soil here and there under the flagstones or concrete slabs.

Two members of the thyme family, *Thymus serpyllum*, dwarf-growing with bright pink flowers, and *Thymus serpyllum coccineus*, which has tiny crimson flowers, do well in stone flagging, but they don't like concrete because of its lime.

The first-named variety was the "wild thyme" which Shakespeare wrote about. Both grow no more than three inches high and form flat mat-like plants.

Remember that these spread rather wide, but they tolerate light trampling and the fragrant scent from crushed leaves is pleasant in any garden.

Gardening Book — page 120



**PINK THRIFT**, white *Silene maritima* in Mr. and Mrs. Norman Stephens' garden at "Thule," Burradoo, N.S.W.

There are tiny moss-like plants such as *Arenaria balearica*, which likes sandy soil and shade, grows about an inch high, and produces white blooms in summer.

*Cotula basstii*, with its light green leaves and inconspicuous flowers, is also suitable. It is a New Zealander.

*Erinus alpinus* develops close tufts of foliage with small spikes of purple flowers in spring. It grows to about four inches, and is very suitable for flag with a little more than the usual space between them.

*Hypericum moserianum tricolor*, 2ft. A striking plant with green, yellow, and red leaves. *H. reptans*, a trailing variety with yellow blooms.

*Scutellaria indica japonica* is another six-inch-high plant that does well in flagging crevices. It likes shade. The flowers are violet and appear from spring to autumn.

## Good cover

Where a flagstone is badly broken but you don't want to take it out, put in a pocket of good-quality soil and plant a *Silene maritima rosea* in the middle. This plant will sprawl over the break and for months in summer will cover it with white flowers that have pink centres.

*Vittadinia triloba* likes a large hole in the flagging. It grows flat, sprawls widely once established, and produces thousands of small white daisy-like flowers which turn pink with age. Blooms from spring to autumn.

*Viola alpina*, which grows to only three inches in height, is a colorful, easy-to-multiply gem, flowering for months during spring, summer, and autumn. Seedlings are self-sown around the parent plant and large patches of

purple-blue violas quickly materialise from a single plant.

*Viola tricolor* (heartsease) has purple, yellow, and cream flowers. Likes good drainage and partial shade.

*Nierembergia rivularis* thrives in moist loam in a sunny position. The delightful cup flowers in creamy-white form a contrast to more ordinary pavement plants. Rooted cuttings should be taken in autumn or winter. Will not survive severe frosts.

*Sedum acre* is a fast grower requiring little soil and will thrive almost anywhere, in full sun, shade, damp, or dry position. Like all sedums it may readily be propagated by seeds, rooted pieces, or slips in spring or autumn. Needs keeping in check.

*Sedum spurium Schorbusser Blut* produces masses of beautiful rosy-red blossoms in late summer and autumn. Grows three to four inches in height, and likes good drainage, light soil, sunny position. Easy to propagate by cuttings and rooted pieces and seed, in autumn or spring preferably.

*Sedum spathulifolium Capa Blanca* has glistening silver-white foliage and yellow flowers. Hardy.

*Bellis Rob Roy*. Rosettes of dark shining-green foliage, from which rise button-like flowers of deep pink. Flowers profusely in spring and summer. Flowers are about half an inch across on three-inch stems.

*Mazus pumilio*. A dwarf creeping carpeter. Large stemless pale violet flowers over a long period. Suitable for a cool spot.

*Mentha requienii*. Similar to a compact green carpet with mauve flowers. Foliage has a refreshing fragrance if trodden on.

Gardening Book — page 121

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

## 10 ways for baby to enjoy the extra meat he needs

Babies need meat—and active, fast-growing babies need an extra supply. Why? Because meat is the best source of protein, the main building material of the body. Protein is vital to energy and growth. It helps baby develop sturdy muscles and resist illness. That's why Heinz High Meat Dinners are so important in baby's feeding plan. They contain an extra supply of meat for extra-lively babies. More meat for more body-building, energy-giving protein.

There are 10 varieties of Heinz High Meat Dinners. Five Strained for young babies; five Junior for older babies.

This makes it easy to vary baby's meals and still give him the extra protein he needs and thrives on.



3 times more meat  
in every spoonful

OF HEINZ HIGH MEAT DINNERS—  
PART OF THE RANGE OF MORE THAN 90

# HEINZ

## BABY FOODS

the good they do your baby now...  
lasts a lifetime



## Continuing . . . THE PLAY'S JUST THE THING

Vivian says it's the reason I'm afraid to take a part in the play."

Vivian smiled at him. "I've persuaded him to attempt a non-speaking role," she told us. "Don't you think that's brave of him?"

"Yes, he's fearless as a lion," Patty said. "What role are you attempting, dearest?"

"The Spirit of The Hatcheries Commission," Rock said.

### PLAYWRIGHT TO ATTEND FISH DRAMA

"Robert Gordon, famous playwright, is looking forward eagerly to the performance of 'All For Tomorrow,' according to his sister, Mrs. Jason Minifree.

"Mr. Gordon was unable to come to the phone to be interviewed because he is hard at work on a new play, Mrs. Minifree told the 'Clarion.'

"Mr. Johnson, Teen Canteen adult adviser, is directing the teenagers in rehearsals of 'All For Our Tomorrows.'

"What does it say in the script?" Mr. Johnson asked.

"It says, 'Hooded figure representing The Spirit Of The Hatcheries Commission enters and hovers in background,'" Rock read.

"Well, then, hover!" Mr. Johnson cried. "That's not a hover! It's a . . . a crouch."

"I'll be glad to coach him in

from page 28

the part tonight, Mr. Johnson," Vivian called from backstage.

"Very well," Mr. Johnson said. "Let us continue. Patty . . ."

"Husband, come here and look at yonder stars," Patty said sulkily.

There was a tremendous crash backstage and an angry voice shouted, "Who left that ladder there?"

I recognised the janitor's voice. "Never mind that now, Mr. Wasserfesser," Mr. Johnson called.

"LeRoy!"

Moose wandered out.

"Cue him again, Patty," Mr. Johnson said.

"Look at yonder stars," Patty said.

Moose gave one terrified glance into the auditorium and clamped his jaws together.

"Strs?" he said. "Grt Csr! Ths rnt strs, fsh wnt."

"Speak up, LeRoy," Mr. Johnson interrupted. "Remember what I told you. From the diaphragm!"

"Strs?" Moose said. "Grt Csr! Ths rnt . . ."

"Unclench your jaws for one teeny moment," Mr. Johnson said pleadingly.

"Yes, sir," Moose said. "I'll try, sir."

"Good lad!" Mr. Johnson said.

"That's the spirit! Cue him again, please, Patty."

"Look at yonder stars," Patty said.

"Strs?" Moose said. "Grt Csr! Ths rnt strs, fsh wnt."

"I'll be glad to coach him tonight too, Mr. Johnson," Vivian said.

"Let's move right along," Mr. Johnson said. "Suppose we take a break from the shipwreck. Henry?"

Henry appeared, cupped his hand to his ear, and recited, "Hark! ee. The tolling bell that signals some disaster in small fishing villages. Hear how it knells!"

There was silence.

"Coleman!" Mr. Johnson shouted.

Coleman stuck his head out from the wings.

"What are you doing back there anyway?" Mr. Johnson asked.

"Trigonometry homework," Coleman said.

"Well, forget the trigonometry and listen for the cues," Mr. Johnson told him irritably.

"Yes, sir," Coleman said.

"Henry — once again, please!" Mr. Johnson said.

"Hear how it knells!" Henry said.

There was the sound of a stifled giggles, and Mr. Wasserfesser's voice shouting.

"Them dang kids are leaving empty soft drink bottles all over backstage," Mr. Wasserfesser said wrathfully, appearing from the wings. "Somebody's smoking, too. I can smell it. It's all got to stop!"

### PLAYWRIGHT LOOKS FORWARD TO FISH PAGEANT

"Robert Gordon, well-known playwright, was reportedly looking forward with eagerness to the performance of 'Our All For Tomorrow,' which he will attend as guest of honor next Saturday night.

"Mr. Gordon was in seclusion and could not be interviewed in person.

"Proceeds of the play will be used to establish a Teen Canteen. Tickets are being sold by members of the Canteen Committee."

"They're only a dollar apiece," I said, "and Robert Gordon, well-known playwright, will be there."

MRS. HILL said, "I know, dear, but my little nephew Morton is in the Snowflake Pageant and I really don't feel I can be tickets for both, you see."

"It's for a worthy cause," I said.

Mr. Slocum. "The Teen Canteen."

"Nope," Mr. Slocum said.

"Your purchase will help prevent juvenile delinquency from becoming rampant on the streets of Central Valley," I said.

"Nope," Mr. Slocum said.

"Robert Gordon, well-known playwright, will be there," I said.

"Nope," Mr. Slocum said. "Well, buy one. Don't believe in all that teenage fiddle-faddle."

"This play has a universal appeal for young and old alike," I said to Miss Hazlett at the bank. "Robert Gordon, the well-known playwright, will attend."

"The Sunshine Society is giving its annual covered-dish supper at the Methodist Church basement this very night," Miss Hazlett said.

"Isn't that a coincidence? If you care to buy a ticket, they're only a dollar."

"They're going fast," I told Joe Morgan, the garageman. "Only a few choice seats left."

"Listen, sister, I already got tipped off about this play," Joe said. "I was told by a certain party who saw one of the rehearsals that this play is going to be the year's turkey of the year. I wouldn't touch one of those tickets with a ten-foot pole."

"Robert Gordon, well-known playwright, will attend," I said to Mr. Beadle.

"Well, I hope he enjoys it," Mr. Beadle said. "I got to go to the Snowflake Pageant to see my cousin's kid Morton, and I'm not going to two of them."

"How do the sales look?" Mr. Johnson asked.

"If Mrs. Hartwig's mother-in-law doesn't come to visit from Moonshine, Mrs. Hartwig will buy a ticket," I said. "That will bring the total sold to forty-three."

"Oh, dear," Mr. Johnson said. "People just don't care about the dangers of juvenile delinquency becoming rampant on the streets of Central Valley," I said.

"They don't care much about Robert Gordon, well-known playwright, either."

"I'm sure you're mistaken."

To page 59



## White coffee needs the right coffee

Gorgeous smell of roasting coffee beans! That's the fresh coffee taste that comes through with milk or cream when you use Golden Roast. It's blended right, roasted right for white coffee: rich, best-of-the-coffee-beans Golden Roast.



So many ways to enjoy good white coffee: Richly creamed with Ideal Milk . . . fluffed-up Cappuccino style, and topped with milk and a sprinkling of cinnamon or cocoa . . . So long as it's white coffee, the right coffee is always Golden Roast.

(the one coffee blended right, roasted right for white coffee)



# DRESS SENSE

By BETTY  
KEEP



DS518.—Suit and overblouse in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: suit 2½yds. 54in. material or 3½yds. 36in. material. Blouse 1½yds. 36in. material. Price 5/-. Patterns are available from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



● This slick tailored suit with its white overblouse can be worn to as many places as several dresses.

THIS fashion note answers a reader's design problem. Here is part of her letter and my reply:

*"I am being married after Easter and am going to Brisbane for my honeymoon.*

*I need one really good tailored outfit I could wear everywhere. Would a short-sleeved suit and overblouse be appropriate? My fabric is a fine check worsted rayon and wool. I am told the weather in Brisbane will be mild."*

A suit with an overblouse, or several overblouses, would be the most useful all-purpose daytime garment you could choose.

A design is illustrated above. The collarless short-sleeved jacket would be excellent for mild weather. The overblouse is in white, but it would be a good idea to have two—the second one in a color.

You can obtain a paper pattern for the design in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Under the picture are details and how to order.

The Australian Women's Weekly — March 20, 1963

*"I like bright yellow but feel it is strictly for summer. Do you agree?"*

No, yellow is not exclusively a warm-weather color. Wattle-yellow is news for the new season. In our last week's issue a suit was illustrated in wattle-yellow wool.

*"Could you assist me with the correct clothes to disguise my figure fault, an overlarge bust? I have been advised to wear a long bra, but even so I still find I have very little space between my bosom and waistline. All my clothes look bunched up."*

Your type of figure looks best in outfits with curved but easy-fit lines. Jackets should be no shorter than hip-length, and a pleated skirt will help counterbalance a large bosom. An easy-fit jumper-type top with pleated skirt is just about the most becoming thing you can wear, particularly if the jumper has an open-necked shirt collar. Avoid bulky materials, wide belts, bolero jackets, and belted coats.

They know  
what  
they like...



you know what's good for them

Peek Frean's  
**Vita-Weat**

School lunches can be a problem during Lent—but not when you have Vita-Weat in the house! Simply make tempting Vita-Weat 'sandwiches' with fish, cheese, tomatoes, eggs or any favourite spread. They REALLY stay fresh till lunchtime... and they're just what youngsters need to build sturdy bodies and healthy teeth.

A special salt-free Vita-Weat for medical diets is also now available. Look for the distinctive green pack.

BUY THE VITA-WEAT LENTEN SUGGESTIONS  
NOW DISPLAYED IN YOUR STORE



VW31C

Page 53





## Actil sheets too, have a long happy life!

With Actil, Australia's longest-established maker of quality sheets, you can be sure of the final test of quality — the strength to stand up to years of household wear. For extra strength and superior wearing quality, the name Actil is the best guarantee you can obtain. At your nearest store.

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## SHEETS & PILLOW CASES

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# AT HOME with

Margaret Sydney

● If what I wrote last week about Christmas presents has persuaded you to be one of the madly well-organised ones who do next Christmas' shopping in the tail end of this summer's throw-out sales, I've some more suggestions for you.

**H**OW about fur sheets made of clipped lambswool—a delightful gift for anyone to receive in our usual Christmas weather; or electric socks, sale price £6/6/-, fully washable, despite insulated wires woven into them which run up the wearer's leg to a battery clipped to his belt?

Too expensive? Well, how about an electric back-scratcher that works at the rate of 3000 scratches a minute, or an anti-dribble spaghetti fork that automatically twirls the spaghetti into a manageable mouthful?

My favorite of all these far-fetched gifts is one that I suspect you won't be able to get in throw-out sales at Australian stores. It's the American Nothing Box, "for the man in your life who has everything."

It's a plain-looking box with nothing unusual about it except for eight little, light buttons that constantly blink on and off in no recognisable pattern, and for no apparent reason for a whole year.

They should be half-price or less at the sales, because by now a quarter or more of their useless life is over.

The manufacturers say: "Let us warn you that unless you use an axe you can't turn it off. It will keep on winking its eight eyes for a year, and then it's as dead as a mackerel."

"Try it on a table at the board meeting. It works as well in the dark as in the light. If you are sleepy it will keep you awake. If you're an insomniac it will probably put you to sleep. Maybe it will quiet yappy dogs and scare burglars."

"If you get sore at it, turn it to the wall in an unused cupboard, or give it to some fellow who has no sense of humor."

### A plea for adolescents

I'VE had an interesting letter from a reader in another State—so interesting that I think it's worth quoting at some length.

For obvious reasons I won't use her name or even say which State she comes from, but the point she wants to make (though she's too polite to put it in these terms!) is that those of us who have teenage children and a tolerant attitude to teenagers because we know and like them, are often enough taking an "I'm all right, Jack" attitude, and turning a very blind eye to the unfortunates among adolescents who are responsible for giving the whole group a bad name. She says:

"... honestly I think that our generation is very much to blame for the undue emphasis and attention adolescents get. The poor kids want mostly to be let alone, and we've built them into a sort of cult that they have to live up to most of the time."

"May I put in a plea for the 'hoods,' drunks, gate-crashers, and even bashers."

"A year ago, after a particularly revolting episode, I can remember saying to my husband, 'What on earth makes them do that sort of thing. They need a good flogging!'"

"Now we have had one of these young 'hoods' living with us (we have five children of our own) for nearly a year, and the

mere mention of the word 'punishment' makes me shudder.

"These youths have usually had so much physical punishment that it means nothing to them, except to underline their view that the whole of society is against them."

"They feel they are a band of outcasts, and they expect no mercy and give none."

"They have a deep-seated feeling of failure and inferiority, and they try to compensate for it by aggression, cockiness, day-dreaming boastfulness."

"In the time since we took Bill into our home I have met quite a number of these lads, and I've come to love them for themselves and to grieve over their struggles."

"Under different circumstances they could so easily have been yours or mine."

### You're "gone, man, gone" —but not forever

**S**HE continues: "What they need is to be loved, with a Christian love, turn-the-other-cheek variety. This sort of love confuses them at first, then they welcome it, because at last they are wanted."

"Somehow, somewhere, somebody has to break the vicious crime-punishment-crime circle for them."

"They'll tell you you're weak, you're nuts, gone man gone, and that it doesn't work."

"And then one day, peeping out from under the firm statement that it doesn't work, is the hopeful little question, does it?"

"The break-through CAN be made by families patient and wise and firm and loving enough to take these lads into their own homes and nursemaid them for a few months until they start to come good."

### Wanted: People who will really help

**H**ER letter goes on to say: "Bill, our very much-loved young 'hood,' is slowly coming good."

"He has gone back to school, which has been and still is very difficult for him."

"He still drinks too much, and is still very much a lone wolf, but he's even now a very different boy, and we hope that he will become in time the man God meant him to be."

"What I have learnt since Bill has been in our house is that there's a desperate need for young men and women to consider social work among these youths as a career."

"There's a need for strong groups of young people to watch for these 'outcasts' in their own schools, and pull them in before they get un-pull-inable."

"There's a need for those of us in secure communities to give our time outside our own groups, and our own suburbs, to help the overworked and understaffed youth leaders in overcrowded and depressed areas."

"And most of all, there's a need for us to persuade these youngsters that they have something real to live for if they'll only take the trouble to find out what it is."

My correspondent suggests that anyone who is really interested in the problem of these adolescents who have gone astray should read "The Shook-Up Generation" by Harrison E. Salisbury, which is available in a cheap paper-back edition.





# HONG KONG vacation

A street in Wanchai or Kowloon. Sampans at rest in quiet waters. A holiday. An adventure. A vacation in Hong Kong. The contrast of crowds and open spaces, of the intensity of a market place and the serenity of being 'away from it all' help set the scene for the tourist in Hong Kong. Hong Kong is a mixture of races, of paces, of feelings, of actions and of worlds. Gateway to the Orient, it is the only city in the world where East truly meets West, there is a complete co-existence of the old and the new, and the mysticism of the Orient comes face to face with the realities of the West.

It is 3961 square miles of contrast, of British rule and Asian people, of glorious panoramic views and crowded streets. Numerous day and night tours fill the tourist's agenda from the time he or she disembarks until that touching moment of farewell.

And in between the time spent touring the sights there are so many shops to visit. Being a tax free port Hong Kong can offer you a wide range of goods often at cheaper prices than in the country of their origin. For the adventurous gourmet, Hong Kong offers delights of the palate beyond expectation. Over and above specialities such as Peking duck, the most tender sweet and sour pork in the world and Hong Kong's famous seafood, one has a choice of Japanese, Russian, French, Portuguese and many other types of food. NB. Fresh oysters, meat and vegetables are flown in from Australia four times each week.

The Chinese love festivals and many are held, in every season, throughout the year. At these times the streets, especially at night, are festooned with brightly lit lanterns, busy with people, and noisy with firecrackers. And of course almost every festival has its dragon dance. All are steeped in tradition, from the solemn Tin Hau celebrations to the more joyous Moon or Harvest festival.



Hong Kong, which extends from the actual island itself through Kowloon to the New Territories, will provide a fascinating study for the tourist. And for the sports-minded, there are golf, tennis and swimming with an occasional surf rolling onto the brilliant white sands of Big Wave Bay. Whatever your choice, unforgettable scenery will imprint itself on your mind. To cap it all there is accommodation to suit your every need, from a single room to a luxurious suite.

Discover Hong Kong—take a trip that's different—take a Hong Kong vacation. And return home richly rewarded in experience and memories, not to forget those tax free purchases. For further information, contact the Australian Headquarters of the Hong Kong Tourist Association, Anchor House, Bridge Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

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44 piece suite (6 of each) from £14, 58 piece suite (8 of each) from £17/5/-.



What Australia Makes — Makes Australia

## ● HANDYMAN'S CORNER



CORNER TABLES in this room hold flowers, books, and an ashtray, and they're excellent, too, for a dramatic lamp or unusual piece of sculpture.

## USEFUL CORNER TABLES

● Our suggestion this week is an arrangement of two small tables which have an all-in-one look.

THE lower table is about 22 inches square and is made from 3/4-inch strawboard.

The strawboard for the lower table will need to be edged with 3/4-in. oregon, nailed and glued on. Use a plane to bevel (round) the edges.

The legs for both tables, four for the lower one, three for the top one, were bought from a hardware store. The height of the legs will depend on personal choice, but the legs of the upper table should be approximately nine inches long.

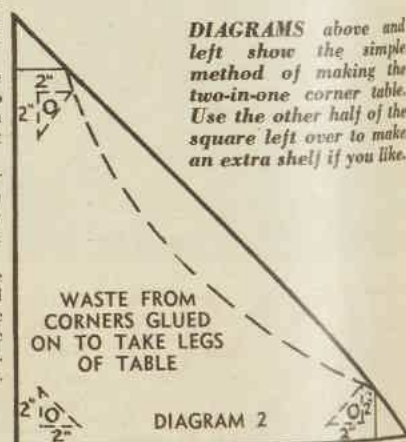
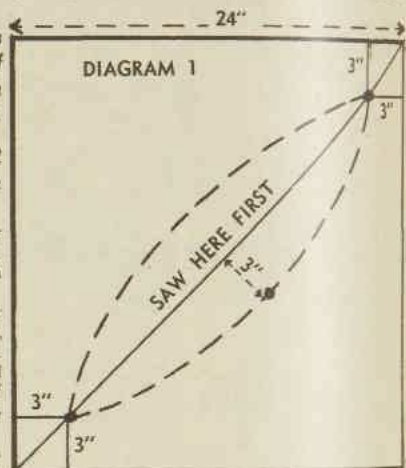
The upper table is cut from a 2ft. square. Diagram 1 shows how a diagonal line is drawn across. Then 3in. squares are cut out at the corners and the large square sawn along the diagonal.

To get your cutting line for the curve, hammer a small nail into the centre of the board, 3in. from the edge. Then hammer a nail at each end (see diag. 1).

Now use a supple piece of timber to wrap around the nails from one corner to the other while you draw a cutting line on the board with a pencil. This gives an even curve.

Now make small blocks from those 3in. squares cut from the original large square. Nail and glue these on the underside of the table (see diag. 2) 2in. in from each corner. Nail and glue the legs to the blocks.

**NEXT WEEK:**  
Two-bedroom home.



DIAGRAMS above and left show the simple method of making the two-in-one corner table. Use the other half of the square left over to make an extra shelf if you like.

WASTE FROM CORNERS GLUED ON TO TAKE LEGS OF TABLE

## Our Home Plans Service

HUNDREDS of home plans are available to readers at our architect-directed Home Planning Centres. All these plans can be modified to suit individual needs.

- Full plans and specifications from Hobart: FitzGerald (27221).
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Or fill in coupon below and post it to your nearest Home Planning Centre. Please make all cheques payable to "Women's Weekly Home Plans Service." Cut this out, fill in details, and mail in envelope addressed to our Centre in your State.

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# BOND'S Beautiful Babywear

STYLE 15623  
Soft cosy brushed interlock cotton sleeping bag. Has a two-way zip opening, ideal for nappy changing, mitten cuffs on sleeves. White, pink, blue. To 12 months, 34/11.

STYLE 12818  
Smocked matinee jacket in cosy interlock cotton is edged with dainty lace and finished with satin bows. White, pink, blue. To 12 months, 12/11.

STYLE 12810  
Training pants have flannelette interlining, smoothly seamed legbands that will not chafe. Pink, white, blue. To 12 months, 9/11.

New styles, made from softest, top quality interlock, and brushed interlock

Bond's introduce a whole trainload of delightful new babywear styles. Only the best quality, soft warm interlock goes into Bond's babywear. They're practical too! Long wearing, can be machine washed, and need only touch-up ironing.

STYLE 15225  
Brushed Interlock sleeping suit has zip opening down leg for easy nappy changing. Features the new American non-slip safety sole. White, pink, blue. AS0/22", AS1/24", AS2/27", 29/11.

STYLE 15227  
Brushed Interlock two-piece pyjamas with new American non-slip safety soles. White, pink, blue. Sizes: AS0/22", AS1/24", AS2/27", 29/11.

STYLE 15022  
Three piece brushed Interlock Breech-ette set, of jacket, breeches and beret with pom-pom. Blue and white. Sizes: AS1/18", AS2/20", 39/11.

STYLE 15233  
Brushed interlock cotton tracker/sleeper. White, pink, blue. Sizes: AS0/22", AS1/24", AS2/27", AS3/30", AS4/33". 29/11.

STYLE 12303  
Interlock nightgown has non-chafe neckline. Buttons through down the back. Pink, white, blue. To 12 months. 16/11.

Baby Bond  
WEAR

B607



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First, he got the axe, felt the edge with his thumb, looked in disapproval, and turned for the stone. He sat down on a large log and proceeded to put an edge on the axe, slowly and skilfully, not saying a word to me as I sat myself beside him and watched. I knew he would speak in due course.

Finally, satisfied with the edge of the blade, he dabbed it with a forefinger and withdrew approvingly as he bit the steel start to bite through the skin. Then he proceeded to chop the log on which we had been sitting. In contrast, this was an energetic performance with large chips flying satisfyingly from under the blade and the clean tangy cut getting larger. He was a good hand with an axe and now, no doubt, he experienced a mastery in one field of a life that lately had grown increasingly puzzling and bewildering.

Father exerted his mastery for a good half hour, grunting at times to express his temperamental, and the heap of chopped logs grew, and calm swept over his soul. When his forehead was damp and his swinging just beginning to slow, father began to talk. He drove the

axe into the edge of the log so that it stuck, and straightened his body.

"There's something about this salesmanship I can't straighten out," he said. "Now that young man today from the Nest Egg Life Assurance Company — he's really convinced that the Nest Egg Insurance is the finest company in the world and that its terms are far, far better than those of all companies."

Here father wiped his forehead. "Now, the Nest Egg is a very good company but so, in fairness, are half a dozen others. That young man, I recall, used to work for the Sheet Anchor Life Insurance and he used to say then that it was the best in the world."

"Sales talk," I said, feeling myself very discerning, adult, and cynical.

"No," said father very firmly. "He believed it then about the Sheet Anchor just as he now believes it about the Nest Egg. I asked him and he said he was mistaken then, but had grown in wisdom."

"Ah," I said, and gave what I hoped was a cynical, all-knowing grin.

"Yes," said father. "It's evident that I lack something in my make-up to make a

## Continuing . . . FATHER AND LUCK

from page 30

successful insurance salesman, but, never mind, I am toying with another idea."

With which he took up the axe and once more proceeded to make more chips fly while he turned his new idea over.

I took myself off then. Father would talk about it when he was ready and it was obviously some time away.

It was, in fact, half a day off. At tea that evening he spoke. Over the bread and marmalade he said:

"You know, Peggy, I think I might try selling radios."

"Will they buy radios when they won't put their money into something where they'll get it back?" asked mother.

"They might," he said. "And anyhow, no one ever gets their money back on a life policy—their relatives do."

Father did rather better with the radio sets but not well enough. All that happened was that his savings shrank more slowly than they had when he was trying to

sell insurance policies.

I had a job and held it, mainly because it was my first and they did not have to pay me very much. My few shillings helped but did not plug the gap.

Father persisted with the wireless sets though the experts, like the young man who had stepped into his job selling insurance, would no doubt have found very little right with his methods. I went along with him on Saturday afternoons to help him carry the set and gear. His approach was something like this:

"Can I interest you in a radio set, Bill?"

"Got one, Peter," the bloke would say.

"Going all right?"

"Wonderfully! Never any trouble with it—brings in all the Sydney and Melbourne stations."

"Glad to hear it," father would say. "Well, I'll push off, Bill. You won't want me badgering you to buy a new one."

Every now and then he did make a sale. Someone wanted

a new set and didn't have to be talked into it. And over the weeks the sales increased steadily, but still not enough to shrink the gap.

One late afternoon he was coming home after a shower of rain and, with one thing and another, his age, the long day, and the weight of the set he was carrying, he was walking with his head down and spotted the nugget on the side of the road.

It was a nice hunk of gold and worth over four hundred quid as it turned out. Father ran the rest of the way, as far as he was able with his load.

But the next day he was standing by his guns.

"Glad to hear your luck has turned, Peter," they said.

"Luck nothing," said father.

"I was tired and a bit downhearted and I had my eyes on the ground."

More was to follow, because the post next morning brought a letter from someone staying at the Royal, Ballamatta's best hotel, asking father if he would call.

Wondering what it was all about, he called, and the man, who had a gold cigarette case, a diamond tie-pin, an expensive-looking black suit, and more double chins than he had hairs on his head, introduced himself as the general manager of a big Sydney farm machinery factory and offered father, on the spot, a job at twenty-eight pounds a week as the Ballamatta representative.

"I've heard about you and the radio sets and you're just the type of man our company wants," said the general manager. "We want to open up here and we don't want a man who talks anybody into anything. We want

people to come to us. We want only satisfied customers and each of our machines is built to last for years."

There was more of it. The general manager had a theme as dear to his heart as father's on the non-existence of luck.

Father went out of the Royal, wobbly at the knees and his head whirling. But by the time he got home he was rehearsing arguments to prove there was no luck about it. He didn't have to use many of them. Most people told him how pleased they were and left it at that.

He was a great success at his new job but had scarcely time to prove it before something else happened. A great-uncle he scarcely remembered died and left him a thousand pounds.

"I don't see where the luck comes in," said father. "After all, he was a blood relative." But he did not say it with any great force.

He'd been disarmed, anyway, by a paragraph that appeared in the "Ballamatta Gazette" and began:

"Friends—and that means everyone—friends of that hard-working local resident, Mr. Peter Franklin, will be delighted by the well-merited piece of good fortune that has befallen him . . ."

It was hard to work up an argument after that.

Nearly a month went by before father got back into his vocal stride and was able to trot out his old speeches about luck. There was no stinging in them now and when, over the next year, the farm machinery business went from strength to strength, the homilies got shorter and fewer.

And after he was talked into a half-share in a lottery ticket that won a prize of one hundred pounds he dropped them altogether.

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## Continuing . . . THE PLAY'S JUST THE THING

from page 52

### "WELL-KNOWN PLAYWRIGHT LEAVES FOR VANCOUVER"

Mr. Johnson said, "I predict a last-minute box-office stam-

pe." "For the Snowflake Pageant," I said. "That looks like a sure-fire hit. Maybe we should have signed Morton up for our play."

"The Snowflake Pageant doesn't have Robert Gordon," Mr. Johnson said. "Wait and see! That will be our trump card!"

"Robert Gordon, well-known playwright, left unexpectedly for Vancouver today. His departure came on the eve of the performance of 'Tomorrow Was For All,' the Teen Canteen drama he was to attend as guest of honor."

"LeRoy Minifie, Mr. Gordon's nephew, said that the family had received a telegram from Vancouver in which Mr. Gordon stated he was 'desolate' at missing the play."

Everybody was milling around backstage and Mr. Johnson was calling for people to take their places for the first act.

"We can't start yet, Mr. Johnson," Patty said. "Rock isn't here."

"Well, where on earth is he?" Mr. Johnson asked.

"Probably lost his nerve," Vivian said scornfully.

Patty frowned at her and was about to say something when Mr. Wasserfesser came stomping backstage.

"Telephone for you," he said to Mr. Johnson.

"I can't come to the telephone now," Mr. Johnson said. "Patty! Go and see if Rock is . . ."

"You better answer that phone," Mr. Wasserfesser said ominously.

"I tell you I can't," Mr. Johnson said. "Start dimming the house lights, Coleman."

"It's the cops," Mr. Wasserfesser said.

"The cops?" Mr. Johnson said.

"They got one of your actors in the juvenile clink," Mr. Wasserfesser said. "That kid I caught smoking backstage. The tall skinny one." He smiled. "I always knew he'd end up in trouble."

### "CENTRAL VALLEY YOUTH CLEARED OF THEFT CHARGE"

"A seventeen-year-old Central Valley youth was released today after his arrest for allegedly stealing a lawnmower from the home of Clement Walloby, 17 Maple

"It's so obvious," Patty said. "Rock was in Fairview to get material to bind his hood."

"His hood," my father said.

"For the play," Patty said patiently. "Hooded figure enters," it says in the script. His mother didn't have enough material, so at the last minute Rock had to drive to Fairview. On the way home he ran out of petrol."

"It's perfectly simple," Henry said.

"Oh, it is," my father said. "Rock ran out of petrol so he stole Mr. Walloby's lawnmower. A mere child could grasp the logic of it."

"No, no, no," Henry said. "You don't seem to understand. Rock was right near Pete's house when it happened. That's the whole point."

"Pete's house," my father said. "Pete who?"

"Pete Walloby," I said.

"Don't you remember? The boy Eileen McGarrity used to go out with."

MY father said:

"Of course the boy you all went riding in's car when Patty first got the idea of putting on a play."

"It was his aunt's car," Rock said.

"I'm sorry," my father said. "The boy you all went riding in's aunt's car."

"Nobody was home, so I went into the garage for the power mower," Rock said.

"I was pushing it over to my car to borrow some petrol from it when somebody saw me, and the next thing the cops were there. That is absolutely all that happened. It all turned out for the best, though, because I got out of being in the play. Boy, was I nervous about that. It's the last time I'll let Vivian Keller talk me into anything. Stagewise, that is."

"Stagewise, we made fifty-two dollars and had to pay fifty in royalties," Henry said.

"Yes, but that turned out for the best, too," I said.

"Because the 'Clarion' ran an editorial about the shameful apathy of Central Valley toward its teenagers.

People have been sending in money like mad."

"And don't forget the hundred-dollar bill that came in the mail," Patty said. "Did you hear about that, Mr. Hayward?"

"Mmm," my father said.

"It was addressed to Mr. Johnson and a note with it said, 'Please use this to keep the teenagers off the streets and out of the living-rooms.' It was signed 'A Friend.'"

"Everybody thinks Robert Gordon, the well-known playwright, sent it," Patty said. "Guilt money, you know."

"I don't," Rock said.

"Who do you think sent it, if you're so smart?" Patty said.

"Never mind," Rock said. "Now that we've got that empty store we'd better start thinking about the next project."

"What next project?" my father asked in a feeble voice.

"A second-hand jukebox," Rock said. "No point in getting all the teenagers in one place if there's nothing for them to do. We figured just a jukebox and a pool table and we're all set."

"Maybe that anonymous friend will send us another hundred dollars," Henry said.

"I doubt it," Rock said. "What do you think, Mr. Hayward?"

"I might go so far as to say you can dismiss the possibility from your minds," my father said.

"That's what I thought," Rock said. "Well, here we go again. Anybody have any ideas?"

"A dance," Patty said.

"A car wash," Henry said.

"A raffle," I said.

"I still say the easiest way is simply to ask people for the money," Rock said.

"Where are you going, Mr. Hayward?"

"I am going downtown," my father said. "If you will give me the key to the empty store which is now the Central Valley Teen Canteen I will enter it and spend the afternoon there reading in peace and solitude."

"Why do you want to sit all by yourself in that bare cold store?" Rock asked.

"Gosh, Mr. Hayward, you have such a nice house—I don't understand how come you ever want to leave it."

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"I didn't exactly." She was trying to save him. "It was Nanny Broome who supplied the actual information."

"Oh, no!" The cry came over the telephone. "It really is true then."

"Oh, don't worry about it. She isn't very clear. She never is, is she?" Julia took hold of herself and began to think again, but it was too late. She heard his sigh.

"It was never obvious to me. I just thought I was born out of wedlock." He spoke lightly, but the words were as brittle as icicles.

"Oh, don't. Don't. I didn't mean it like that. If I could only see you and hold you, I'll come to London now."

"No. Stay where you are." In spite of the discouraging words she was comforted. At least there was contact between them again.

## Continuing . . . THE CHINA GOVERNESS

from page 25

"Are you coming down here tomorrow?"

"No. Look, darling. Try to understand. It isn't that I've given my word to your father or let him come between us or anything like that, but I've had a shock and for my own sake I can't make any move or do anything — anything irrevocable until I've found out. You do understand, don't you?"

"Found out what?" she was appalled to find herself so lonely and out of touch.

"Who I am. I've been thinking I'm a Kinnit ever since I've thought at all and now suddenly I find I'm not."

"Does it matter?" Fortunately she

was too choked to say the words aloud. When she could articulate she said pathetically, "To me you're only you."

"Bless you!" his laugh was unsteady. "It may take a little time, I'm afraid, but your father and dear old Eustace, who is reproaching himself like someone out of the Old Testament, are joining forces and helping me to get the thing cleared up once and for all. We're all three completely in the picture and they're both on our side. They want us to be happy."

"Do they?"

"I'm certain of it! And that's

why," he went on quickly, "I shouldn't mention Basil Toberman to either of them until you're sure he meant it."

"But I am sure. I heard him. He hates you. He wants to do you harm. He's spreading the story about, hoping it'll get in the newspapers. He said so. I heard him."

There was a long pause before Timothy said, "Well, I'd hate Eustace to know that at this moment. He can't imagine why or how the story has got about suddenly like this. He's fond of Basil and doesn't realise what a drunk he is, and if he found out he was spreading it it would hurt him like anything. He'd be ashamed for him, too. Leave Basil to me."

"Very well." She spoke softly. "Timothy?"

"Yes?"

"Look, I'm beginning to understand why this matters so much to you, but I don't see why my father took the line he did. After all, as everybody knows, he came of pretty homely stock himself, and even when mother was alive with all her grand relations he never tried to hide it."

"Oh, it's not the homeliness I never met a more democratic man in all my life. He's a great chap. I hope I can have him for an in-law . . ."

"But there's no doubt of that. I'll be of age eventually. Then we can marry, anyway."

"Can we? Oh, Tim . . ." She was panic-stricken. "But we love each other! Separated we'd be different people. It means all my life."

"I know." He sounded as though he did. "Mine, too. There's no question about that. Your father knows it as we do, but I see his point of view. While you're in his care he's got to be reassured about essentials. After that it's up to me to be reassured. He told me about his sister."

"Aunt Meg's husband was a nut."

"He was an hysteric. It wasn't apparent until he was over thirty, but his father and grandfather had finished under restraint. Meanwhile, the wretched woman was made miserable until she died."

"But that couldn't be true of you!"

"Couldn't it?"

"No, it couldn't. Don't be absurd. You don't believe it for a moment."

"Naturally I don't, but I don't expect your uncle did, either, when he was my age. That isn't the only thing. There are other diseases one doesn't want in a parent. There are other things as well. Tendencies, weaknesses. They may none of them matter, but, golly! One wants to know what they are. You do agree to that? You do see, darling, don't you?"

**B**ITTERLY Julia said, "I see that between them all they have implanted a great doubt in your mind. I see you've got to know now. That's what Basil Toberman's done for you."

"That's what poor old Eustace thinks he has done for me out of sheer kindness and romanticism, and it's driving him round the bend. You've got to help, Julia. We've got to keep apart until the chatter's died down and the papers lose interest. Your father is insistent on that and he's right."

"Tim. Tim, listen," Julia said. "We really are going to marry some day, aren't we?"

"Oh, darling!" His exasperation came over the wire more vividly than any other emotion. "You haven't understood a word I've said. That's the whole point. Something may emerge which may prevent me from marrying you or anybody. The chances are remote, but I've got to be sure."

"But whatever you discover, if I still want you—"

"Then it will be up to me to decide whether I can let you take the risk. We'll have to wait until we get there. We owe that to everybody concerned."

"Everybody concerned!" Her physical disappointment lent her tone savagery. "You're thinking of everybody. Your silly uncle and my father and even Mr. Toberman, but you're not thinking about me. You're forgetting me!"

"Don't you see I'm trying to? You may have been disappointed, but what do you think it's been like for me? Don't be silly, darling. Now please be quiet and stay away until I'm human again."

Julia hung up involuntarily. The movement was as spontaneous as if she had merely turned her back. The sudden breaking of the link between them was so violent that around her the room sang and tingled with shock.

She took off the receiver at once, but only the continuous thrum of the empty wire greeted her . . .

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## Continuing . . . THE CHINA GOVERNESS

from page 60

"This place is yet another example of modern jokesman-ship," Mr. Campion remarked as he steered Julia across the splendid marble floor to the dining-room of Harper's Club in Davies Street. "But I shall be today because Charles Luke likes it and I particularly wanted to get him here so that he meets me and gets interested in my problem."

His pleasant voice flowed on as he conducted her to an alcove on the far side of the room where a round table was set for three.

"A superintendent C.I.D. of the Metropolitan Police can find out almost anything on earth if he wants to," he went on, showing his long legs under the table and smiling at her, "but he's hemmed in by protocol. If we go to him officially he has to proceed officially and we don't really want that, do we? — so I thought we might tap discreetly on the back door."

He was watching her while she spoke, and it went through his mind that she was remarkably beautiful with her black silk hair and shining eyes and that, more rarely still, she was elegant in a puppyish way, naturally graceful and packed with promise. He noticed her pretty blue-veined hands. Their short nails were innocent of varnish and she was wearing a ring on her engagement finger. It was a small signet, a schoolgirl's one. He could see the minimal impression of it on another finger on the other hand. The naive hopefulness of such a move touched him and reminded him for some reason of something he ought to tell her about Luke.

"It's a rather recent widower, by the way," he observed. "It's one of those dreadful stories. His wife made a complete fiasco of having a child. She didn't call for help and died. The baby girl lived and is being cared for by his old mother, who looks after him, too. I mention it because it's as well to know these things in case one drops bricks."

"Of course." She was looking at him in horror. "What an extraordinary woman. She was old, I suppose."

"Fancella? Oh, no, not old at all." Campion was frowning as if he were visualising someone who had worried him. "She was in the twenties. She didn't want to be a nuisance, I suppose, and there was no one there to tell her not to be so silly."

Julia's youthful eyes were faintly amused by his explanation.

"Poor girl, anyway," she said gently. "Not an awfully suitable wife for a policeman."

"We all thought not," Mr. Campion was trying to be

non-committal and sounding like every disapproving family friend who had ever existed. "Charles was in love with her, though. Her death hit him like a bullet."

There was silence for a moment and the girl shivered suddenly.

Mr. Campion was contrite and he began to chatter.

"You'll like him," he said. "He talks like a dynamo and does a sort of hand-jive all the time by way of added

"Not very well. We've met."

"Have you been to the Well House where they all live?" There was color in her voice when she spoke about Timothy Kinnit, even remotely. "It's in Scribbsfields, just not quite in the city. I suppose it was one of the first of the London suburbs and it's frightfully

"My dear girl, let's only hope I can!" he interpolated hastily. "Scribbsfields? Yes, indeed. The whole place was a noted spa at one time. Tell me. When you say 'they all live there,' whom do you mean? Alison Kinnit, her brother Eustace, young Timothy, and sometimes Basil Toberman? Is there a resident staff?"

"No. Not as a rule. Several people come in daily, but just at the moment Nanny Broome has had to be sent for from the country to cope. There's a niece of the Kinnits and a help all staying. They're from South Africa and tremendously wealthy. A child is ill in hospital and they've come to London to see doctors. You remember Mrs. Broome, do you?"

"The woman who wept? Shall I ever forget her?" Mr. Campion spoke fervently. "My goodness, she was furious with Toberman!"

"Nearly as angry as I was! A beastly, beastly man!"

The loathing in the young voice was savage and Charles Luke, coming up behind her at that moment, caught the full flavor of it.

"Not me, I hope?" he said laughing, as Campion performed the introductions. "Some other poor fellow."

Julia regarded him with quick interest. She had expected the size and the heartiness and a certain masculine splendor, but Luke's own peculiar personality, which was catlike, was a surprise to her. He was a proud, lonely animal for all his force and liveliness.

A waiter brought his aperitif, which was a small scotch and soda, and as he sipped it gratefully he sighed. "Civilised," he said to Mr. Campion. "Humanising." He described a floating motion with his long hands. "Cigars and summer days and women in big hats, that's what it reminds me of." He was entirely unselfconscious and his dark face glowed with energy and pleasure at the picture.

"I like this pub of yours. I'd like to live here for a couple of weeks every other year." Although he was grinning he was not entirely joking as he glanced across at Julia. Something about her had made him gloomy, she was surprised to see.

"And how is the teenage world?" he inquired abruptly, revealing his train of thought. "All dreams and dance dresses, I hope. That's how it ought to be. Something with a future, if it's only disillusion. Mine is more homely country, and that's in the American sense." He glanced at Campion. "Some of the young thugs we're getting in nowadays are dreaming up weapons which would have been thought off-side by the Saints and Martyrs!" he remarked and returned to Julia. "This beastly man you were talking

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emphasis, but he's tremendously sound. He's a great natural judge of quality in anything, too. That seems to be a gift all on its own."

"Oh, I know," she said quickly, grateful for the change of subject. "Timothy's Uncle Eustace is like that. He's a connoisseur of eighteenth — century pictures, books, and silver, but he also seems to know by instinct, or so Timothy says, about modern stuff which isn't really in his province at all and which one might expect he'd rather hate. Do you know him?"

ancient. You'd never expect to find a lovely old dwelling like that in the midst of all those warehouses. I believe there was a medicinal well there once and the head is bricked over in one of the cellars."

Mr. Campion appeared suitably impressed and she warmed to him. He was very easy to talk to with those long clown lines in his pale face; a natural goon, born rather too early, she suspected.

"It was very good of you to agree to help me," she said abruptly.

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A.R. TABS



about when I came in? Is this the stern father who won't let you marry the boy-friend?"

"Of course not." She seemed shocked and he smiled at her, amused. "How much did Mr. Campion tell you on the telephone?" she inquired.

"Almost all, a brilliant precis," murmured Campion modestly. "What I omitted was the part played by Basil Toberman in resurrecting the tale at this particular time."

"Do you know he did it deliberately to harm Timothy? I actually heard him say it to Mr. Campion."

"How extraordinary!" Luke's lips curled despite himself. "I'm glad he's the beastly bloke, though. I'm sensitive about daughters who don't revere their dads. My own young woman isn't exactly respectful, but she's only eighteen months old." He

## Continuing . . . THE CHINA GOVERNESS

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was losing his suspicion of Julia. Mr. Campion noted with relief, and his eyes were friendly as they rested on her serious face. "Well, now," he said. "What do you want to know about young Mr. Kinnit's birth? Where his family came from or what has happened to it now?"

"Oh, we know he came from Turk Street, Ebbfield, but the place just isn't there any more. It was bombed to the ground."

"Turk Street?" Luke glanced at Campion. "You didn't tell me that."

"No." The man in the spectacles was apologetic. "The information came from what one might perhaps call 'other than concrete sources.' You haven't met Mrs. Broome, the nurse, Charles. She's a delightful

woman, but as a witness she's a treat of a special kind. The buses which brought the evacuees from London were thought to have come from the Turk Street area, but there's no proof that the boy came from there. Turk Street had a colorful reputation at one time and I thought we'd break all this to you when we saw you."

Julia glanced from one man to the other.

"I didn't know there was anything awful about Turk Street," she said quickly. "Mrs. Broome didn't, either. She just remembered the curious name. How awful was it? Vice or crime or what?"

Luke continued to watch her; he was not unreservedly on her side yet.

"It was low class," he said, using the old-fashioned phrase to see if it irritated her. "Why do you want to know about the young man's family?"

"I don't. Personally, I don't care if they were T.B. infested or orangutans. Timothy is Timothy to me and nothing and nobody else. It's Tim who seems to have become completely insane on the subject. Father wants to know about the family, but Timothy is mad to know."

Luke grunted. "Why aren't you leaving it to them? You can't hope to suppress anything, and if it's

there they'll find it as soon as you do."

"I know that, but I want to be prepared and I want to be in it." "Fair enough. He's cooled a little, has he? It happens," he added apologetically, for the color had come into her face and a new shyness to her eyes. "He was all set to elope, poor lad, and got shunted on to a new track suddenly."

"I know." Her voice broke, yet she had not looked away. "But as was I, and I wasn't."

Mr. Campion, who was sitting opposite Luke, and following the conversation with some misgiving, was unprepared for his reaction. A spasm of pure pain flickered over his face before he smiled faintly.

"Touche," he said. "Well, in that case we'll have to do something about it." He gave her a wider, disarming grin. "And it wouldn't hurt us to get a move on instead of asking damn silly questions, would it?"

It was an unusually definite promise from anyone as punctilious as the Superintendent, so Mr. Campion led the talk into other channels and the meal ended happily. He was not astonished to receive a telephone call from Luke three or four days later.

"That twenty-year-old inquiry in the Turk Street area," the Superintendent began, the microphone blurring and vibrating under the strain of his voice. "I haven't discovered very much, but, as I thought, I recollected something fairly recent which might tie up, and at last I've had a moment to study the file. You don't read the Ebbfield Observer, I suppose?"

"Supposition sustained, chum."

"All right. Don't let it worry you. There was a paragraph in it a few issues ago which might have interested you, and, since it appeared in print, I don't feel I'm divulging any departmental secrets by calling it to your notice. The headline reads, 'Model Dwelling Outrage. Lodger Identified. Man Understood to Have Left Country.' Got that?"

**M**R. CAMPION sounded mystified. "Yes. Model Dwelling refers to that Utility Flat down there, does it?"

"Yes. The idea is to build five more in the same enclosure. About five weeks ago there was trouble there on the top floor. An old couple had their home broken into one night while they were down at the local with their lodger. The place was wrecked in a very big way. When they came in the lodger took one look at the mess and fled after notifying the police by telephone, and the poor old lady had a stroke and died, thereby complicating the issue considerably from our point of view."

"Oh!" Mr. Campion was interested. The "indirect responsibility" question?

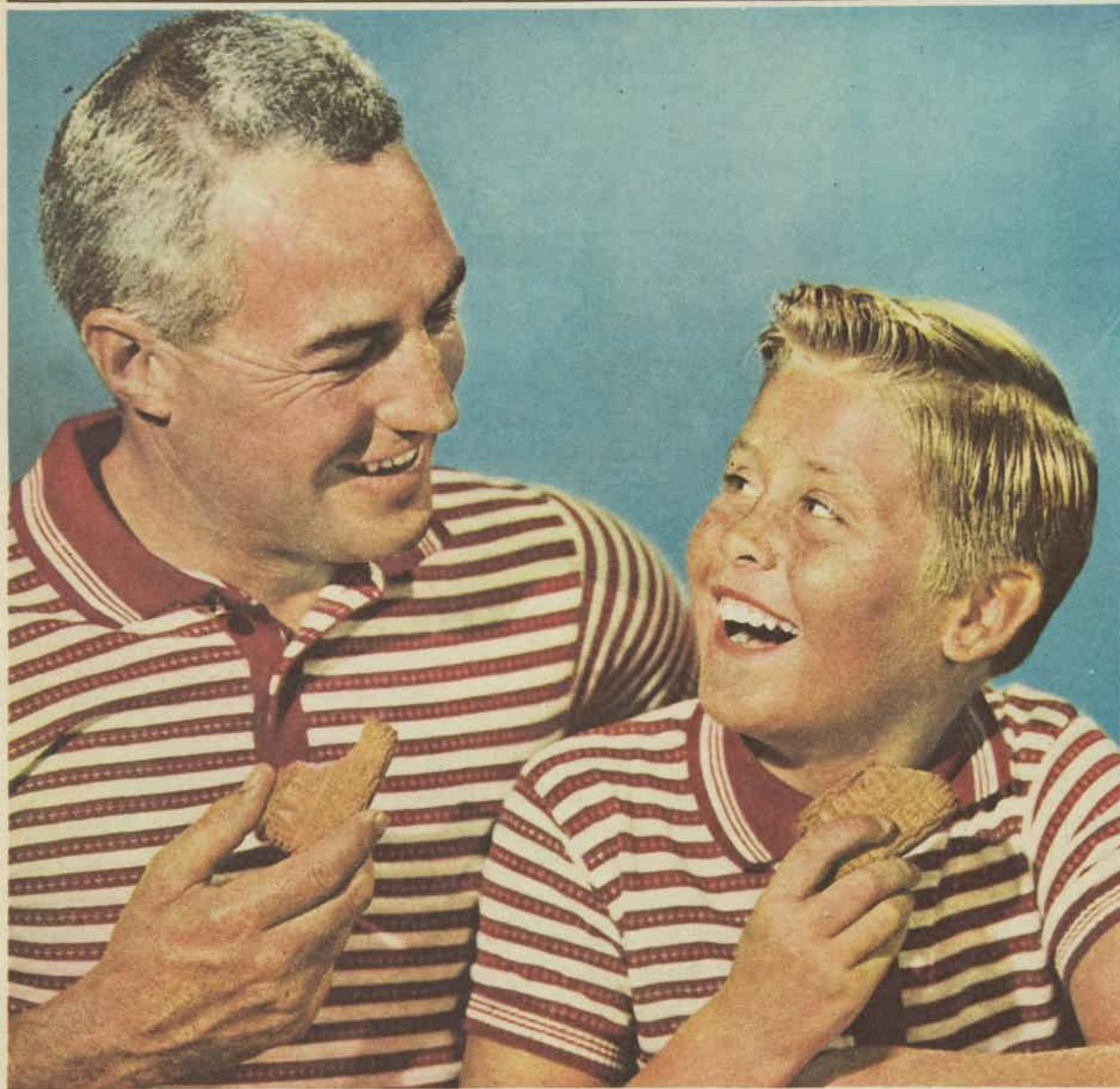
"Is that what it's called?" Luke was not enthusiastic. "All I know is that the legal bosses have suddenly got excited about any case where the original wicked action produces some extraneous consequence besides the one intended. In this business there was talk of a charge of murder or manslaughter. To me it just means more housework."

"However, there was considerable pressure put on our D.D.I. He is a Scot called Munday — and he had a local demon on his shoulder as well, in the shape of a Councillor who has to raise the cash to complete the building scheme. This lad wanted everything made sweet for a little quicker than soon. Munday worked like a fiend and finally discovered that the missing lodger was one of the Stalkeys."

"Really!" Mr. Campion was gratifyingly astonished. "The detective agency? Is that terrible old gentleman J. B. Stalkey still alive?"

"No. He's dead. Joe, the middle son, reigns in his stead and the other two, Ron and Reg, do the footlogging. Reg was the mysterious lodger. He seems to have taken one look at the damage and scampered. It must have shaken him, because he went right out of the country. He's looking up family

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Sharing a good idea . . .



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in Ontario now, according to Joe."

"What was he doing in Ebb-

Monday would like to know. He'll be waiting for him at the airport to ask him when he comes home. All we know is that he went from pub to pub raising the money for Turk Street in the old days and appeared particularly interested in any family who was connected from there to the country in the war. When I saw that in the report I wondered if he was on the same track as yourself."

"It has a likely smell. What does Joe say?"

"Nothing, Joe isn't talking. He's an old sea-lawyer his father was and he knows his rights. We've got no power over him. He's an ordinary citizen. English tees and licensed, as you know. He doesn't know what Reg was doing. He's protecting his client, of course." He paused.

"There's only one other point which might be of interest and that is that as soon as the Council gathered that the crime might have been committed in protest against an inquiry made by a private investigator he shut down on the whole thing like a piano lid and didn't want to hear any more about it. That was after he'd been hanging Monday on the telephone every half-hour."

"Oh!" Mr. Campion said slowly. "Has the D.D.I. any theory to explain it?"

"No. But the Councillor has a sister and a wife. He may just want a visit from the same sort of things. But if that's it, I'm surprised. He didn't strike me as that sort of bloke. He was more

## Continuing . . . THE CHINA GOVERNESS

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The man behind the desk was regarding him cautiously. He did not understand him and never had.

"Help yourself," he said. "It's all yours."

Mr. Campion seated himself in the client's chair and crossed his long legs.

"I wanted to see Reginald," he said. "But I hear he's in Canada. I wondered if he could tell me anything about Turk Street twenty years ago."

"I'll hand it to you, you've got on to it very quickly," Stalkey spoke without meeting Campion's eyes, letting the words slide out regretfully. "Ron lost his temper," he said.

Mr. Campion had no idea what he was talking about, but it appeared to be promising.

"Did he?" he murmured. "That's always dangerous."

"There's no real harm done," Joe Stalkey said irritably, "but, of course, Ron is a big man. He's heavier than I am and ten years younger. The kid put up an astonishing fight, but he hadn't an earthly chance and he is in a bit of a mess, I admit it." His eyes narrowed suddenly. "Am I making a monkey of myself by any chance?"

"We appear to have travelled

somewhat quicker than sound, if that's what you mean," he admitted. "Let me explain myself. I am interested in anything I can discover about a woman and a very young baby who were evacuated from Turk Street to an address in Suffolk on the day war broke out in '39. I heard today that your brother Reg was making the same sort of inquiry just before he went to Canada, and I wondered if we were all working on the same problem, and, if so, whether we could pool our resources. For an adequate consideration, of course."

"Damn!" Joe Stalkey was very angry with himself. "You chaps build such a great legend about yourselves that one believes it!" he

said with unreasonable reproach. "I didn't see how you could have got on to this morning's shindig, but because it was fresh in my mind I assumed you must have done as soon as you mentioned Turk Street."

"You're the reason the Central Branch have suddenly got interested again, I suppose? You've stirred them up and they've stirred up the police down there and some wretched detective-constable went and told the kid. Otherwise it wouldn't have all happened together, would it? A coincidence like that couldn't have occurred otherwise. Your coming in here in the afternoon just when Ron had been tackled by the kid in the morning. I was justified in making that mistake."

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## NEW FASHION LUX for the special washing care these lovely fashions need

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It's easy when you know about New Fashion Lux. New Fashion Lux Flakes are so gentle, and you'll love the delicate new fragrance. Lux is all pure, mild soap, made to protect everything you wash with care by hand or machine. It's the new-fashioned way to be kind to delicate fibres and special finishes. Only New Fashion Lux is safe enough for the things you treasure.

- \* Pure, soft, gentle flakes
- \* Delicate new fragrance
- \* Smart new pack



the financial sort. The I'll-do-you-good-I'll-kill-us-both type of social worker." He laughed. "Well, there it is," he said. "All I can do at the moment, I'm afraid, I liked the girl. They've got great charm when they're honest, haven't they?"

He rang off and after a while Mr. Campion took his hat and went down to the East Central District, where in a dusty cul-de-sac there was an unobtrusive door whose small plate announced modestly: "J. R. Stalkey and Sons, Inquiry Agency. Established 1902."

He found Joe Stalkey sitting in his father's old chair in an office which had remained carefully unchanged since the founder of the firm had first conceived the idea of a private-detective agency having the standing of a firm of family solicitors.

"This is a bit of an honor, isn't it?" Joe demanded, his smile leering. "I don't think you've been in here in twenty years, have you, Mr. Campion? What can we do for you? As long as it's legal and the money is safe we're not choosy. We can't afford it. We haven't had the advantages of some people. Do sit down, won't you? I have at least ten minutes before a client."

"Who must be nameless, steps out of a brougham with a coronet on the door," murmured Mr. Campion with such complete seriousness that he might just have meant it as a compliment. "You're very obliging. I don't think your father would have been so kind. He never appreciated my style, I felt."



Left: Suit by Tiger Queen. Cotton cocktail frock by Purple Parrot of Kings Cross. Charming Parolina dress by Robert White. They all say, "Use pure, mild New Fashion Lux."

If it's safe in water, it's safe in New Fashion Lux

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 20, 1963

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## Pain and its relief...

### AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE TO EVERY WOMAN

# What you should know about the formula of

# Alka-Seltzer

Trade Mark

## and its unique dual action

Alka-Seltzer is a family home remedy  
for the safe relief of commonplace ailments  
which affect most people from time to time

#### A principal use of Alka-Seltzer is for the relief of Aches and Pains

Headache . . . muscular aches and pains from over-exertion or unaccustomed activity . . . nerve pain—all these respond to the soothing relief which Alka-Seltzer so speedily provides.

#### Alka-Seltzer is also most effective in relieving Stomach Upset and Indigestion

Rich food, too much food or drink, hurried or irregular meals—these may all cause abdominal discomfort and a feeling of "fullness," or the distress of heartburn, flatulence—even nausea.

(Continuous indigestion or stomach upsets are not a matter for home medication—a doctor should be consulted.)

That "out-of-sorts" feeling is also rapidly relieved by Alka-Seltzer. The term "out-of-sorts" is used here to describe the lack of well-being caused by too much food or drink; during colds; and when hot or humid weather brings on a summer headache feeling; Alka-Seltzer provides speedy relief.

#### What is Alka-Seltzer?

It is the world's most popular dual-purpose remedy. It has been widely used as a family home remedy throughout the world since 1928. Each Alka-Seltzer tablet contains 5 grains of acetylsalicylic acid (aspirin) with an effervescent base of citric acid (14.9 grains) and sodium bicarbonate (25.1 grains). (Alka-Seltzer does not contain phenacetin, or codeine.) However, the user does not take Alka-Seltzer in tablet form.

*Alka-Seltzer must ALWAYS be taken in water! It then becomes a solution which contains:*

1. Soluble sodium salt of aspirin.
2. Sodium citrate.
3. Sodium bicarbonate (trace).
4. Dissolved carbon dioxide.

Because the tablets are dissolved before being taken, not only is an important chemical change in the tablet ingredients effected, but adequate fluid intake is ensured for effective and prompt action. Alka-Seltzer solution is two medicines in one. It not only contains an efficient and quick-acting pain-reliever, but also an ingredient to relieve stomach upsets and neutralize excess stomach acidity. It does not have the harsh acid reaction of so many other aspirin type products.

#### What happens when you take Alka-Seltzer?

The pain reliever contained in Alka-Seltzer is quickly absorbed into the system. The sodium citrate in Alka-Seltzer solution buffers excess stomach acidity and the carbonated solution quiets upset stomach, giving quick relief.

#### How does a headache remedy work?

Relief is obtained only when the analgesic is absorbed into the bloodstream. It is obvious that ordinary tablets or powders (which are fine-grained solids) must be dissolved before they become effective. There-

fore "instant" relief is impossible! But Alka-Seltzer is pre-dissolved! Because it is taken as a liquid, it goes to work so much more rapidly!

#### Alka-Seltzer and safety

Alka-Seltzer is a home remedy for relief of symptoms of simple complaints. It is not a tranquilliser or a pep drug and, like any other medicine, it should only be used when there is a need.

#### Who makes Alka-Seltzer?

Miles Laboratories, one of the world's leading manufacturers of pharmaceutical products with a world-wide reputation for ethical standards and high quality. As an international company Miles Laboratories back Alka-Seltzer with the facilities of extensive quality control and research laboratories. A constant programme of testing and development is your safeguard.

#### What is the Alka-Seltzer dosage?

**For Adults**—one or two tablets in water as required. Not more than 12 tablets should be taken in any 24-hour period.

**For Children:** 3-5 years . . . 1 tablet  
6-12 years . . . 1 tablet  
Over 12 years . . . same as adults (1-2 tablets)

Dose may be repeated not more often than 4 hourly. Alka-Seltzer should not be given to children under 3 years without medical advice.

(Note: Alka-Seltzer solution contains a salt of aspirin and should not be taken by people whose doctor has advised them not to take aspirin, nor by those who are on a salt-reduced diet.)

YOU CAN RELY ON ALKA-SELTZER—IT REALLY WORKS.

## Continuing . . . THE CHINA GOVERNESS

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"I'll come clean," Campion said. "I'm not with you at all. Ron is your younger brother, isn't he? He is carrying on Reg's inquiries, I suppose?"

"Like hell he is!" Joe Stalkey showed evidence of having a temper himself.

"That isn't our sort of business at all, Mr. Campion. You've no idea what the state of that flat was after the wrecking. I saw Reg before he left for Canada and he was shocked, I tell you. There the message was, you know, written right across a mirror: 'Dick, go home!' Like an American film. I don't know what the younger generation is coming to. Stalkey and Sons isn't that kind of concern. Nice neat evidence, clear reports, and, if necessary, a discreet and creditable appearance in court; that's all we contract for. As soon as we saw what we were on to we walked out and stayed out. Our sort of clients aren't the class to get involved in violence!"

Mr. Campion put a cautious question.

"If Stalkey and Sons washed its hands of Turk Street when the flat was wrecked and Reg went to Canada, how did Ron get into the business?"

The flush on Joe Stalkey's face deepened. "The fool went to get Reg's shoes—can you beat it? As you probably would not know, East End repairs charge a quarter of what one has to pay elsewhere and the work is often much better. When Reg was down there he left a couple of favorite pairs of shoes with some little one-man outfit and told Ron to pick them up for him when he had a moment. This morning he was going that way so he telephoned to ask if the shoes were ready, found they were, went down there. Of course, the kid had been tipped off and was waiting for him."

Mr. Campion took a long breath. "When you say 'the kid,' he began, 'who?'"

"You know quite well who I mean. I mean young Kinnit," Joe said. "There's no point in beating about that bush, in my opinion. We were acting for his legal guardians. The aunt and father by adoption. Alison and Eustace Kinnit. Actually we dealt with the woman. We were employed by the family before, you see, when they were first trying to trace the kid's identity about fifteen or sixteen years ago. Father handled it on that occasion, but it was hopeless from the start. It was just after the war ended and the whole

area was still a shambles, records lost and everything. Pa satisfied the court that every avenue had been explored without result and the adoption or guardianship or whatever it was went through and that was that."

"You are telling me seriously that young Kinnit was responsible for wrecking the Council flat? Have you any proof of this at all?" Campion asked.

"I don't want any. I don't want anything to do with it, and don't forget anything I'm telling you now is off the record."

Joe Stalkey's face, unattractive to start with, was not improved by an expression of obstinate prejudice. "Of course he is. Ron repeats that he's babbling about having been locked in his college at Oxford at the hour in question, but that only proves he has some useful friends or enough money to employ a few hooligans. What one

**A**LL characters in serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

might be able to prove is one thing, but what we know must be the truth is another. Be your age, Campion. Who are you working for? The little lad himself?"

"No. I belong to the other side of the family. I am protecting the interests of the girl-friend."

"Are you, indeed? Quite a client!" He was openly vicious. "There's gold in them thar quarters. Oh, well, good luck to you. You're welcome to everything we've got—in the right price, of course. Happy to oblige you, but in this particular case we don't want to work with you. We're come out and we're staying out, especially after this morning's performance. That kid is decadent and dangerous. It never pays to take a youngster out of his normal environment and bring him up in something phony."

"Do we know what his normal environment was? I thought that was the object of the exercise."

"We know he came from a vicious slum."

"Do you? Is that established?"

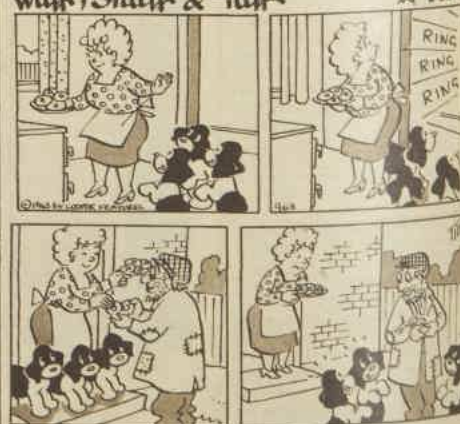
"He went to Angevin by bus with a lot of other people from Turk Street and he was abandoned, which is a Turk Street trick if ever there was one. He's a violent young brute, anyhow."

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#### FOR THE CHILDREN

#### Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM





## Continuing . . . THE CHINA GOVERNESS

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was the chap who was making the inquiries about Turk Street just before the war, and if so who was employing him. He went for me with a cough like a lunatic, and naturally I defended myself. But then I went out like a light — I suppose from this wallop on my head."

"Ron brought him along in his car," Joe Stalkey said, avoiding Mr. Campion's eyes. "He intended to turn him over to the police, naturally, but as it turned out—"

Mr. Campion coughed. "A wallet happened to slip out of his pocket, spilling an old envelope with his name upon it, no doubt?"

"Well, things like that do occur, as you must know as well as any-

body," Stalkey said testily. "Anyhow, you can't blame Ron for being nervous. Reg had simply seen the quality of that damage to the flat, and he threw up the case and cleared out to Canada for a rest, remember. So this morning when an attack was made on Ron he was prepared for it. You'll never shake him on that."

Mr. Campion shook his head. "No, I don't suppose one ever could," he admitted. "Never mind. Where are Mr. Kinnit's clothes?"

"In the next room. He had a bit of a nose-bleed and they got smothered. Ron took them to dis-

cover if anything could be done about tidying them up. So Mr. Kinnit could go home in them, you see?"

Mr. Campion's lips twitched. "Only too well. The error becomes more apparent at every turn. Ron has my sincere sympathy."

"I wish you'd all stop blathering and just get me a pair of trousers," Timothy said wearily. He stood looking at Joe for a moment, debating his next statement.

"I've nothing against your brother," he said at last. "I shan't make any complaint. But I want the answer to my original question. Who was employing you all? Who is trying to find out about me?"

Mr. Campion took the young man

by the arm and lowered him gently on to the bed again, and Joe came a step nearer.

"So you knew you came from Turk Street?"

"No. I knew that some evacuees went to Angevin from there. I don't know now that I was one of them. Who was employing your brother?"

"You're asking us to divulge the name of a client, you know," Joe protested.

Timothy sighed. "Then there is a client." He sounded oddly resigned. "I went to look for Turk Street because my old nurse mentioned that name in front of my fiancée and I got the story out of her. I found a young bobby down there and chummed up with him and he told me a private detective had been

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## FROM THE BIBLE

♦ "Be not conformed to this world."

— Romans 12.2.

This looks like a rebellious order, but Saint Paul knows that to please God people cannot fall into the ways and habits of those who do not love Him.

Stalkey's friend and employer, Geraldine Telpher. Interment today in Harold Dene Cemetery, etc. . . . A governess, I think the boy said the war."

The washroom under the old building where Stalkey and Sons had their offices had been converted somewhat casually from what might well have been an air-raid shelter and was in fact a wine vault, relic of more spacious days.

There was a rug-covered camped at one end, and when Mr. Campion entered, Timothy Kinnit was seated upon it, clad only in singlet and shorts.

"Hello," he said. "I know you. You're Albert Campion. Surely you're not a part of this outfit of lunatics? Where's that damn fool with my clothes?"

Mr. Campion glanced behind him. "I appear to be alone," he said pleasantly. "Joseph Stalkey has passed to speak to his brother, who is undergoing repairs in the annex. If it's any comfort to you, he, too, has a few souvenirs of the encounter."

The young man got up unsteadily. "My face'll clear up," he said, reeling slightly as he bent toward a looking-glass.

"He's all right," Joe Stalkey said, as he came in. "He's all right. That's all superficial stuff."

The man in the horn-rimmed spectacles raised his eyebrows.

"Be reasonable," Joe said. "A man must have some means of defending himself. Ron expected trouble this morning, don't forget that. He was going back into the area. He realised that the young things who would wreck an old people's flat in that peculiarly brutal way merely to warn Reg of an inquiry would be on the lookout for any return. That's why when the attack did come he was ready for it."

"But there was no attack!" Timothy exploded. "I simply walked out from behind the counter where I was waiting, talking to the cobbler, and asked the man if he



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### Cheese and Beef Dip

Half pound sharp cheese (coarsely grated), ¼ lb. cold cooked beef (finely chopped), ½ cup Rosella Tomato Sauce, 1 clove garlic, ½ beaten egg. Combine cheese, Rosella Tomato Sauce, beef, and garlic, and heat over water in double boiler until cheese is melted. Remove garlic. Remove mixture from heat, add beaten egg. Stand several days in refrigerator. Reheat and serve with savory biscuits as a dip. Canned sheep's tongues, cooked corned beef, ham, or luncheon meats would give variation to the flavor of the dip.

\* Another Recipe from the Leila Howard Test Kitchen

# Rosella

Australia's top-selling TOMATO SAUCE

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chased out of the district for making inquiries. He put me on to the old man who had had the detective as a lodger and he put me on to the cobbler. You say the detective was your brother, so you can tell me what I want to know. Who is employing your family?"

"Well, I don't suppose it'll do any harm, because we're not working for them now," Joe said. "We're turning the whole thing in. It's not our sort of business at all, thank you. As a matter of fact, my brother Reg was working for Miss Alison Kinnit and Mr. Eustace Kinnit. They approached us just before Christmas."

"Are you sure Eustace was in it?"

"Of course. I saw him myself. It was my duty to warn them that there was very little chance of us having

much success. My father undertook the original inquiry in '44 or '45 when the question of regularising the position of Mr. Kinnit's guardianship arose. My father had to confess failure then and I have to do it again now. I don't think you've got much to worry about, young man."

The sneer passed clean over Timothy's head. He seemed completely shattered.

"Twice!" he said. "Get me some clothes for heaven's sake, there's a good chap, and let me get out of here."

He got up and staggered dangerously. Mr. Campion caught him.

"I really think you'd better come along with me," he said. "There's only one expert I know of who'll get you presentable in a reasonable time. Joe, send your secretary for a taxi and lend us a raincoat."

They went to Mr. Campion's old flat in Bottle Street. The Police Station which used to be next door had gone, and time and rebuilding had changed most of the other landmarks, but the pleasant, shabby four-room hideout remained much as it had always been.

Timothy sat in a faded wing-chair before a gas fire, Joe Stalkey's trench-coat still covering his bloodstained clothes, and glanced dully round walls cluttered with souvenirs. Although the apartment was only just off Piccadilly, it was astonishingly quiet and somehow remote and even secret in the afternoon.

The sound of a key in the lock of the door was unexpected and Mr. Campion put his head out of the kitchen, kettle in hand.

"Lugg?"

"Ullo?" There was an upheaval in the narrow hall and the panelled wall shuddered. The newcomer was breathless and his accent London at its thickest.

"We have a customer."

"Recly?" The sitting-room

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door opened at once and a huge old man whose personality was as definite and obtrusive as an odor appeared in the opening. Even in an era when individuality in dress is a cult, his clothes were noticeable. He was wearing a hard hat of the low round kind favored by hunting men, and with it a black duffel-coat lined with white. His large pale face and heavy moustache were alive with interest and curiosity. He glanced at Timothy twice; once casually, and then with a long hard stare from small, unexpectedly shrewd eyes.

"I thought you'd bin fightin' at first," he remarked. "Knuckle-dusters, eh? Where you been, son?"

## MR. CAMPION

came in and gave him a brief explanation.

"Stalkey!" Lugg was contemptuous. "It was only 'is name give the old man the idea of being a detective at all. But wot a way to treat a client's nevy. You could 'ave died and then where would they be? Standin' wiv the bill in their 'ands, not knowing where to send it."

"And who are you working for?" Timothy demanded. The question came out brashly and he flushed. "I'm sorry," he said. "I'm not trying to be offensive and I'm helplessly grateful to you. But why are you interested in this tatty old business of my maternity?"

The bitterness in his tone was unmistakable and Campion responded to it involuntarily.

"My dear fellow, don't take it like that!" he protested. "I'll tell you all I know, which is little enough, in a minute or two as soon as we've got you patched up a bit. Meanwhile, what's all this Joe Stalkey told me about you

being due at a funeral this afternoon?"

"No, I'm not due at it," Timothy said. "I just said I thought I ought not to turn up to the house in the middle of it looking like this, though, and Stalkey agreed with me."

"As well 'e might!" Mr. Lugg, who had removed his coat, now took off his hat and thrust it at his patient. "See that? The idea of this is to perfect yer 'ead from an 'orse's 'oof. If you're goin' to keep stickin' your 'ead into trouble you ought to buy yer-self one. I'll give yer the name of the place. Now let's see yer."

He made a long and careful exploration of the damage and finally sighed. "Yes, well," he said. "Ron Stalkey can say 'is prayers. 'E's lucky 'e's not up before the beak for that lot. Come on into the barroom, mate, and we'll start the beauty treatment."

An hour later he was still talking. Timothy, who was looking much more like himself, was wrapped in a bathrobe of his host's, while Lugg considered his ruined clothes.

"No," he said regretfully, turning over the torn and blood-soaked flannel trousers. "Not recly. Not for a funeral. It would be 'earless and not quite the article. 'Oose is it? Someone yer know?"

"Hardly at all. She was a stranger. Just an elderly woman staying in the house, Miss Saxon. I hardly knew her. I'm afraid, but the funeral was announced in the paper this morning. Joe Stalkey pointed it out to me. Eustace must have made the arrangements and put the advertisement in automatically. She came from South Africa with our — or rather Eustace's — relative, Mrs. Telfer. She was helping her with her child, you see."

Mr. Lugg managed to convey without offence that he did not see.

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. . . by Ted Key



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"Mrs. Telfer brought her child to England for medical treatment. It's in hospital now and Miss Saxon came with them to help. They've been staying in the Well House for about six weeks. I had no idea the old lady had heart trouble."

"She died sudden, did she?"

"Yes. In her sleep last Sunday night. I've been down in Ebbfield most of the time since then."

"Persoon' your private investigations?"

"Well, yes. You could call it that, I suppose."

Campion felt it was time to intervene.

"I hope you don't mind,"

he said. "But I telephoned Mrs. Broome at the Well House about half an hour ago and asked her to bring you a change. She should be here at any moment."

"What is all this? What do you know about Mrs. Broome? You're very kind, but just who has invited you into this? Aunt Alice, I suppose! Who else is involved?"

"I do apologise," Mr. Campion said. "I told you I'd tell you all I know; here it is. I have an old friend whom you know. His name is Anthony Laurell."

"Julia's father? Oh! I'm sorry. He didn't tell me."

To page 67

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## Continuing . . . THE CHINA GOVERNESS

from page 66

Broome will explain all this if you care to hear it. I see I'm not going to stop her."

"Tell Mr. Campion exactly what happened when Miss Saxon fell. Tell him exactly what you told me," Julia said as Tim left the room.

"Did 'e lay 'and on 'er?" The question, put with earnest interest by Mr. Lugg, who had been forgotten, startled everybody, and Mrs. Broome turned to him scandalised.

"Of course not!" she said. "Well don't worry and don't repeat it. 'E didn't touch 'er and that's the end. Wot did 'appen to 'er? For the sake of the record. Start wiv 'oo she was," he suggested.

Mrs. Broome's radiant smile reappeared. "Well that was very diffi-

cult to find out, although I tried hard enough," she said frankly. "She used to talk to me by the hour. She told me all about the diamonds and everything."

"Diamonds. Now we're coming to something. Where do they come in?"

"They don't. I never saw them. But they're there in the safe deposit," she added, cheering visibly.

"Mrs. Telfer put them there because, as she told Miss Saxon, it wasn't fair to Mr. Eustace to keep them in the house."

"Tell them about the kitchen door," Julia suggested.

Mrs. Broome permitted herself to

be kept to the point. "Mr. Tim and I were in the kitchen having silly words about something which after all did happen over twenty years ago, when he suddenly stopped shouting at me and said, 'Nan, there's someone listening outside that blasted door.' He leapt across the room and wrenched open the heavy old door and there she was leaning against the other side. So down she came, poor silly old thing, right down the two steps on to the stones. Mr. Tim and I picked her up at once, but we certainly didn't shake her."

"She did not die at once, then?" Mr. Campion asked.

"Oh, no, thank goodness! That would have frightened Mr. Timmy

and me! She waited until she got into bed and then she had a heart attack and died and wasn't found until the morning. The doctor said the fall was quite enough to bring it on with a heart like hers."

"When did she tell Mrs. Telfer about the shaking?"

"The night before. She went to bed early with me fussing around. Mrs. Telfer was worried, because, of course, they were in someone else's house and illness and accidents are a trouble however polite the people are. In the morning it was dreadful when we knew she was dead. Mr. Tim felt so guilty about pulling the door open and he was worried to death, anyhow, about the silly evacuee story of Mr. Basil's, which really is the stupidest thing I ever heard, that he went off

To page 69

### Kotex is confidence



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**Slenderline -**  
a slimmer napkin for greater comfort. Moisture-proof inner shield for added protection.

\* Both Kotex napkins feature Wondersoft covering and tapered ends and hygienically sealed bags for your protection.

"He spoke to me about you quite a long time ago when you and Julia were first going around together. He asked me if I'd heard a little tale which was going the rounds and I had not, but I was interested, and so when I received an invitation to Angevin to see some ceramics I accepted. It was there I encountered Mrs. Broome."

"I see. I'm sorry. How did you know she was at the Well House now?"

"Julia told me."

"Julia!" His voice quivered. "Is she pulling strings, too?"

"You can hardly expect the poor girl not to be interested." Mr. Campion spoke with asperity. "She's a live with you and naturally she's interested."

"Do you think I don't know that? And do you think I'm not interested myself? The point your old college chum doesn't seem to have confided to you," the boy continued bitterly, "is that he has extracted a promise from me not to see or speak to Julia until all this has been cleared up. Moreover, he hasn't explained that fact to her yet."

Mr. Campion perceived the situation. "Mrs. Broome need only hand your bag in. If you don't want to see her, Lugg can simply take it from her in the passage. There's someone coming up now, I fancy. You hear everything in these old buildings."

As the outer door was opened by Lugg the murmur of protesting voices was very audible.

Timothy stood up abruptly.

"That's Julia!"

He pulled the door open and Mr. Lugg, for once completely put out, stepped back to admit two

**J**ULIA appeared from looking smartly casual as usual. Mrs. Broome followed her.

"Oh, what happened to you?" Julia would have flung her arms about his neck but he repulsed her gently.

"Nothing much. I'm all right. I had a dust-up with a bigger boy. That's all." He turned to Mrs. Broome. "Did you bring me some clothes?"

"They're in the case," she said. "Everything you could possibly want lugged right across London at a moment's notice by me and the sweetest, prettiest little princess of a girl who's much too good for you and I don't care who I say it in front of."

"It is most kind of you, Mrs. Broome," Mr. Campion said firmly. "Could I ask you to unpack them in the bedroom?"

"In a minute, sir. There's just something I ought to say first. I'm responsible for bringing Miss Julia. In fact, I made her come with me. Before you rang she came to the Well House looking for Mr. Timothy to tell him something. As you as I heard what it was I said at once that she'd better come here with me. Some things are serious. Some tales are dangerous and must be stopped. I was there and the only thing he did was to open the door and in the fell . . ."

"Basil Toberman has privileges because he's almost part of the family, but even so he mustn't be allowed to go about saying you helped to kill a poor little old lady."

"What the hell is all this?" Tim demanded, turning to Julia.

"I don't know, Tim. Don't be angry with me. I just thought it was a story which ought to be sorted pretty quickly. It's silly and untrue, I know, but it's being mixed with the other business. The inference is that you're reverting to type."

"Basil is a peculiar chap," he said. "He doesn't mean the things he says. He just talks to amuse himself. He means us no harm."

"It was a patron's point of view and highly mistaken, as Mr. Campion knew for a fact."

"I don't suppose poor old Miss Saxon would have died just then if it hadn't been for me." He got up abruptly and smiled ruefully at Campion. "I'll go and dress if you'll forgive me," he said. "Nanny

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The Galamatic wash-bowl gives you exclusive Gala no-tangle washing action that rolls and turns clothes separately, 65 times a minute, turning clinging dirt into float-away suds. Cleansing suds reach every fibre of clothes washed by Galamatic's no-tangle action.



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The Galamatic spin-dryer is designed specially to rinse and dry clothes. It does not have to double as a wash-bowl, as in single-tub automatic washers.

The Galamatic spin-dryer spins 2,850 times a minute—more than twice as fast as the dryer in any single-tub automatic washer available in Australia... yet your most delicate garments are completely safe in this smooth-sided Galamatic spin-dryer. Light fabrics come out ready to iron. Thick blankets are lighter, easier to handle, than ever before.



*...and has all these time and money saving features:*

#### saves washing time

Galamatic completes an average 12 lb. wash in 15 minutes. This is half the time that a single-tub automatic washer takes to complete the same washload. With Galamatic's twin-tubs, 6 lb. of clothes are being washed while 6 lb. are being rinsed and dried at the same time. Exclusive "no-tangle" washing action and smooth spin-drying saves ironing time, too. Clothes are drier and have no hard-to-iron creases.



#### easy to operate

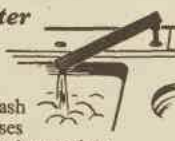
Just set two simple automatic controls and Galamatic does the rest. It washes for the correct time, according to the type of washload.

The heater model, with thermostatic control, automatically maintains the correct water temperature throughout the wash. And Galamatic switches itself off when washing is completed.



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The spin dryer bowl has the holes at the bottom so that rinsing water is drawn right down through the clothes. Every trace of suds is rinsed out of the clothes. Galamatic's specially designed spin-dryer gives most efficient rinsing and drying.



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Individual table-top lids on the washer and dryer bowl cannot be opened by young children. The Galamatic spin-dryer will not operate until the safety, transparent "see through" lid is closed. A special safety brake stops the spin-dryer within 2½ seconds of the lid being opened. Galamatic's controls are in a rear panel on top of the machine, out of reach of young children.



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**WASHES CLEANEST-SPINS DRIEST**  
**because Gala is the specialist washer**

GL 291-65



## THE CHINA GOVERNESS

from page 67

as soon as he knew from the  
lady that he wasn't to blame  
and he has hardly been home  
since."

"Your young lordship  
ought to be dressed by now.  
You'll all go 'ome together,  
I expect." Lugg shuffled out  
of the room and Julia got up  
hastily and looked at Cam-  
eron.

"I don't want to leave it  
like this," she began. "Basil  
Tuberman is doing Tim  
active harm. He's got to be  
stopped. If I thought —"  
She was silenced in mid-  
sentence by the reappearance  
of Mr. Lugg, whose face was  
black with surprise.

"Then," he announced,  
"he went down the fire  
escape so as not to disturb us.  
Wot's your feller up to, eh?"  
"Poor Tim," said Julia.

The highway to the East  
which ran through the  
borough of Ebbfield had  
always been a main road, and  
even now, despite the vast  
garages, the pylons, and the  
highly painted factory glass-  
houses which had sprung up  
beside it, there still remained  
the occasional trace of past  
cultures.

One of these was a frag-  
ment of a terrace of early-  
Victorian middle-class houses  
of a type which had once  
lined the broad road for two  
miles on either side. There  
were three of them left, tall

and dark-bricked, with semi-  
basement kitchens and once-  
splendid flights of stone steps  
leading to square porches and  
fine front doors. The middle  
one possessed a cast-iron  
gate with a patch of bald,  
sour earth just inside it, and  
a nameplate bearing the num-  
ber 172 and the words  
"Waterloo Lodge" welded to  
its serpentine tracery.

It was raining and dark  
when Timothy Kinnit found  
the address at last. He ran up  
the stone steps and pulled the  
brass knob which he found  
beside the door.

**T**HERE was move-  
ment inside the house and a  
light appeared in the trans-  
om above his head. The  
door opened abruptly and a  
somewhat brusque feminine  
voice announced: "Mrs. Corn-  
ish."

"I'm so sorry to trouble  
you and I'm afraid you don't  
know me at all, but I was  
given this address by Tom  
Tray. He repairs shoes in  
Carroway Street off the  
Orient Road. I was hoping  
that Councillor Cornish  
could spare me a moment or  
so?"

For a moment she regarded  
him with surprised approval.

"What have you been do-

ing, fighting? I warn you we  
don't approve of boxing.  
Come in and I'll inquire if  
Mr. Cornish will see you.  
What is it? Youth Clubs?"

"No, I'm afraid it's not."  
He followed her into a long  
shabby hall which could  
have belonged to any care-  
less or overworked profes-  
sional man at any period  
during the past hundred  
years.

"What did you say you  
wanted to see the Councillor  
about? I don't imagine  
you're from a firm, so I  
assume you're canvassing."

"It's nothing like that. I  
merely want to ask him  
something about Turk Street  
long ago and—"

"Oh, you're a reporter. Not  
from one of the local papers,  
because I know them."

"I'm not! I'm here on my  
own account. I'm told that  
your husband knows more  
about Ebbfield than anyone  
else. Some weeks ago a de-  
tective—"

"A detective!" She gave  
him a long suspicious look  
which he found vaguely un-  
pleasant. "So you're a detec-  
tive! I ought to throw you  
out at once, but you wait in  
here, and if he wants to see  
you I shan't stop him."

She thrust him into an air-  
less dining-room in which no  
one had eaten for a very long  
time, and left him. It was  
a depressing room and he was  
still looking about him gloom-  
ily when the door shot open  
once more and the Councillor  
appeared, his wife behind him.

Timothy recognised the  
type at once. His university  
was full of them; all passion-  
ate, dedicated, sometimes  
wrong-headed men wedded to  
an assortment of ideas of  
which a few were practical.  
The fire behind his eyes, his  
long bony wrists, and impat-  
ient gestures were all pecu-  
liarly familiar, but the more  
disconcerting because he had  
not expected to find them in  
the Ebbfield High Road.

"As I have already told  
one representative of your  
firm this morning, the matter  
is closed," he said. "I don't  
want to hear any more about  
it. I have the name of your  
client and that is all I wanted  
to know when I invited him  
to call on me."

Timothy relaxed. "I'm  
sorry, sir. You're making a  
mistake," he said cheerfully.

"You were directed here  
by Stalkey and Sons?"

"No, sir, I got your name  
from the cobbler in Carroway  
Street."

"Have you any connection  
with the Stalkeys at all? Do  
you know them? Is the name  
familiar?" There was more  
force in the probing than the  
subject warranted and the  
younger man hesitated.

"I got myself beaten up by  
one of the brothers this morn-  
ing," he said at last.

The Councillor stared at  
him and presently spoke more  
mildly. "That's a very danger-  
ous accusation unless you're  
perfectly sure what you mean  
by it, my boy." Without his

To page 70

## Notice to Contributors

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script or write clearly in  
ink, using only one side of  
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## AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting March 13

**ARIES**  
MAR. 21—APR. 20  
\* Lucky number this week, 3.  
\* Favourable colors, orange.  
\* Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.

**TAURUS**  
APR. 21—MAY 20  
\* Lucky number this week, 9.  
\* Favourable colors, green, blue.  
\* Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.

**GEMINI**  
MAY 21—JUNE 20  
\* Lucky number this week, 5.  
\* Favourable colors, blue, pink.  
\* Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

**CANCER**  
JUNE 21—JULY 20  
\* Lucky number this week, 3.  
\* Favourable colors, purple, red.  
\* Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.

**LEO**  
JULY 21—AUG. 20  
\* Lucky number this week, 1.  
\* Favourable colors, orange, olive.  
\* Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.

**VIRGO**  
AUG. 21—SEPT. 20  
\* Lucky number this week, 1.  
\* Favourable colors, orange, black.  
\* Lucky days, Sat., Monday.

**LIBRA**  
SEPT. 21—OCT. 20  
\* Lucky number this week, 1.  
\* Favourable colors, tricolors, black.  
\* Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

**SCORPIO**  
OCT. 21—NOV. 20  
\* Lucky number this week, 1.  
\* Favourable colors, orange, olive.  
\* Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.

**SAGITTARIUS**  
NOV. 21—DEC. 20  
\* Lucky number this week, 5.  
\* Favourable colors, blue, red.  
\* Lucky days, Sat., Monday.

**CAPRICORN**  
DEC. 21—JAN. 20  
\* Lucky number this week, 5.  
\* Favourable colors, grey, pink.  
\* Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

**AQUARIUS**  
JAN. 21—FEB. 20  
\* Lucky number this week, 9.  
\* Favourable colors, green, blue.  
\* Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.

**PISCES**  
FEB. 21—MAR. 20  
\* Lucky number this week, 7.  
\* Favourable colors, green, brown.  
\* Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological  
advice as a feature of interest only, without accepting any  
responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.



animosity he was revealed as a pleasant person, a little inhuman, perhaps, but possessing a streak of dry humor.

"I should hardly have thought that man I met would have hung about long enough to beat up anybody," he remarked, sniffing a little. "His brother, who he assured me was working down here on an inquiry, made the most indecently hasty departure from trouble which I ever witnessed. He was literally jet-propelled and all the way to Canada, I believe. What's your name?"

"Timothy Kinnit, sir."

"Kinnit!" The word was an explosion, and the lined aesthetic face grew rigid. "What's this about? Eh?" He turned to his wife. "Marion, leave me with this young man for a minute or two, will you?"

## Continuing . . . THE CHINA GOVERNESS

from page 69

The Councillor waited until her footsteps had died away before he leaned across the table in an effort, apparently, to be reasonable at all costs.

"Did Miss Alison Kinnit send you?" he said.

Timothy stared. "Alison? Why should she?"

"You know her then?"

"Of course I do. She and her brother brought me up, I live with them."

"Oh. Then perhaps you know a woman called Flavia Aicheson?"

"Certainly I know her," he admitted. "She's been around all my life. She's a great friend of Aunt Alison's and a very nice old thing.

Has she been making trouble on one of your committees?"

"I'm not a fool, you know, even if I have lived a great deal longer than you have. As soon as I heard a private detective had been snooping along certain lines I suspected something of this sort and I was disgusted, I tell you frankly. For a while I washed my hands of the entire affair, but on second thoughts I decided to check and I invited the Stalkeys to call on me. One brother came down this morning and was quite ready to talk, but I only wanted one thing from him and that was the name of his client.

As soon as he gave me that I knew I was right. Alison Kinnit and Flavia Aicheson, they're virtually the same woman."

"Oh, but they're not!" Timothy was so exasperated that he laughed.

"You go back and tell them," he said. "Tell them they may feel that they're serving the arts, but that I serve humanity and I am not going to have my life's work tampered with. You can also tell them that if they're hoping to use dirty weapons they should consider their own position very carefully."

"I do assure you you're making a great mistake," Timothy's embarrassment was mounting. He had discovered to his dismay that the personal aspect of his quest was

becoming more agonisingly personal at every new encounter, while at the same time the Councillor's ascetic style upset him in an emotional way which he felt to be absurd.

"I came here on my own account because I want to know the things that Stalkey was trying to find out, and I thought you might help me," he said lamely.

"What things? Go on, young man. Put them into words, what things?"

"Certain — certain aspects of social conditions in Turk Street just before World War II, sir," Timothy muttered.

"Social conditions!" The phrase seemed to touch a power center in the Councillor, who let himself go. "Don't be a pompous ass, boy! Turk Street was a London slum. Your generation doesn't know what that means. You couldn't have walked a hundred yards of the Turk Street Mile in the 'thirties without being sick. Go back to those maiden ladies and get it into their idle heads that an anthill is less offensive than a sewer."

Timothy hesitated. The Councillor glanced up. "What are you waiting for?"

"Nothing, sir," Timothy turned on his heel and walked across the room, out through the front door, and down the steps to the street without looking behind him.

MRS. CORNISH

who was hovering in the passage, saw him go and she returned to her husband.

"Why on earth did you do that?" she demanded. "I could hear you from the kitchen. What did the poor boy say to make you so livid?"

Now that his rage was spent the Councillor was a little shame-faced. "Oh, I don't know," he said frowning. "The 'holier-than-thou' attitude of that sort of pup always irritates me. A self-satisfied superior approach to matters of taste is infuriating. Those people like the Kinnits and the Aichesons all do the same thing."

"They look at something which they know nothing whatever about and presume to judge it solely by the effect which the mere sight of it has had on them."

"Flavia Aicheson," said Mrs. Cornish. "That's the bossy old woman who runs the Little Society for the Preservation of the Leading Skyline, isn't it? So that's what he came about. Rather a nice type."

"I didn't notice it. Those people are up to something. I don't trust them an inch. They're the kind of half-baked intellectuals who never know where to stop. They don't like the look of the new flats. The silhouette is an affront to their blasted eyes, they say. Well, there are alternatives which have offended my eyes . . ."

"Yes dear, not again." Mrs. Cornish exerted her own brand of force. "You happened to walk down Turk Street one winter afternoon long ago when you first came up from the country to be Dad's apprentice, and it gave you such a shock that you've never got over it. We know. We've heard enough about it. You weren't there quite half an hour and it's dominated your whole life. It may not have been the utter hell you thought. Anyway, why take it out on the first presentable youngster who's been to the house for years?"

"Pompous ass!" said the Councillor again.

"Oh, rubbish," she said. "You can't say that. You didn't even let him speak. Do you know who he reminded me of? You at that age. No one was more opinionated than you were, or more overbearing, for that matter."

The Councillor stared at her. For an instant he looked positively alarmed. Then he laughed, regretful, even a little flattered.

"You do say the most damn silly things," Marion, he said.

To be continued

(Copyright P. and M. Youngman Carter Ltd., 1963. The novel "The China Governess" will be published shortly by Chatto and Windus.)



# SUNSHINE NEWS

## CUSTARDS RETURN TO FASHION

exciting, new varieties!

### EASY TO MAKE

Sunshine brings Custards back into fashion with a new delicacy of flavour . . . new serving suggestions. Though so quick and easy, Sunshine Custards have a lavish creaminess that makes the simplest variety exciting. For the basic custard, mix 9 tablespoons of rich full-cream Sunshine with 2 tablespoons of cornflour and 2 ozs. of sugar. Gradually add 1 pint boiling water, stir till perfectly smooth. Cook at low heat, stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Leave to boil for 1 minute. Remove, pour a little at a time into 1 well-beaten egg, stirring constantly. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla, and return to low heat, stirring constantly until thick enough.

### CHOOSE YOUR VARIETIES

For **Bananaberry** — illustrated — sprinkle sliced bananas with lemon juice, layer with custard and raspberry syrup, in glasses. Decorate with banana slices. For **Orange Custard** add two tablespoons of Marmalade to the custard while still warm . . . Custard Crunch, brown sugar, with cinnamon, dotted with



small pieces of butter, sprinkled over custard in fireproof dish and placed under hot grill until bubbling . . .

Mocha Custard, fold in two teaspoons of Chocolate Quik and 1 teaspoon of Nescafé to 1 pint of



custard while still hot . . . Malt Custard, Stir 3 teaspoons of Milo into chilled custard just before serving. Serve with peaches or apricots. Sunshine Custard is so



satiny smooth, so lush flavoured that you'll be inspired to create prize variations of your own.

## FLAVOUR SECRET OF SUNSHINE

Only the cream-rich goodness of Sunshine Full-Cream Powdered Milk can give custards such exquisite delicacy of flavour. Sunshine puts full-cream richness into all your cooking.



### SUNSHINE GIVES YOU DAIRY-FRESH MILK IN SECONDS!

Add Sunshine to equal parts of boiling water and cold water in a wide bowl, whisk — and you have dairy-fresh milk, in seconds.

SUNSHINE GIVES DAIRY-FRESH MILK IN SECONDS!





# MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

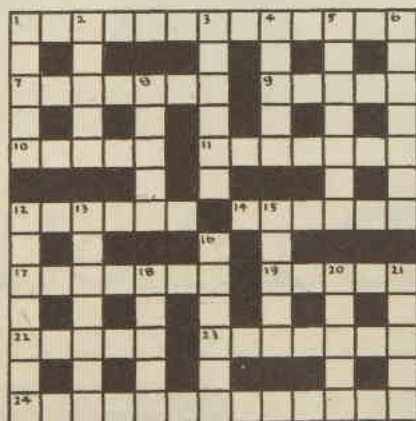
OUT walking, Mandrake is stopped by a farmer, a dog, and a horse. To his surprise the horse and dog speak and the farmer barks. Mandrake does not realise the three are from outer space. NOW READ ON...



## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

1. This actor seems to be a comet in action (4-9).
2. Bluey or ginger (3-4).
3. The man of this agricultural product is a puppet (5).
4. Spoken in Oslo (5).
5. A tinter (anagram, 7).
6. The three girls were Charlotte, Emily, and Anne (6).
7. They can lead you over a fence (6).
8. Homogenous if no rum (7).
9. Pertaining to form and having a broken lead (5).
10. Obvious, but its particles are closely united (5).
11. Do in an exaggerated way above the part of a play (7).
12. Halfdays (3-6, 4).



Solution will be published next week.

### DOWN

1. Sea nymph who may give a warning (5).
2. Forest tree, which gets partly red from the bottom (5).
3. Animal type, the head of which is 5 1/2 yards (6).
4. Attack on a group (5).
5. Bellicose rat I lam (7).
6. Retributions concerning watches (7).
8. Occurrence with smooth start (5).
9. Break a rouble round five hundred to make a cobble (7).
10. One of meteor-system radiating from the Hunter (7).
11. The last emperor's place of choice beauty in Thessaly (5).
12. Bring in a devil or tea (6).
13. Corpulent (5).
14. Stage play containing Aries (5).
15. Great deal comes to us in the shape of a flower (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 20, 1963

# Fashion PATTERNS

Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., Fashion House, 144/8 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Patterns, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand readers should address orders to Box 6344, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

F7796. — Square-necked sleeveless frock, sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

F7438. — Short pants for young boy, sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. Requires 1 1/2 to 2yds. 54in. material. 1 1/2 yds. 36in. lining. Price 3/-.

F7794. — Elegantly tucked frock, sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2 1/2yds. 54in. material or 3 1/2yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

F5903. — Graceful floor-length evening gown, sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 8 1/2yds. 36in. material. Price 6/6.



F7795. — Simply styled hipster frock, sleeveless or with three-quarter-length sleeves, sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires, three-quarter sleeves (A), 2 1/2yds. 54in. material; sleeveless (B), 3yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

F5197. — V-necked school uniform with gored skirt, sizes 12, 14, 16, and 18 years. Requires 2 1/2 to 2 3/4yds. 54in. material. Price 3/6.

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 780.—GIRL'S FROCK  
Full-skirted dress with unusual neckline treatment is cut out to make for young girl in silhouette. Colors are shell-pink, powder-blue, aqua, and red. Sizes 6 to 8 years 49/6; 10 to 12 years 51/6. Postage 3/- extra on all sizes.

No. 781.—DUCHESS SET  
Three-piece duchesse set is cut out and traced to embroider with attractive waterlily design on cream, white, pink, and lemon Irish linen. Price 9/11, plus 1/- postage.

No. 782.—TENNIS FROCK  
Princess-line tennis frock cut out ready to make in white pique. Instructions for making are included with all cut-out garments. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 29/11; 36 and 38in. bust 31/6. Postage 3/6 extra on all sizes.

Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.





# Always welcome...



## the flavor of Bushells Tea

People of all ages find they can enjoy a 'break' over a friendly cup of Bushells Tea — they agree the flavor of Bushells is always welcome! You'll enjoy Bushells Tea, because no other tea can match Bushells for consistent quality, freshness and flavor.



*Tiny leaves picked from the top of the tea-bush make Bushells the Tea of Flavor*





THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

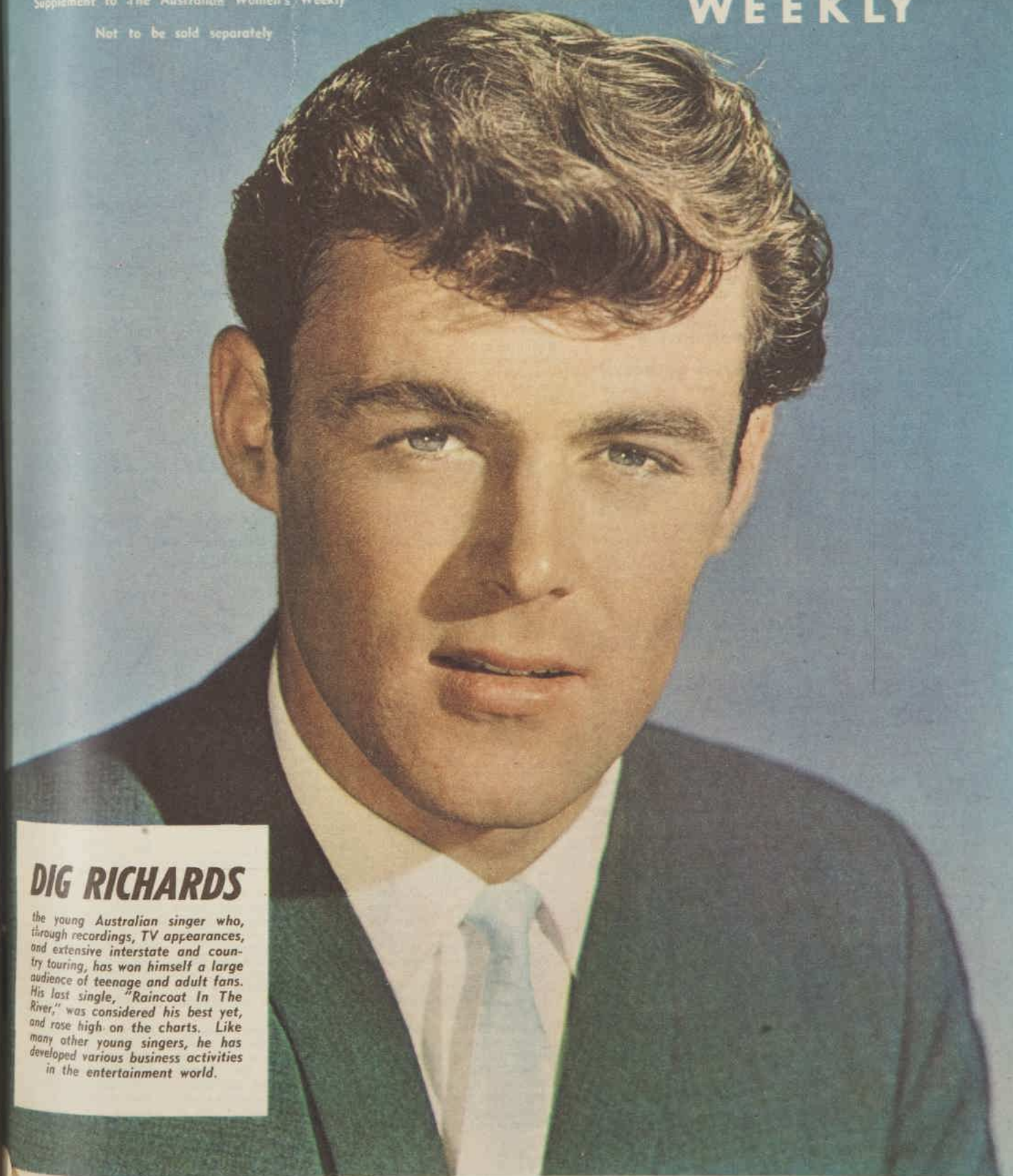
March 20, 1963

# Teenagers'

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately

## WEEKLY



### DIG RICHARDS

the young Australian singer who, through recordings, TV appearances, and extensive interstate and country touring, has won himself a large audience of teenage and adult fans. His last single, "Raincoat In The River," was considered his best yet, and rose high on the charts. Like many other young singers, he has developed various business activities in the entertainment world.



# LETTERS

## What is the best memorial?

IN our town a fortune is being spent in erecting a memorial to the Anzacs. While this is going on, students are being turned away from universities because of lack of accommodation and old people are not getting the care and attention they deserve and need.

Surely the soldiers who fought and died for our country would rather have universities, hospitals, and homes for the aged built with this money? — C. McCaughan, Albany, W.A.

## Party ideas

HERE are a couple of ideas for parties or socials which we have found most successful.

1. Hold a "waist" party, with invitations sent out in the form of a letter in the pocket of a miniature paper apron. Charge one penny per inch of waistline for admission, and award prizes for the largest and smallest waist measurements.

2. A "nursery" party. Each guest brings a photo of himself or herself as a baby which is given to the host. These are numbered and pinned up around the walls. Have a contest to see who can guess which picture belongs to each guest.

Games to be played at the "nursery" party could include this one. Everyone pairs off and forms a circle. A chalk line is drawn across one point of the circle. Then one guest plays a record (or piano if you have one) and keeps stopping the music.

Whenever it stops, the couple who has just crossed the line must name a nursery rhyme. As the game progresses couples who cannot think of a nursery rhyme are out—the couple who stays in longest wins. — Wendy Cole, St. George, Qld.

## Age of privilege

ONE of the most interesting aspects of our teenage society is the different age requirement for various privileges and pleasures.

In N.S.W., for example, we

## Next week

• When pop singer Paul Anka married fashion model Anne de Zogheb in Paris last month it was one of THE weddings of the year—and the young couple make a romantic cover for next week's issue. Also, a selection of new-season teenage fashions shows that clothes for the coming winter will be gay and eye-catching.

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Letters must bear the signature and address of the writer, and when choosing letters for publication we give preference to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send all correspondence to *Teenagers' Weekly*, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

can leave school at 15, obtain a driver's licence at 17, and at 18 boys can drink in hotels, get married, and fight for their country.

Many of our youthful reformers feel teenagers should also have the vote at 18. Surely it is better to grant gradual responsibility than to expect the status of adulthood to be achieved overnight. What do other teenagers think?—Wayne Marler, Grafton, N.S.W.

## Classics outdated

I HAVE never heard detective stories described as particularly good fare for developing student minds, but it seems to me that they would be better than the obscure classics now used in schools.

Good detective stories promote agile minds and would not suffer from the widespread prejudice against such writers as Dickens, Thackeray, and the Brontës—wonderful in their own time, but now outdated.—Lynne Herrington, Gladsville, N.S.W.

## Knees problem

ACCORDING to the fashion designers, knees are "in." Like marbles and jacks, such fashions are seasonal. For years knees have been "out," and most women seemed to have forgotten that they owned such things.

Now it seems knees are here to stay, but there isn't much you can do to improve their appearance. You can tint your hair, diet to improve your figure, smooth out your crow's feet, and cold cream your hands. But as far as I know there is no beauty aid to improve knees.

To put it plainly, a woman is stuck with her knees, and the older she gets the more depressing the prospect becomes. —Nicole Mitchell, Muiwellsbrook, N.S.W.

## Glory boxes

I WOULD like readers to express their opinions on this: should girls put the money they could be saving into building up a glory box or bank the money until Mr. Right comes along and then spend it on the latest fashions for her box? —"Wondering," Braidwood, N.S.W.

## How to be tidy

YOUR reader (C. Rothwell, T.W., 20/2/63) who complained of not having anywhere to keep her hairpins and accessories should try putting them in a long plastic box with a clear transparent lid. You can buy these in chainstores very cheaply.

Even a plastic lunch-box would serve the purpose, and you can see at a glance just what the box contains without having a cluttered dressing-table. —"Tried It," Cundurdin, W.A.

## Against equality

WHY do modern women want equality with men? For centuries they have not been equal—women have been superior.

Wherever Christianity has spread, men have respected, revered, and loved them, as they recognised that womanhood was a sacred and noble thing.

But in the name of tolerance, progress, broadmindedness, and freedom, women have stepped down and now demand equal rights.

They have won the right to



"Success hasn't spoilt him, dad, it has just cleaned him up."

get drunk, to smoke, to work like a man, and behave like one. Call this progress?—"Feminist," Bexley North, N.S.W.

## Road hoodlums

I GET very annoyed with my friends who criticise traffic police who efficiently carry out their necessary but sometimes unpopular duties.

Young men who drive their cars dangerously are only showing off and deserve the penalties imposed on them if they are caught.

Our roads are dangerous enough now. I hate to think what they would be like if the activities of motorist hoodlums were not curbed by the police. —Jas. Edwards, Peakhurst, N.S.W.

## Study of Latin not useless

• "Useless" (T.W., 13/2/63) wondered why Latin was taught at school, saying that it was a dead language and completely useless. Readers violently disagreed.

IF you applied the utilitarian test to all school subjects, you would find that most of them had no more obvious and immediate use than Latin; yet each is an integral part of a wide general and cultural education.

No student runs around telling history stories, or shooting off mathematical or geographical facts, or reciting poetry.

In the same way there is no need to produce evidence of having studied Latin, but it is the bulwark behind success in English and other modern languages. —"Useful," Geelong, Vic.

I STUDIED Latin for five years and have been rewarded by a love of words and their meaning. Latin has helped me to understand the derivation of words, and how they came to exist in our own English language.

Latin, being a "dead" language, is a useful medium of expression, as it is changeless, and it is a wonderfully stimulating mental exercise.

So let's stop asking ourselves, "What am I going to get out of it?" Keep learning and your reward will be evident in years to come. —"Latin Fan," Griffith, N.S.W.

THERE are two good reasons for learning Latin. It is the international language of scientists and gardeners, and it's the basis of countless English words whose meaning and spelling can be worked out if you have a little knowledge of Latin.

But I do think that the whole Latin teaching programme should be drastically simplified and shortened, so that precious hours spent on translating aged Roman poets and historians could be devoted to more useful pursuit. —J. Cole, Penrith, N.S.W.

THE study of Latin opens up a completely new horizon of thought. A study of set texts by ancient authors provides the student with points of view probably quite different from anything previously encountered.

Latin roots, and even whole words, have played an enormous part in laying the foundation for our own English language.

Far from it being a language which died with the ancient Romans, Latin is a means of understanding the present through the past, and of providing for the future in a commonsense manner. —Jan A. Gilkes, Chatswood, N.S.W.

TOO often education concerns itself too much with mere utility. Will it aid scientific progress? Will it be of practical use?

Latin, no—but then, we should be allowed to merely dabble in some subject or other.

Also, knowing Latin arouses our curiosity in things that were written in Latin. Who is to know how much we owe to Roman civilisation? —"Latin Fanatic," Largs Bay, S.A.

BY studying the Roman authors I have learnt a lot about the Roman way of life, their ideals and viewpoints, which are very interesting to compare with ours.

The orderly way in which the language is set out, by declensions and verb conjugation, etc., teaches us to follow a set pattern of writing, and shows us the orderly way in which the Roman people thought and spoke.

In our class we found that the students who studied Latin had a better understanding and knowledge of English grammar than those who did another subject. —"Latin Lover," Finchley Park, S.A.



# Tony, at 14, is a jack of all trades

● Tony Hamilton, of Sydney, is a model, a film star, a composer, a singer, a guitarist, a bandleader, and a horseman. He's also a 14-year-old schoolboy.

His big ambition is to star some day in a Western film. "This would be my chance to act, sing, play the guitar, and do trick riding on my own horse," he says.

Tony's blond hair and good looks help to make him one of Sydney's most popular young models.

Already a "familiar face," he appears in dozens of advertisements in newspapers, magazines, and on posters and television.

The modelling role is not new to Tony. He was only nine months old when he posed for his first photographic job—for a baby powder advertisement.

When television came to Sydney six years ago, Tony was booked through his modelling agency to appear in advertisements for many different products. To date, he's made more than 80 television commercials.

"I enjoy making TV commercials," said Tony, "because they often mean a chance for acting as well as straight modelling."

The Hamiltons are quite a "model" family. Tony's three younger brothers—Kim (12), Gavin (10), and Jamie (8) and his little sister, Leilani (4), are all professional models.

Even the family pet, a white German shepherd dog, has appeared in films and television commercials.

The family score of television commercials (showing at least one of the Hamilton youngsters) is about 180.

## Film roles

Tony's first venture into the film world was to audition for the title role in the movie "Smiley," along with 2700 other young boys, when he was seven.

Although he did not get the lead role, he was in the final judging, and was later given a speaking part in the film.

His next role was a family one. The Hamiltons, including Tony's mother and father, all played small parts in "Cinema South Seas," which was recently shown in Australia.

Tony also had a speaking part in "Shadow of the Boomarang," filmed in Australia and featuring Billy Graham, the American evangelist. He appeared in several scenes, taking school lessons over a bush radio in the outback.

Last year he played the lead and title role in two television films, "Boy Samuel" and

"Oliver Twist," produced and shown in Sydney.

As a musician, Tony has already composed several instrumentals, written lyrics and music for a ballad, "Legend of Ned Kelly," and is working at present on a song about Australian surfboard riders.

He likes to sing popular and ballad tunes, and has sung on "Opportunity Knocks," a Sydney television show, four times.

He was also guest artist—singing and playing the guitar—on "Talent Spot," another Sydney TV show.

This year he has appeared on "Saturday Date," a new teenage show compered by Jimmy Hannan with an Australia-wide viewing every Saturday afternoon.

Tony has taught himself to play an electric guitar, which he bought with money saved from modelling fees. He plays and sings by ear.

Last year Tony formed his own band, "The Sundowners," and they have played at parties,

dances, and local charity concerts.

Tony spent his childhood on the land and moved to the city only six years ago. His father, John Hamilton, was an overseer on a stud farm in the west of N.S.W., and Tony became very interested in horses and riding.

Now the Hamilton family spends nearly every weekend at a thoroughbred horse and cattle stud at North Richmond, 45 miles west of Sydney. The friends who own the property look after Tony's own horse during the week.

During the last school vacation Tony worked at a Western-style holiday camp at Cobbitty, about 40 miles from Sydney.

His job included entertaining—singing and playing the guitar—teaching trick riding, ropeswinging, and whipcracking.

Dressed in school uniform, Tony is just another schoolboy, quiet and rather reserved.

He's in third year at Chatswood High School, and plans



TONY HAMILTON, in his role as a guitarist.

to stay at school to pass his Leaving Certificate.

He lives with his family in a big house called "77 Sunset Strip" at Roseville, a Sydney North Shore suburb.

How does he manage to take

time off from his schoolwork for his many and varied hobbies?

"Just say," said young Tony, with a sly glance at his parents, "that I take time off from my hobbies to go to school!"

## DON'T BE A DRIFTER!

**CHANGES** are not hard to make, and even small ones can cure that awful teenage disease—boredom.

**JOBS** Do you really like your job and the people you work with every day? Maybe you wish it were a little different.

Why not ask for a transfer to another department? A new office, new duties, and a new boss can be a wonderful tonic for a dreary routine.

If you find yourself in a dead-end job which is likely to remain so, it's time to make a move. If your boss can't offer a solution, look up the positions vacant ads, and get yourself a new one.

You may be a good short-hand-typist, but you've always wanted to be a cooking demonstrator. There's nothing to stop you enrolling at a technical college and studying in your spare time.

There are dozens of courses at tech., the fees are cheap, lessons can mean a lot of fun and maybe the start of a new career.

**LUNCH** Every lunchtime you wander down to the espresso bar where you always meet some friends for lunch. You sit at the same table, drink

● Been working in the same office, seeing the same boy, wearing the same clothes and hairdo—doing the same everything for a couple of years? Just drifting along? Well, it's time for a change.

By Kerry Yates

the same coffee, and talk about the same things.

Suggest that tomorrow you meet at a different place, and the next day choose another, and so on until you find a place to suit your taste again.

And, by the same token, do you catch the 8.15 bus to the city each morning, and the 5.30 home? See the same faces, and pay your fare to the same conductor? Set out a little earlier or go home later, and catch a different bus—just to escape that villain, routine.

**BOYS** So, you've been dating Jimmy for 18 months. He's a pleasant, steady guy, and it suits you to have a permanent boy-friend, and a permanent date to the movies.

But sometimes you long for the excitement of dating someone new, and going somewhere unusual.

Maybe one of your girl-friends can arrange a blind date for you, or you could go on a picnic with the crowd from work, or join a tennis club.

Anything to meet new people.

Date different boys for a while. You may decide in the end that you really like Jimmy best, but at least you'll be sure, and won't make the mistake of just drifting into marriage after going steady with one boy who could prove to be the wrong one.

And when you go to the beach, don't always sit in the same place with the same crowd. Next weekend meet some other friends at another beach.

**CLOTHES** Now examine your wardrobe. You add another suit or frock every season, but you're still wearing some of the same outfits you bought to start your first job.

They're neat and practical, but you're tired of them. Why not have a few of them dyed a different shade? Cut the sleeves from that short-sleeved skirtmaker dress, add a gold chain belt to that denim skirt.

If you have always believed that you're just not the frilly type, believe it no more. Make

a muu-muu from floral organza with a wide frill from neckline to hemline and wear it just for a change.

If your accessories are always black or white—invest in a bright red hat and bag. Be imaginative.

**HAIR** When you started your first job you combed your hair into a sophisticated french roll and now—two or three years later—it's still the same.

Have it trimmed, wear it down, put a new color rinse through it—but change your hairdo for a while.

Experiment with rollers, set it a new way each night till you find a style which really does something for you.

**MAKE-UP** It's even time to try a new make-up. Buy a different brand—a little darker, a little lighter—please yourself.

You always wear the same shade of lipstick and nail polish. Why? Because you're used to it. Just try the newest shade on the market—it may look fabulous.

Remember, it's just so easy to drift along doing the same day in, day out—but you'll be sorry, because one day you'll find it is too late to change.

So, make your first change today, and make it an easy one. Boil your breakfast egg instead of frying it—and drink a cup of tea instead of coffee.



# THE PARTY LOOK FROM ITALY



● The "Look Italian" is a look of carefree elegance—a collection of party clothes as light and lovely as you'll find. Checks, prints, and bold, clear colors are in constant use, and chiffons, voiles, and feather-light cottons float their way through the whole collection. The line is simple, with an occasional flurry of frills.

EASY-GOING frock (left) has a straight neckline and sleeveless top with an ever-so-slightly dropped waistline. The full feminine skirt joins the bodice with a narrow band and bow. The material here is organza, one of the soft light fabrics now used constantly.





COOL ELEGANCE of chiffon is emphasised in the two dresses at left. One is a printed chiffon with square neck, loose dropped waistline, and large flat bow; the other a dress of femininity plus, with frilled neckline, cleverly cut skirt.

RIGHT. Deceptively simple dress combines a tailored elegance with the "pretty" look. The sleeves are wrist-length, pushed up to just below the elbow. Voile makes an entrance in the dress at far right, which has a deep hemline of horizontal pleats.

SOFT checked cotton dress (left) has three-quarter sleeves and wide frilled collar spilling down to the waist. The skirt is wide and full. And notice in all these pictures the length of the skirts—barely covering those shapely knees.





Louise  
Hunter

Here's

your answer

### Too young at 23

"I'M 23, and people take me for anything from 16 to 20. This worries me, as I've been promoted to a position of responsibility at work, and while the staff accept me quite naturally, clients are amazed and sometimes frankly disbelieving to discover "that little girl" is a Mrs., let alone the deputy. I wear my hair up, and stick to smartly tailored clothes, but what else can I do to appear a young woman instead of a naive teenager? Plenty of my girl-friends manage it without any trouble, but apparently I have a young face, and that's that. This may be part of something else. I often feel that I'm the sort of person who makes no impact on others, the sort whose jokes aren't laughed at, whose conventional gambits aren't heard. No matter what I do, people see me as meek, doormattish, and dull—which somehow spoils my social life. Also they see me young and ignorant—which is an embarrassment in my job. How can I make strangers respect me and realise I'm quite adult? How can I show ill-mannered folk that I've as much right to courtesy as anyone else? Some of these people don't seem to treat anyone but me so high-handedly, and I do resent it. I'm generally tactful and conciliating, disliking scenes. But where does politeness end and insipidity begin?"

"Ida," Vic.

Don't worry, the next few years are going to take care of that too-youthful appearance. In five years' time, I guarantee you will be delighted when anyone takes you for 23. I think you would be silly to try to look older by adding a stern pair of horn-rimmed glasses, or some such.

The staff accept you, and obviously clients do, too, once they have proof of your efficiency, which has nothing to do with your appearance.

Let's face it, some people are rude and ill-mannered to everyone, simply because they get out of the bed on the wrong side. They would be rude to your boss if they felt like it—so don't take their behaviour as a personal insult. Treat them with firm politeness and simply refuse to let them worry you.

As to your social life: It is quite impossible to impress every stranger you meet, and it's useless putting on a life-of-the-party act just to prove that you're not dull.

Go on being your charming, polite self, enjoy the good friends you have, and forget the people you fail to impress. Obviously you impressed your husband, or he wouldn't have married you, and surely he is the most important person in your life.

### Turning new leaf

"PEOPLE say I am a very responsible and sensible girl, and I won't necessarily deny it. My boy-friend was quite a no-good before I met him. I fell for him even when I knew he wasn't the nicest boy in town, but since I've

known him he's changed a lot. He dresses quite decently, is more polite, and I truly believe that he loves his family more. He says I am the first real girl in his life and that I am responsible for the changes in him. The problem is his old friends. They taunt him about a girl making him over and this makes him angry. He is sometimes very disagreeable to me because of them and tells me to go away because I am the cause of his friends tormenting him. What exactly should I do? I want him to completely turn over the new leaf he has started on."

"Patsy," S.A.

It's wonderful to feel that you're a good influence and that you have helped this boy. But remember that, after all, it was he who turned over a new leaf, not you. Perhaps he's now being disagreeable because he feels you're not giving him any credit for his "reform." Don't nag him; give him lots of sympathy and encouragement and he'll keep up the good work. Let him deal with his friends in his own way—don't interfere.

### Popular brothers

"I AM a 13-year-old girl and have four brothers aged between 14 and 20. My problem is that whenever I make a friend at school and bring her home to tea, she makes a play for my brothers. They are all good-looking, and as a result I am

very popular with the girls at school. But how can I be sure they like me, or are just using me so they'll get to meet my brothers?"

"Used," W.A.

Count your blessings! Your brothers are a wonderful asset, but they wouldn't be the only reason why other girls like you. Enjoy your girl-friends' company and don't worry too much about their motives.

### Leg exercises

"I AM a 14-year-old girl and very self-conscious about my legs, especially when I go swimming. I have very heavy thighs and look terrible in a swimsuit. I tried exercises for about a month and then gave up. Do you think I would have noticed an improvement had I kept them up?"

"Self-conscious," Qld.

If you had kept on doing the exercises for 12 months, I'm positive you'd notice an improvement. If you have heavily muscled thighs, it takes a long, long time to see any results, but flabby fat can be more quickly smoothed off with consistent exercise. The accent is on CONSISTENT—none of this once-a-week exercise, but every night and morning, without fail.

I don't know what exercises you've been doing, but this is recommended for heavy thighs:

Lie flat on the floor and, with the legs raised, perform a cycling movement. As you become more fit, support your body at the waist with your hands, raise your body off the ground from the waist down, and cycle as fast as you can. Try it just for a minute at first, gradually building up to five minutes night and morning.

Another good exercise is the thigh spank. Lie flat on the floor, keep your body—legs, too—as straight as possible and roll your legs from side to side. Eventually you can work up to rolling completely sideways, really flattening your thighs underneath. Instead of lying down all the time, you can sit up, placing your arms behind and leaning on them and rolling your legs from side to side again.

But remember, be consistent, don't give up in another month.

## A word from Debbie



DID you flop around the house on the last wet Saturday afternoon, bored to tears, complaining of nothing to do?

Make yourself a boredom afternoon list and banish those blues or mean reds or whatever you suffer from on grey days.

Here's a typical "Boredom Afternoon List":

- Polish all shoes, throw out those battered old relics.
- Tidy wardrobe. Hang clothes in order of use, add to the sewing pile clothes that need repairing.
- Do some sewing or repairing from above. New zippers, buttons, hems checked, and underwear repaired.
- Clean out all dressing-table drawers. Throw away (or give to little sis) things of no more use. Line all the drawers with pretty paper.
- Sort and tidy jewellery box.
- Polish the kitchen cutlery and any silverware.
- Sort and throw away laddered nylons. Put good ones in a plastic bag in pairs.
- Clean venetian blinds.
- Write a letter to an old friend. Throw away old unwanted letters.
- Re-read all old love-letters, but don't return to sender.

Make your own list and pin it up or tuck it away (not forgetting where), so you can drag it out next time you find yourself ambling around the house like a caged lion.

When you've done even one job the righteous glow sets in. It's exhilarating at the smug level, and good for the complexion, too.

### Changeable boy

"I HAVE been going steady with a boy for four years. We have separated three times because he does not know how he feels about me. He says he loves me and wants to marry me, then changes his mind. We love each other, but he literally can't make up his mind. I'm getting tired of his saying he's not sure. After all, I'm 22 and he's 23. Please could you advise me what to do, as the breaks we have had don't seem to do any good at all."

"Nervous," Vic.

From what you tell me I don't think this boy wants to get married. If you manage to get him to the altar he might spend his married life reminding you of the "good old days" when he was fancy-free. He doesn't sound like good husband material at all.

I'd look around for another boy right now. If you stay on this boy's string much longer you could find yourself all alone on the shelf.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Beauty  
in brief:

## SKIN REFRESHMENT

SUMMER'S tag-end calls for a practical programme of skin refreshment, especially if your complexion is a bit jaded from overmuch sunning.

Now is the time to leave off all (or nearly all) make-up except lipstick for a while. If you can manage this, your skin will benefit no end.

However, if the idea isn't workable, at least give your skin a break by pampering it rather more than usual with a series of treatments to cleanse, clear, and stimulate it.

For this job use a suitable lubricant or a stimulant, depending on your skin type, then condition it with a mild lotion or cold water splashings. It may not come in a costly container, but, for a youthful complexion in need of bracing, ordinary cold water is an excellent standby.

If you're trying to cope with loose flakes on the surface of your skin (this could be a hangover from sun-tan), a good facial mask will help to vacuum them off. Afterwards, rub baby oil on your skin, and when



it's time to put on make-up, use a dab of thin foundation.

A definitely lighter complexion is the effect to aim for from here on, and it should present few problems once your skin is in top condition.

The cosmetic rule is simply this: as the natural skin takes on a lighter hue, lighten your foundation and face powder (this goes for color AND texture) at the same time.

—Carolyn Earle



# Seeing the world, he sings for his supper

● Over the years all sorts of people have wandered into our office to say hello, but never anyone quite like Buddy Bohn, of California, U.S.A.

FOR one thing, Buddy, who describes himself as a wandering minstrel, was carrying all his worldly possessions on his back—a rucksack of clothes and a 100-year-old guitar.

For another, he's 6ft. 4in. tall, and during the past two years has moved through 43 countries in four continents (Australia's his fifth) without it costing him a dime.

All this at the age of 23. Copying the 15th-century English wandering minstrels, when he wants food, a bed, or transport he offers to sing for it, and usually gets it.

At Sydney's plush Chevron Hotel, where he entertained the guests, he got in return a room complete with TV and all the trimmings.

You'll hear some of the folk songs Buddy picked up during his travels on Festival LP, "Buddy Bohn—Folk Singer," which was recorded while he was in Sydney.

One of them—the calypso-style "Harlem Man"—he learnt when he was living on beaches in the Hawaiian Islands for three months on his way to Australia.

A former top tennis player of northern California, Buddy majored in journalism at Principia University, Illinois, before setting out to see the world.

As well as singing, he writes short stories, which he sends back to his hometown papers.

PEOPLE living in north-western N.S.W. who've bought The Denvermen's number one hit, "Surfside," will have a chance to see this red-hot instrumental group for themselves when the boys begin a three-week tour toward the end of next month.

After that they're off to Tasmania to demonstrate their hit sound to the folks there.

**Local talent:** Just to complete his comeback, Johnny O'Keefe notches up another success with "About Love" (Leddon LP), easily the most ambitious album he has attempted yet. He does well with songs of the sort he has never sung before, such as "Lollipops And Roses," "Send Me The Pillow You Dream On," and "Ecstasy."

**Pops:** Wherever there's a dance-minded crowd, Duane Eddy's "Dance With The Guitar Man" (R.C.A. LP) is bound to be a hit, for it offers a variety of the new dances to come out of the Twist—there's a "Limbo Rock," a "Wild Watusi," and a "Creamy Mashed Potatoes" among them.

If you want the Bossa Nova beat, try Duane's current hot single for the same label, "Boss Guitar—The Desert Rat." The recording company must have high expectations of this, for they've given it the treatment usually reserved for Presley. Although only a single, it's out in a full-color jacket.

THE "hello dere" men, Marty Allen and Steve Rossi, are back again with "One More Time, Hello Dere!" (Ampar LP), and they're sure to get a big welcome, having contributed what was probably the most used catch-phrase of last year.

You couldn't ask for more on the one disc—comic sketches, songs, Dixieland jazz, and impersonations. It's very funny.

REMEMBER how we all went crazy about "Volare" as a vocal some three to four years ago? It sounds good all over again as played by guitarist Tony Mottola on a Command 45. On the other side he plays another attractive Continental number, "Anna."

FOR a lush piano recital of classical pops (Schubert's "Serenade," "Clair De Lune") and evergreen standards ("Laura," "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows"), Liberace's your man, "Rhapsody By Candlelight" the LP, Coral the label.

ONE of those drifting and dreaming LPs is "Warm And Tender" (R.C.A.), featuring the instrumental trio The Three Sums, backed up by such a range of strings that you could be excused for thinking you'd dropped into a symphony concert. Titles include "Love Is Like A Violin," "Portofino Amour," and "Fly Me To The Moon."

A PLEASANT little Bossa Nova single, though not any world-beater, is "Betty's Bossa Nova," sung by Betty Johnson (R.C.A.). On the flip there's a quaint number called "Ginny's Got A Phone." Ginny's aged three, the melody's simple and appealing, and the musical backing's above average.

SEEMS that the Ampar label hasn't much hope that Tommy Roe's "Rainbow" will get off the ground; they've already issued his next single, "Gonna Take A Chance," which he sings in the junior teen way that made "Sheila" a hit. "Don't Cry, Donna," on the flipside, is a slower sympathetic ballad.

I DON'T know if you've ever given much thought to the charm of old waltzes, but there's really something to be said for them—especially when played by a fine orchestra.

In "The Skaters' Waltz" (Westminster LP), the Vienna State Opera Orchestra plays six of the most famous waltzes ever composed.



BUDDY BOHN, the young American folk singer and wandering minstrel, who has recorded his first LP in Australia.

## HANDLING WITH QUID GLOVES!

● I see that a London houseie game winner received as her prize a dress REALLY worth £5000.

DESIGNED by Royal dressmaker Hartnell, the dress was made of 1000 £5 notes.

A model wore the dress from Hartnell's workshop to a theatre for the presentation.

The model stood in a bolted cage inside a bullet-proof armored car during the 10-minute trip.

You might say that the houseie people believe in making their presents svelte.

It's interesting to consider, by the way, what would happen if more girls wore such worthwhile fashions.

Money, of course, would have to get some new colors.

The old orange, green, blue, and red (I've heard about those red ones) would never do.

A good color could perhaps be taken from my bank statement—shocking pink!

On the subject of bank accounts, there's one sort of dress they wouldn't help—the strapless.

It's hard to get the over-draft!

Of course, you would never have phony money used in an evening dress.

With one of those long gowns you're unable to count 'er feet!

All in all, girls would look pretty good—certainly they'd have zacs-appeal.

Boys would flock around.

For sure, here's one Bob lasses would never be short of.

Not that I could dress to match them.

My dears, as my wallet shows, I just haven't a thing to wear!

I ALSO see that the Sydney City Council has agreed to consider a suggestion that it build a statue of swim star Dawn Fraser.

An alderman suggested that the statue should have water bubbling out of her toes.

This would be quite a nice gesture.

When her swan-song was ended the medley would linger on.

—Robin Adair

## WORTH HEARING

### BRAHMS: Violin sonatas

BRAHMS was a composer who never took himself or his work lightly. He set rigid standards for himself, destroyed much of what he wrote, and considered long and deeply before he committed a new work to the public.

In particular, he was haunted by the greatness of his predecessor Beethoven, and for that reason he was specially hesitant in tackling the forms in which Beethoven excelled.

He did not write a symphony until he was 42, and he destroyed three sonatas for violin and piano before he wrote what is now his Sonata No. 1 at the age of 46. His total score of published violin sonatas is three, against Beethoven's 10.

The three Brahms violin sonatas, along with one of the finest of Beethoven's, are now available in exceptionally well-balanced performances by violinist Henryk Szeryng and pianist Artur Schnabel. They are issued by R.C.A. on two separate records, one carrying the first Brahms sonata and Beethoven's eighth (in C minor), the other completing the Brahms set.

The three Brahms sonatas seem almost to have been designed to sum up his personality. The first is warmly romantic and emotional, the second gracious and amiable, and the prevailing mood of the third is strenuously passionate.

—Martin Long



# ARCHITECTURE in Australia

By Morton Herman

No. 11

## Classic forms sparkle in sun

**N**OWHERE did the Classic Revival buildings of Colonial Australia seem more at home than in Queensland. The beginning of the style was the Renaissance in Italy in the 15th century, where the sun seemed to welcome the columns and cornices of the revived classical architecture.

Sun-drenched Queensland offered similar welcome to the architecture, which was directly descended from that of Italy. The semi-tropical sun gives life and sparkle to the Italianate forms in a way that is more appropriate than in southern latitudes.

Queensland was the last Australian State to be formed. It did not gain separation from New South Wales until 1859, but then it began to develop at breathtaking speed.

Where Sydney spent 30 years in settlement and growth before it had one really permanent building, Brisbane had its present very large Parliament House within half a dozen years of the formation of the new State.

The opening of the north attracted

many southern architects from 1860 onwards. Some of them merely accepted architectural commissions for Queensland buildings, which they designed in their Sydney or Melbourne offices.

Others went to Queensland to settle, and one of these was J. J. Clark, a man of eminence in Australian architecture for many years.

He had, in an official capacity in 1862, designed Melbourne's present Treasury Building. In the 1880s he went to Brisbane, where he became Government Architect, and one of his chief works was the Treasury Building, Brisbane.

This is located near Victoria Bridge over the Brisbane River and is a huge structure occupying a whole city block. It thus has frontages to four streets and is a notable civic design.

The building was begun in 1889, and although the work was spread over a number of years Clark's design was followed throughout.

The picture here shows one of the important sides of the building, facing George Street. In Queen Street there is a great flight of steps leading to the main entrance.



**TREASURY BUILDING, Brisbane, was begun in 1889 and takes up a whole city block. In Classic Revival style, it is one of Australia's most monumental and impressive buildings, but is not regarded as really great architecture.**

The constant interplay of columns with recesses gives modelling to the front, and most windows are recessed under arcades of some sort. This protection of windows is an asset in Brisbane's summer.

Although the Brisbane Treasury cannot be said to be really great architecture, it is one of the most impressive and monumental of our buildings.

**NEXT WEEK: Customs House and Post Office, Rockhampton.**

